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*THE "CHANDOS CLASSICS"*

THE  
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MODERN LITERATURE.

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AUTHOR AND EDITOR OF "THE MANUAL OF DATES."



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# THE EVERY-DAY BOOK

## OF

### MODERN LITERATURE.

#### FORMATION OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

HALLAM, 1777—1859.

[HENRY HALLAM, historian and critic, son of Dr. Hallam, Dean of Wells, was born at Windsor, July 9, 1777. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford, he was called to the bar by the Inner Temple. Having been appointed a Commissioner of Audit he applied himself to literary pursuits, and was one of the early contributors to the "Edinburgh Review." Byron noticed him in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," as

"Classic Hallam, much renowned for Greek."

His first work, "A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages," was published in 1818. This was followed by "The Constitutional History of England from the Accession of Henry VII. to the Death of George II.," published in 1827. His last work, "An Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries," appeared in 1837-9. These are regarded as standard works, they have gone through several editions, and have been translated into most modern languages. A popular edition of his works was published by Murray in 1857. Henry Hallam died Jan. 22, 1859.]

NOTHING can be more difficult than to determine, except by an arbitrary line, the commencement of the English language; not so much, as in those of the Continent, because we are in want of materials, but rather from an opposite reason, the possibility of tracing a very gradual succession of verbal changes that ended in a change of denomination. We should probably experience a similar difficulty if we knew equally well the current idiom of France or Italy in the seventh and eighth centuries. For when we compare the earliest English of the thirteenth century with the Anglo-Saxon of the twelfth, it seems hard to pronounce why it should pass for a separate language, rather than a modification or simplification of the former. We must conform however, to usage, and say that the Anglo-Saxon

was converted into English: 1. by contracting or otherwise modifying the pronunciation and orthography of words; 2. by omitting many inflections, especially of the noun, and consequently making more use of articles and auxiliaries; 3. by the introduction of French derivatives; 4. by using less inversion and ellipsis, especially in poetry. Of these the second alone, I think, can be considered as sufficient to describe a new form of language; and this was brought about so gradually that we are not relieved from much of our difficulty whether some compositions shall pass for the latest offspring of the mother or the earliest fruits of the daughter's fertility.

The Anglo-Norman language is a phrase not quite so unobjectionable as the Anglo-Norman constitution; and, as it is sure to deceive, we might better lay it aside altogether. In the one instance there was a real fusion of laws and government, to which we can find but a remote analogy, or rather none at all, in the other. It is probable, indeed, that the converse of foreigners might have something to do with those simplifications of the Anglo-Saxon grammar which appear about the reign of Henry II., more than a century after the Conquest; though it is also true that languages of a very artificial structure, like that of England before that revolution, often became less complex in their forms, without any such violent process as an amalgamation of two different races. What is commonly called the Saxon Chronicle is continued to the death of Stephen in 1154, and in the same language, though with some loss of its purity. Besides the neglect of several grammatical rules, French words now and then obtrude themselves, but not very frequently, in the latter pages of this Chronicle. Peterborough, however, was quite an English monastery; its endowments, its abbots, were Saxon; and the political spirit the Chronicle breathes, in some passages, is that of the indignant subjects, *servi ancor frementi*, of the Norman usurpers. If its last compilers, therefore, gave way to some innovations of language, we may presume that these prevailed more extensively in places less secluded, and especially in London.

We find evidence of a greater change in Layamon,\* a translator of Wace's romance of Brut† from the French. Layamon's age is uncertain; it must have been after 1155, when the original poem was completed, and can hardly be placed below 1200. His language is accounted rather Anglo-Saxon than English; it retains most of the

\* Also called Lawman; describes himself as a priest residing at Ernley, near Radstone or Redstone, supposed to be Arley Regis or Lower Arley, near Bewdley, in Worcestershire, on the western bank of the Severn.

† A Chronicle of Britain from the arrival of Brutus to the death of King Cadwalader in 689.

distinguishing inflections of the mother-tongue, yet evidently differs considerably from that older than the Conquest by the introduction, or at least more frequent employment, of some new auxiliary forms, and displays very little of the characteristics of the ancient poetry, its periphrases, its ellipses, or its inversions. But though translation was the means by which words of French origin were afterwards most copiously introduced, very few occur in the extracts from Layamon hitherto published for we have not yet the expected edition of the entire work.\* He is not a mere translator, but improves much on Wace. The adoption of the plain and almost creeping style of the metrical French romance, instead of the impetuous dithyrambs of Saxon song, gives Layamon at first sight a greater affinity to the new English language than in mere grammatical structure he appears to bear.

Layamon wrote in a village on the Severn, and it is agreeable to experience that an obsolete structure of language should be retained in a distant province, while it has undergone some change among the less rugged inhabitants of a capital. The disuse of Saxon forms crept on by degrees, some metrical lives of saints, apparently written not far from the year 1250, may be deemed English, but the first specimen of it that bears a precise date is a proclamation of Henry III, addressed to the people of Huntingdonshire in 1258, but doubtless circular throughout England. A triumphant song, composed probably in London, on the victory obtained at Lewes by the confederate barons in 1264, and the capture of Richard Earl of Cornwall, is rather less obsolete in its style than this proclamation, as might naturally be expected. It could not have been written later than that year, because in the next the tables were turned on those who now exulted by the complete discomfiture of their party in the battle of Evesham. Several pieces of poetry, uncertain as to their precise date, must be referred to the latter part of this century. Robert of Gloucester, after the year 1297, since he alludes to the canonisation of St Louis, turned the chronicle of Geoffrey of Monmouth into English verse, and, on comparing him with Layamon, a native of nearly the same part of England, and a writer on the same subject, it will appear that a great quantity of French had flowed into the language since the loss of Normandy. The Anglo-Saxon inflections, terminations, and orthography had also undergone a very considerable change. That the intermixture of French words was very slightly owing to the Norman

\* This edition of Layamon's entire work, edited for the Society of Antiquaries by Sir Frederick Madden, appeared in 1847. It contains two texts of the Brut, with a Literal Translation, Notes, and a Grammatical Glossary.

Conquest will appear probable by observing at least as frequent an use of them in the earliest specimens of the Scottish dialect, especially a song on the death of Alexander III. in 1285. There is a good deal of French in this, not borrowed, probably, from England, but directly from the original sources of imitation.—*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, part i. chap i. §§ 49, 50.

### RICCABOCCA ON REVOLUTION.

[LORD LYTTON, 1805—1873.]

[EDWARD GEORGE EARLE BULWER LYTTON, the distinguished author and statesman, youngest son of the late General Bulwer, was born in 1805. He was educated privately, and went to Trinity College, Cambridge. A baronetcy was conferred upon him July 18, 1838; and having in 1844 inherited the maternal estate of Knebworth, Sir Edward assumed the name of Lytton by Royal license; was first returned to the House of Commons in 1831 for St. Ives, represented Lincoln from 1832 to 1841, and the county of Hertford from 1852 to 1866. He filled the office of Colonial Secretary in Lord Derby's administration in 1858. His first publication was "Ismael," an Oriental tale, which appeared in 1825. "Falkland," his first novel, published anonymously, and "Pelham; or, the Adventures of a Gentleman," in 1827, have been followed by a series of fictions that have secured for their author an enduring reputation. His first drama, "The Duchess de la Vallière," performed at Covent Garden in 1837, did not meet with a very favourable reception; but "The Lady of Lyons," brought out at the same theatre anonymously (Feb. 13, 1838), proved the most successful of modern plays. Sir Edward took a very active part in the formation of the Guild of Literature and Art, for which he wrote the comedy, "Not so Bad as we Seem," first performed privately before the Queen, &c., May 16, 1851. It would be impossible in a short sketch to give even an idea of the numerous literary productions of this versatile and indefatigable author. Chambers ("Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. ii. p. 634.) says: "He is remarkable as having sought and obtained distinction in almost every department of literature—in poetry, the drama, the historical romance, domestic novel, philosophical essay, and political disquisition. Like Cowley, too, he is remarkable as having appeared as an author, in a printed volume, in his fifteenth year." He was created Lord Lytton in 1866. Died 1873.]

OUT of the Tinker's bag Leonard Fairfield had drawn a translation of Condorcet's "Progress of Man," and another of Rousseau's "Social Contract." Works so eloquent had induced him to select from the tracts in the Tinker's miscellany those which abounded most in professions of philanthropy, and predictions of some coming Golden Age, to which old Saturn's was a joke—tracts so mild and mother-like in their language, that it required a much more practical experience than Lenny's to perceive that you would have to pass a river of blood before you had the slightest chance of setting foot on the flowery banks on which they invited you to repose—tracts which rouged poor Christianity on the cheeks, clapped a crown of innocent daffodillies on her head, and set her to dancing a *pas de zephyr* in the pastoral ballet

in which St. Simon pipes to the flock he shears ; or having first laid it down as a preliminary axiom that \*

“The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself—  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,”

substituted in place thereof Monsieur Fourier's symmetrical phalanstere, or Mr. Owen's architectural parallelogram.\* It was with some such tract that Lenny was seasoning his crusts and his radishes, when Riccabocca, bending his long dark face over the student's shoulder, said abruptly—

“*Diavolo*, my friend ! what on earth have you got there ? Just let me look at it, will you ?”

Leonard rose respectfully, and coloured deeply as he surrendered the tract to Riccabocca.

The wise man read the first page attentively, the second more cursorily, and only ran his eye over the rest. He had gone through too vast a range of problems political, not to have passed over that venerable *Pons Asinorum* of Socialism, on which Fouriers and St. Simons sit straddling, and cry aloud that they have arrived at the last boundary of knowledge !

“All this is as old as the hills,” quoth Riccabocca irreverently, “but the hills stand still, and this—there it goes !” and the sage, pointed to a cloud emitted from his pipe. “Did you ever read Sir David Brewster on Optical Delusions ? No ! Well, I'll lend it to you. You will find therein a story of a lady who always saw a black cat on her hearth-rug. The black cat existed only in her fancy, but the hallucination was natural and reasonable—eh—what do you think.”

“Why, sir,” said Leonard, not catching the Italian's meaning, “I don't exactly see that it was natural and reasonable.”

“Foolish boy, yes ! because black cats are things possible and known. But who ever saw upon earth a community of men such as sit on the hearth-rugs of Messrs. Owen and Fourier ? If the lady's hallucination was not reasonable, what is his who believes in such visions as these ?”

Leonard bit his lip.

\* Claude Henri, Comte de St Simon, who was born at Paris Oct. 17, 1760, and died May 19, 1825 ; Charles Fourier, who was born at Besançon April 7, 1773, and died at Paris Oct. 10, 1837 ; and Robert Owen, who was born at Newton, in Montgomeryshire, May 14, 1771, and died Nov. 17, 1858, were notorious advocates of Communist or Social doctrines. Hence their disciples are called Saint Simonians, Fourierists, and Owenites.



"My dear boy," cried Riccabocca kindly, "the only thing sure and tangible to which these writers would lead you, lies at the first step, and that is what is commonly called a Revolution. Now, I know what that is. I have gone, not indeed through a revolution, but an attempt at one."

Leonard raised his eyes towards his master with a look of profound respect, and great curiosity.

"Yes," added Riccabocca, and the face on which the boy gazed exchanged its usual grotesque and sardonic expression for one animated, noble, and heroic. "Yes, not a revolution for chimeras, but for that cause which the coldest allow to be good, and which, when successful, all time approves as divine—the redemption of our native soil from the rule of the foreigner! I have shared in such an attempt. And," continued the Italian, mournfully, "recalling now all the evil passions it arouses, all the ties it dissolves, all the blood that it commands to flow, all the healthful industry it arrests, all the madmen that it arms, all the victims that it dupes, I question whether one man really honest, pure, and humane, who has once gone through such an ordeal, would ever hazard it again, unless he was assured that the victory was certain—ay, and the object for which he fights not to be wrested from his hands amidst the uproar of the elements that the battle has released."

The Italian paused, shaded his brow with his hand, and remained long silent. Then, gradually resuming his ordinary tone, he continued—

"Revolutions that have no definite objects made clear by the positive experience of history; revolutions, in a word, that aim less at substituting one law or one dynasty for another, than at changing the whole scheme of society, have been little attempted by real statesmen. Even Lycurgus is proved to be a myth who never existed. Such organic changes are but in the day-dreams of philosophers who lived apart from the actual world, and whose opinions (though generally they were very benevolent, good sort of men, and wrote in an elegant poetical style) one would no more take on a plain matter of life, than one would look upon Virgil's 'Eclogues' as a faithful picture of the ordinary pains and pleasures of the peasants who tend our sheep. Read them as you would read poets, and they are delightful. But attempt to shape the world according to the poetry, and fit yourself for a madhouse. The farther off the age is from the realization of such projects, the more these poor philosophers have indulged them. Thus, it was amidst the saddest corruption of court manners that it became the fashion in Paris to sit for one's picture, with a crook in one's hand, as Alexis or Daphne. Just as liberty was fast dying out of Greece,

and the successors of Alexander were founding their monarchies, and Rome was growing up to crush in its iron grasp all states save its own, Plato withdraws his eyes from the world, to open them in his dreamy Atlantis.\* Just in the grimmest period of English history, with the axe hanging over his head, Sir Thomas More gives you his 'Utopia'.† Just when the world is to be the theatre of a new Sesostris, the sages of France tell you that the age is too enlightened for war, that man is henceforth to be governed by pure reason, and live in a paradise. Very pretty reading all this to a man like me, Lenny, who can admire and smile at it. But to you, to the man who has to work for his living, to the man who thinks it would be so much more pleasant to live at his ease in a phalanstere than to work eight or ten hours a-day; to the man of talent, and action, and industry, whose future is invested in that tranquillity and order of a state in which talent, and action, and industry are a certain capital; why, Messrs. Coutts, the great bankers, had better encourage a theory to upset the system of banking! Whatever disturbs society, yea, even by a causeless panic, much more by an actual struggle, falls first upon the market of labour, and thence affects prejudicially every department of intelligence. In such times the arts are arrested, literature is neglected, people are too busy to read anything save appeals to their passions. And capital, shaken in its sense of security, no longer ventures boldly through the land, calling forth all the energies of toil and enterprise, and extending to every workman his reward. Now, Lenny, take this piece of advice. You are young, clever, and aspiring: men rarely succeed in changing the world; but a man seldom fails of success if he lets the world alone, and resolves to make the best of it. You are in the midst of the great

\* Plato's idea of a perfect state is unfolded in the "Laws" and the "Republic."

† This work, named from a king Utopus, written in Latin, was published at Louvain in 1516. The first English edition, translated by Robynson, was published in London in 1551. Bishop Burnet's translation appeared in 1684. Hallam (Lit. Hist., part. i. ch. 4) says—"The 'Republic' of Plato no doubt furnished More with the germ of his perfect society; but it would be unreasonable to deny him the merit of having struck out the fiction of its real existence from his own fertile imagination; and it is manifest that some of his most distinguished successors in the same walk of romance, especially Swift, were largely indebted to his reasoning as well as inventive talents. Those who read the 'Utopia' in Burnet's translation, may believe that they are in Brobdingnag; so similar is the vein of satirical humour and easy language. If false and impracticable theories are found in the 'Utopia' (and, perhaps, he knew them to be such), this is in a much greater degree true of the Platonic republic." In a note to a later edition of his "Literary History," Hallam qualifies the assertion that More borrowed the germ of his "Utopia" from Plato, and says, "neither the 'Republic' nor the 'Laws' of Plato bear any resemblance to the 'Utopia.'" Lord Bacon's treatise on the same subject, "The New Atlantis, a Fragment," was published in 1635, and Swift's "Gulliver's Travels" in 1726-7.

crisis of your life; it is the struggle between the new desires knowledge excites, and that sense of poverty, which those desires convert either into hope and emulation, or into envy and despair. I grant that it is an up-hill work that lies before you; but don't you think it is always easier to climb a mountain than it is to level it? These books call on you to level the mountain; and that mountain is the property of other people, subdivided amongst a great many proprietors, and protected by law. At the first stroke of the pickaxe it is ten to one but what you are taken up for a trespass. But the path up the mountain is a right of way uncontested. You may be safe at the summit, before (even if the owners are fools enough to let you) you could have levelled a yard. *Cospetto!*" quoth the Doctor, "it is more than two thousand years ago since poor Plato began to level it, and the mountain is as high as ever!"

Thus saying, Riccabocca came to the end of his pipe, and stalking thoughtfully away, he left Leonard Fairfield trying to extract light from the smoke.—*My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life*, vol. i. book i. chap. 8.

#### GREAT ERA OF SCHOLASTICISM.

[DEAN MILMAN, 1791—1868]

[HENRY HART MILMAN, the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., was born in London, Feb. 10, 1791. He was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford, and took orders in 1817. "*Fazio*," a tragedy, published in 1815, was performed at Covent Garden with success Feb. 5, 1818. This was followed by other poetical works; and "*The History of the Jews*," published anonymously in 1829-30; "*The History of Christianity, from the Birth of Christ to the Abolition of Paganism in the Roman Empire*," appeared in 1840; and his great work, "*The History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas V.*," in 1854-5. Mr. Milman was elected Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford in 1821, was Bampton Lecturer in 1827, was successively Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading (1827-35), and St. Margaret's, Westminster (1835-49); and was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1849. He died in Oct., 1868.]

Now came the great age of the Schoolmen. Latin Christianity raised up those vast monuments of Theology which amaze and appal the mind with the enormous accumulation of intellectual industry, ingenuity, and toil, but of which the sole result to posterity is this barren amazement. The tomes of scholastic divinity may be compared with the pyramids of Egypt, which stand in that rude majesty which is commanding from the display of immense human power, yet oppressive from the sense of the waste of that power for no discoverable use. Whoever penetrates within finds himself bewildered and lost in a labyrinth of small, dark, intricate passages and chambers, devoid of grandeur, devoid of solemnity: he may wander without end and find nothing! It was not, indeed, the enforced labour of a

slave population it was rather voluntary slavery, submitting in its intellectual ambition and its religious patience to monastic discipline. it was the work of a small intellectual oligarchy, monks of necessity, in mind and habits, for it imperiously required absolute seclusion either in the monastery or in the university a long life under monastic rule. No Schoolman could be a great man but as a Schoolman. William of Vekham alone was a powerful demagogue scholastic even in his political writings, but still a demagogue. It is singular to see every kingdom in Latin Christendom, every order in the social State, furnishing the great men, not merely to the successive lines of Doctors, who assumed the splendid titles of the Angelical, the Seraphic, the Irrefragable, the most Profound, the most Subtle, the Invincible, even the PERSPICUOUS, but even to what may be called the supreme Pentarchy of scholasticism Italy sent Thomas of Aquino and Bonaventura, Germany, Albert the Great, the British Isles (they boasted, also, of Alexander Hales and Bradwardine) Duns Scotus and William of Ockham, France alone must content herself with names somewhat inferior (she had already given Abelard, Gilbert de la Porée, Amauri de Bene, and other famous or suspected names), now William of Auvergne, at a later time Durandus. Albert and Aquinas were of noble Houses, the Counts of Bollstadt and Aquino, Bonaventura of good parentage at Fidenza, of Scotus, the birth was so obscure as to be untraceable, Ockham was of humble parents in the village of that name in Surrey. But France may boast that the University of Paris was the great scene of their studies, their labours, their instruction the University of Paris was the acknowledged awarder of the fame and authority obtained by the highest Schoolmen It is not less remarkable that the new mendicant orders sent forth these five Patriarchs in dignity of the science. Albert and Aquinas were Dominicans, Bonaventura, Duns Scotus, Ockham, Franciscans. It might have been supposed that the popularising of religious teaching, which was the express and avowed object of the Friar Preachers and of the Minorites, would have left the higher places of abstruse and learned Theology to the older Orders, or to the more dignified secular Ecclesiastics. Content with being the vigorous antagonists of heresy in all quarters, they would not aspire also to become the aristocracy of theologic erudition. But the dominant religious impulse of the times could not but seize on all the fervent and powerful minds which sought satisfaction for their devout yearnings No one who had strong religious ambition could be anything but a Dominican or a Franciscan, to be less was to be below the highest standard. Hence, on one hand the Orders aspired to rule the Universities, contested the supremacy with all the great established authorities in the Schools;

and having already drawn into their vortex almost all who united powerful abilities with devotional temperament, never wanted men who could enter into this dreary but highly rewarding service—men who could rule the Schools as others of their brethren had begun to rule the councils and the mind of Kings. It may be strange to contrast the popular simple preaching, for such must have been that of St. Dominic and St. Francis, such that of their followers, in order to contend with success against the plain and austere sermons of the heretics, with the “Sum of Theology” of Aquinas, which of itself (and it is but one volume in the works of Thomas) would, as it might seem, occupy a whole life of the most secluded study to write, almost to read. The unlearned, unreasoning, only profoundly, passionately loving, and dreaming St. Francis, is still more oppugnant to the intensely subtle and dry Duns Scotus, at one time carried by his severe logic into Pelagianism; or to William of Ockham, perhaps the hardest and severest intellectualist of all; a political fanatic, not like his visionary brethren, who brooded over the Apocalypse and their own prophets, but for the Imperial against the Papal sovereignty.—*History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicholas VI.*, vol. vi. b. xix. ch. 3.

#### THE HOLY SEPULCHRE AT JERUSALEM.

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, 1300—1372.

[SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, OF MAUNDEVILLE, with whom English prose literature is said to commence, was born at St. Alban's in 1300. He was educated for the medical profession, and having travelled in Eastern countries for thirty-four years, on his return published in Latin an account of his wanderings. This work was translated into the French language, in which two editions appeared in 1480. The first English edition was published in 1499. Sir John Mandeville died at Liege Nov. 17, 1372.]

WHEN men come to Jerusalem, their first pilgrimage is to the church of the holy sepulchre, where our Lord was buried, which is without the city on the north side; but it is now inclosed by the town wall. And there is a very fair church, round, and open above, and covered in its circuit with lead; and on the west side is a fair and high tower for bells, strongly made; and in the middle of the church is a tabernacle, as it were a little house, made with a little low door; and that tabernacle is made in manner of half a compass, right curiously and richly made of gold and azure and other rich colours. And in the right side of that tabernacle is the sepulchre of our Lord; and the tabernacle is eight feet long, and five wide, and eleven in height; and it is not long since the sepulchre was all open, that men might kiss it

and touch it. But because pilgrims that came thither laboured to break the stone in pieces or in powder, therefore the sultan has caused a wall to be made round the sepulchre, that no man may touch it. In the left side of the wall of the tabernacle, about the height of a man, is a great stone, the magnitude of a man's head, that was of the holy sepulchre; and that stone the pilgrims that come thither kiss. In that tabernacle are no windows; but it is all made light with lamps which hang before the sepulchre. And there is one lamp which hangs before the sepulchre which burns bright; and on Good Friday it goes out of itself, and lights again by itself at the hour that our Lord rose from the dead. Also, within the church, at the right side, near the choir of the church, is Mount Calvary, where our Lord was placed on the cross. It is a rock of a white colour, a little mixed with red; and the cross was set in a mortise in the same rock; and on that rock dropped the blood from the wounds of our Lord when he was punished on the cross; and that is called Golgotha. And they go up to that Golgotha by steps; and in the place of that mortise Adam's head was found, after Noah's flood, in token that the sins of Adam should be redeemed in that same place. And upon that rock Abraham made sacrifice to our Lord. And there is an altar, before which lie Godfrey de Boulogne and Baldwin, and other Christian kings of Jerusalem; and near where our Lord was crucified is this written in Greek: "God our king before the worlds, hath wrought salvation in the midst of the earth." And also on the rock where the cross was set is written, within the rock, these words in Greek: "What thou seest, is the ground of all the faith of this world." And you shall understand that when our Lord was placed on the cross he was thirty-three years and three months old. Also, within Mount Calvary, on the right side, is an altar, where the pillar lieth to which our Lord Jesus was bound when he was scourged; and there, besides, are four pillars of stone that always drop water; and some men say that they weep for our Lord's death. Near that altar is a place under earth, forty-two steps in depth, where the holy cross was found by the wisdom of St. Helena, under a rock, where the Jews had hid it. And thus was the true cross assayed; for they found three crosses, one of our Lord, and two of the two thieves; and St. Helena placed a dead body on them, which arose from death to life when it was laid on that on which our Lord died. And thereby, in the wall, is the place where the four nails of our Lord were hid; for he had two in his hands and two in his feet. \* \* \* \* And in the midst of that church is a compass, in which Joseph of Arimathea laid the body of our Lord when he had taken him down from the cross; and there he washed the wounds of our Lord. And that compass, men say, is the

middle of the world.\* And in the church of the sepulchre, on the north side, is the place where our Lord was put in prison (for he was in prison in many places); and there is a part of the chain, with which he was bound; and there he appeared first to Mary Magdalene when he was risen, and she thought that he had been a gardener. In the church of St. Sepulchre there were formerly canons of the order of St. Augustin, who had a prior, but the patriarch was their head. And outside the doors of the church, on the right side, as men go upward eighteen steps, is the spot where our Lord said to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!" And, after that, he said to John his disciple, "Behold thy mother!"† And these words he said on the cross. And on these steps went our Lord when he bare the cross on his shoulder. And under these steps is a chapel; and in that chapel sing priests of India, not after our law, but after theirs; and they always make their sacrament of the altar, saying *Pater noster*, and other prayers therewith, with which prayers they say the words that the sacrament is made of; for they know not the additions that many popes have made; but they sing with good devotion. And near there is the place where our Lord rested him when he was weary for bearing of the cross. Before the church of the sepulchre the city is weaker than in any other part, for the great plain that is between the church and the city. And towards the east side, without the walls of the city, is the vale of Jehoshaphat, which adjoins to the walls as though it were a large ditch. And over against that vale of Jehoshaphat, out of the city, is the church of St. Stephen, where he was stoned to death. And there besides is the golden gate, which may not be opened, by which gate our Lord entered on Palm Sunday, upon an ass; and the gate opened to him when he would go unto the temple; and the marks of the ass's feet are still seen in three places on the steps, which are of very hard stone. Before the church of St. Sepulchre, two hundred paces to the south, is the great hospital of St. John, of which the Hospitalers had their foundation. And within the palace of the sick men of that hospital are one hundred and twenty-four pillars of stone; and in the walls of the house, besides the number aforesaid, there are fifty-four pillars that support the house. From that hospital, going towards the east, is a very fair church, which is called Our Lady the Great; and after it there is another church, very near, called Our Lady the Latin; and there stood Mary Cleophas and Mary Magdalene, and tore their hair, when our Lord was executed on the cross.

\* Jerusalem was supposed to be the centre of the world, and is thus depicted in most mediæval maps. This belief was founded on a literal translation of Psalm lxxiv. 12.

† John xix. 26.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF METHOD.

[S. T. COLERIDGE, 1772—1834.]

[SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, born at Ottery-St.-Mary, in Devonshire, Oct. 21, 1772, was educated at Christ's Hospital, and Jesus College, Cambridge. He left the University without completing the usual course, and in 1794 published his first work, a small volume of poems. This was followed by other productions of the kind, the most popular of which are, "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel," and "Love, or Genevieve." His poetical works were first collected and published in three volumes, in 1828. Coleridge was the author of several essays and critical works, amongst which may be mentioned "The Friend," a weekly paper, commenced June 1, 1809, and terminating March 15, 1810, of which several editions have appeared; "Lay Sermons," published in 1816; "Biographia Literaria; or, Biographical Sketches of my Life and Opinions," published in 1817; and "Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare and some of the Old Poets and Dramatists," edited by his daughter, and published in 1849. In 1818, he wrote a "Dissertation on the Science of Method," which forms the "Introduction to the Encyclopædia Metropolitana." Coleridge died at Highgate, near London, July 25, 1834. "Early Recollections of Coleridge," by J. Cottle, appeared in 1837; and his "Life," by J. Gillman, in 1838.]

AND as to the general importance of Method,—what need have we to dilate on this fertile topic? for it is not solely in the formation of the Human Understanding, and in the constructions of Science and Literature, that the employment of Method is indispensably necessary, but its importance is equally felt, and equally acknowledged, in the whole business and economy of active and domestic life. From the cottager's hearth or the workshop of the artisan, to the Palace or the Arsenal, the first merit, that which admits neither substitute nor equivalent, is that *everything is in its place*. Where this charm is wanting, every other merit either loses its name, or becomes an additional ground of accusation and regret. Of one, by whom it is eminently possessed, we say proverbially, that he is like clockwork. The resemblance extends beyond the point of regularity, and yet falls short of the truth. Both do, indeed, at once divide and announce the silent and otherwise indistinguishable lapse of time; but the man of Methodical industry and honourable pursuits, does more, he realizes its ideal divisions, and gives a character and individuality to its moments. If the idle are described as killing time, he may be justly said to call it into life and moral being, while he makes it the distinct object not only of the consciousness, but of the conscience. He organizes the hours, and gives them a soul: and to that, the very essence of which is to fleet, and *to have been*, he communicates an imperishable and a spiritual nature. Of the good and faithful servant, whose energies, thus directed, are thus methodized, it is less truly affirmed, that he lives in Time, than that Time lives in him. His days, months, and years, as the stops and punctual marks in the



records of duties performed, will survive the wreck of worlds, and remain extant when Time itself shall be no more.

Let us carry our views a step higher. What is it that first strikes us, and strikes us at once in a man of education, and which, among educated men, so instantly distinguishes the man of superior Mind? Not always the weight or novelty of his remarks, nor always the interest of the facts which he communicates, for the subject of conversation may chance to be trivial, and its duration to be short. Still less can any just admiration arise from any peculiarity in his words and phrases; for every man of practical good sense will follow, as far as the matters under consideration will permit him, that golden rule of Cæsar—*Insolens verbum, tanquam scopulum, evitare*. The true cause of the impression made on us is, that his mind is *methodical*. We perceive this in the unpremeditated and evidently habitual arrangement of his words, flowing spontaneously and necessarily from the clearness of the leading Idea, from which distinctness of mental vision, when men are fully accustomed to it, they obtain a habit of foreseeing at the beginning of every instance how it is to end, and how all its parts may be brought out in the best and most orderly succession. However irregular and desultory the conversation may happen to be, there is *Method* in the fragments.

Let us once more take an example which must come "home to every man's business and bosom." Is there not a *Method* in the discharge of all our relative duties? And is not he the truly virtuous and truly happy man, who seizing first and laying hold most firmly of the great first Truth, is guided by that divine light through all the meandering and stormy courses of his existence? To him every relation of life affords a prolific *Idea* of duty, by pursuing which into all its practical consequences, he becomes a good servant or a good master, a good subject or a good sovereign, a good son or a good father, a good friend, a good patriot, a good Christian, a good man! —*A Dissertation on the Science of Method, or, the Laws and Regulative Principles of Education*, § 2.

#### SELF-LOVE AND REASON.

[POPE, 1688—1744.

[ALEXANDER POPE was born in London, May 21, 1688 His father, who had amassed a fortune in business as a linen-draper, being a Roman Catholic, placed him, when eight years of age, under the care of a priest The young poet then went to a school at Twyford, afterwards to another in London, and, being delicate, spent much of his time in reading. His "Pastorals" were composed in 1704, and published in 1709, in which year he wrote the "Essay on Criticism," of which the first edition appeared in 1711. "The Rape of the Lock," and "Windsor Forest," were published in 1713.

Pope issued proposals for the translation of the "Iliad" in 1713, and it appeared at intervals between 1715 and 1720. He published a collected edition of his poetical works in 1718, and the translation of the "Odyssey," in 1725. His edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1725, the "Dunciad" in May, 1728, and the "Essay on Man" in 1733. Several other works followed, and Pope died May 30, 1744. A collected edition of his works, edited by Warburton, was published in nine volumes, between 1751—1760. Pope has numerous biographers. His *Life*, by W. Ayre, appeared in 1745; by W. H. Dilworth, in 1759; by Owen Ruffhead, in 1769; by Joseph Warton, in 1797; and by W. L. Bowles, in 1806. A good account of Pope is given in Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets," first published 1779—81.]

- Two principles in human nature reign ;  
Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;
- Nor this a good, nor that a bad vice call,  
Each marks its end, to move or govern all ;  
And to their proper operation still,  
Ascribe all good ; to their improper, ill.  
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;  
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.  
Man, but for that, no action could attend,  
And, but for this, were active to no end :  
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,  
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;  
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the road,  
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.  
Most strength the moving principle requires :  
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.  
Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,  
Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.  
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh ;  
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :  
That sees immediate good by present sense ;  
Reason, the future and the consequence.  
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,  
At lust more watchful this, but that more strong.  
The action of the stronger to suspend  
Reason still use, to reason still attend.  
Attention, habit and experience gains ;  
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.  
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight  
More studious to divide than to unite ;  
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,  
With all the rash dexterity of wit.  
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,  
Have still as oft no meaning, or the same.

Self-love and reason to one end aspire,  
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;  
But greedy That its object would devour,  
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :  
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,  
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.  
Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;  
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :  
But since not every good we can divide,  
And reason bids us for our own provide :  
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,  
List under Reason, and deserve her care ;  
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,  
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.  
In lazy apathy let stoics boast  
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;  
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;  
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :  
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,  
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.  
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,  
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ,  
Nor God alone, in the still calm we find,  
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.  
Passions like elements, though born to fight,  
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :  
These, 'tis enough to temper and employ ;  
But what composes man, can man destroy.  
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,  
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.  
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,  
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,  
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,  
Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;  
The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife,  
Gives all the strength and colour of our life.  
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;  
And when, in act they cease, in prospect, rise :  
Present to grasp, and future still to find,  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike  
On different senses different objects strike ;

Hence different passions more or less inflame,  
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame;  
 And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,  
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

—*An Essay on Man : in Four Epistles.*—§§ i., ii., and iii.

#### OF CONTENTEDNESS IN ALL ESTATES AND ACCIDENTS.

[Bp. JEREMY TAYLOR, 1613—1667.]

[This distinguished divine, called by Jeffrey "the most Shakspearian of our great divines," was born at Cambridge, August 15, 1613. Though his father followed the humble calling of a barber, the family was of good descent; and one of his ancestors, Dr. Rowland Taylor, suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary. Jeremy Taylor was educated at the grammar-school and university of his native place, and having attracted the attention of Laud, became his chaplain. Having been afterwards appointed chaplain to Charles I., he followed the Royal fortunes during the Civil war, and was several times imprisoned. His "Liberty of Prophesying" appeared in 1647; "The Life of Chnst, or the Great Exemplar of Sanctity," in 1649; the "Rule and Exercises of Holy Living and Dying," in 1650-1; and the "Ductor Dubitantium; or, the Rule of Conscience in all her General Measures," was published in 1660. He also wrote a variety of sermons and treatises. Several collected editions of Taylor's works have been issued. During the Commonwealth he resided first in Wales, where he kept a school, and afterwards in Ireland. At the Restoration he was appointed to the bishopric of Down and Connor, to which he was consecrated in January, 1661. Hallam says he is "the greatest ornament of the English pulpit up to the middle of the seventeenth century; and we have no reason to believe—or rather, much reason to disbelieve—that he had any competitor in other languages." Jeremy Taylor died at Lisburn, August 13, 1667. His "Life," by J. Wheeldon, appeared in 1793; by H. K. Bonney, in 1815; by Bishop Heber, in 1824; and by the Rev. R. A. Willmott, in 1847.]

VIRTUES and discourses are like friends necessary in all fortunes; but those are the best which are friends in our sadnesses, and support us in our sorrows and sad accidents; and in this sense no man that is virtuous can be friendless; nor hath any man reason to complain of the Divine Providence, or accuse the public disorder of things, or his own infelicity, since God hath appointed one remedy for all the evils in the world, and that is a contented spirit. For this alone makes a man pass through fire and not be scorched, through seas and not to be drowned, through hunger and nakedness and want nothing. For since all the evil in the world consists in the disagreeing between the object and the appetite, as when a man hath what he desires not, or desires what he hath not, or desires amiss; he that composes his spirit to the present accident hath variety of instances for his virtues, but none to trouble him, because his desires enlarge not beyond his present fortune;

and a wise man is placed in the variety of chances, like the nave or centre of a wheel in the midst of all the circumvolutions and changes of posture, without violence or change, save that it turns gently in compliance with its changed parts, and is indifferent which part is up and which is down; for there is some virtue or other to be exercised whatever happens, either patience or thanksgiving, love or fear, moderation or humility, charity or contentedness, and they are every one of them equal in order to his great end and immortal felicity; and beauty is not made by white or red, by black eyes and a round face, by a straight body and a smooth skin, but by a proportion to the fancy. No rules can make amiability—our minds and apprehensions make that; and so is our felicity: and we may be reconciled to poverty and a low fortune if we suffer contentedness and the grace of God to make the proportion. For no man is poor that does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants and his beggarly condition. But because this grace of contentedness was the sum of all the old moral philosophy and great duty in Christianity, and of most universal use in the whole course of our lives, and the only instrument to ease the burthen of the world and the enmities of sad chances, it will not be amiss to press it by the proper arguments by which God hath bound it upon our spirit, it being fastened by reason and religion, by duty and interest, by necessity and conveniency, by example, and by the proposition of excellent rewards, no less than peace and felicity.

1. Contentedness in all its estimates is a duty of religion; it is the great reasonableness of complying with the Divine Providence which governs all the world, and hath so ordered us in the administration of his great family. He were a strange fool that should be angry because dogs and sheep need no shoes, and yet himself is full of care to get some. God hath supplied those needs to them by natural provisions, and to thee by an artificial; for he hath given thee reason to learn a trade, or some means to make or buy them, so that it only differs in the manner of our provision—and which had you rather want, shoes or reason? And my patron that hath given me a farm is freer to me than if he gives me a loaf ready baked. But, however, all these gifts come from him, and therefore it is fit that he should dispense them as he pleases; and if we murmur here, we may at the next melancholy be troubled that God did not make us to be angels or stars. For if that which we are to have do not content us, we may be troubled for everything in the world, which is besides our being or our possessions.

God is the master of the scenes; we must not choose which part we shall act; it concerns us only to be careful that we do it well, always

saying, *If this please God let it be as it is*; and we who pray that God's will may be done on earth as it is in heaven, must remember that the angels do whatsoever is commanded them, and go wherever they are sent, and refuse no circumstances; and if their employment be crossed by a higher degree, they sit down in peace and rejoice in the event; and when the angel of Judea\* could not prevail in behalf of the people committed to his charge, because the angel of Persia opposed it; he only told the story at the command of God, and was as content, and worshipped with as great an ecstasy in his proportion as the prevailing spirit. Do thou so likewise; keep the station where God hath placed you, and you shall never long for things without, but sit at home feasting upon the Divine Providence and thy own reason, by which we are taught that it is necessary and reasonable to submit to God.

For is not all the world God's family? Are not we his creatures? Are we not as clay in the hand of the potter? Do we not live upon his meat, and move by his strength, and do our work by his light? Are we anything but what we are from him? And shall there be a mutiny among the flocks and herds, because their Lord or their Shepherd chooses their pastures, and suffers them not to wander into the deserts and unknown ways? If we choose, we do it so foolishly that we cannot like it long, and most commonly not at all; but God, who can do what he pleases, is wise to choose safely for us, affectionate to comply with our needs, and powerful to execute all his wise decrees. Here, therefore, is the wisdom of the contented man, to let God choose for him; for when we have given up our wills to Him, and stand in that station of the battle where our Great General hath placed us, our spirits must needs rest, while our conditions have for their security the power, the wisdom, and the charity of God.

2. Contentedness in all accidents brings great peace of spirit, and is the great and only instrument of temporal felicity. It removes the sting from the accident, and makes a man not to depend upon the chance and the uncertain disposition of men for his well-being, but only on God and his own spirit. We ourselves make our fortunes good or bad, and when God lets loose a tyrant upon us, or a sickness, or scorn, or a lessened fortune, if we fear to die, or know not to be patient, or be proud, or covetous, then the calamity sits heavy on us. But if we know how to manage a noble principle, and fear no death so much as a dishonest action, and think impatience a worse evil than a fever, and pride to be the biggest disgrace, and poverty to be infinitely desirable before the torments of covetousness; then we who now think vice to be so easy, and make it so familiar, and think the

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\* Daniel x. 13.

cure so impossible, shall quickly be of another mind, and reckon these accidents amongst things eligible.

But no man can be happy that hath great hopes and great fears of things without, and events depending upon other men, or upon the chances of fortune. The rewards of virtue are certain, and our provisions for our natural support are certain, or if we want meat till we die then we die of that disease, and there are many worse than to die with an atrophy or consumption, or unapt and coarser nourishment. But he that suffers a transporting passion concerning things within the power of others, is free from sorrow and amazement no longer than his enemy shall give him leave, and it is ten to one but he shall be smitten then and there where it shall most trouble him; for so the adder teaches us where to strike by her curious and fearful defending of her head. The old Stoicks, when you told them of a sad story, would still answer—*What is that to me?* Yes, for the tyrant hath sentenced you also unto prison. Well, what is that? He will put a chain upon my leg, but he cannot bind my soul. No; but he will kill you. Then I'll die. If presently, let me go, that I may presently be freer than himself; but if not till anon or to-morrow, I will dine first, or sleep, or do what reason and nature calls for, as at other times. This, in Gentile philosophy, is the same with the discourse of St. Paul: *I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content. I know both how to be abased and I know how to abound; everywhere and in all things I am instructed both how to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and suffer need.*

We are in the world like men playing at tables; the chance is not in our power, but to play it is; and when it is fallen we must manage it as we can, and let nothing trouble us but when we do a base action, or speak like a fool, or think wickedly. These things God hath put into our powers; but concerning those things which are wholly in the choice of another they cannot fall under our deliberation, and therefore neither are they fit for our passions. My fear may make me miserable, but it cannot prevent what another hath in his power and purpose; and prosperities can only be enjoyed by them who fear not at all to lose them, since the amazement and passion concerning the future takes off all the pleasure of the present possession. Therefore, if thou hast lost thy land, do not also lose thy constancy; and if thou must die a little sooner, yet do not die impatiently. For no chance is evil to him that is content, and *to a man nothing is miserable unless it be unreasonable.* No man can make another man to be his slave unless he hath first enslaved himself to life and death. No pleasure or pain, to hope or fear: command these passions, and you are freer than the Parthian kings.—*The Rule and Exercises of Holy Living*, ch. ii. § 6.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF PROVERBS.

[ISAAC DISRAELI, 1766-1848.

[ISAAC DISRAELI, descended from a Jewish family, of Spanish origin, that settled in England in 1748, was born at Enfield in May, 1766. His father destined him for a commercial life, to which he showed a decided aversion, and he was sent to travel in France in 1788. His first publications were in poetry and romance, and in 1791 he published anonymously a small volume, entitled "Curiosities of Literature." The second volume appeared in 1792, and the third in 1817. The Second Series was published in 1823; and the two series, complete in six vols., in 1845. "Literary Miscellanies" appeared in 1801, "Calamities of Authors" in 1812, "Quarrels of Authors" in 1814, "The Amenities of Literature" in 1841, and "The Life and Reign of Charles the First," in 1828-31. Several other works proceeded from the pen of this indefatigable author, who was, in the words of his son (Memoir prefixed to Works, page 31), "a complete literary character, a man who really passed his life in his library. Even marriage produced no change in these habits; he rose to enter the chamber where he lived alone with his books, and at night his lamp was ever lit within the same walls." Isaac Disraeli died January 19, 1848.]

IN antique furniture we sometimes discover a convenience which long disuse had made us unacquainted with, and are surprised by the aptness which we did not suspect was concealed in its solid forms. We have found the labour of the workmen to have been as admirable as the material itself, which is still resisting the mouldering touch of time among those modern inventions, elegant and unsubstantial, which, often put together with unseasoned wood, are apt to warp and fly into pieces when brought into use. We have found how strength consists in the selection of materials, and that, whenever the substitute is not better than the original, we are losing something in that test of experience, which all things derive from duration.

Be this as it may! I shall not unreasonably await for the artists of our novelties to retrograde into massive greatness, although I cannot avoid reminding them how often they revive the forgotten things of past times! It is well known that many of our novelties were in use by our ancestors! In the history of the human mind there is, indeed, a sort of antique furniture which I collect, not merely for their antiquity, but for the sound condition in which I still find them, and the compactness which they still show. Centuries have not worm-eaten their solidity! and the utility and delightfulness which they still afford make them look as fresh and as ingenious as any of our patent inventions.

By the title of the present article the reader has anticipated the nature of the old furniture to which I allude. I propose to give what, in the style of our times, may be called the Philosophy of Proverbs—a topic which seems virgin. The art of reading proverbs has not, indeed, always been acquired even by some of their admirers; but my



observations, like their subject, must be versatile and unconnected; and I must bespeak indulgence for an attempt to illustrate a very curious branch of literature, rather not understood than quite forgotten.

Proverbs have long been in disuse. "A man of fashion," observes Lord Chesterfield, "never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms;" and, since the time his lordship so solemnly interdicted their use, they appear to have withered away under the ban of his anathema. His lordship was little conversant with the history of proverbs, and would unquestionably have smiled on those "men of fashion" of another stamp, who, in the days of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, were great collectors of them; would appeal to them in their conversations, and enforce them in their learned or their statesmanlike correspondence. Few, perhaps, even now, suspect that these neglected fragments of wisdom, which exist among all nations, still offer many interesting objects for the studies of the philosopher and the historian; and for men of the world still open an extensive school of human life and manners.

The home-spun adages, and the rusty "sayed-saws," which remain in the mouths of the people, are adapted to their capacities and their humours. Easily remembered, and readily applied, these are the philosophy of the vulgar, and often more sound than that of their masters! whoever would learn what the people think, and how they feel, must not reject even these as insignificant. The proverbs of the street and of the market, true to nature, and lasting only because they are true, are records that the populace at Athens and at Rome were the same people as at Paris and at London, and as they had before been in the city of Jerusalem!

Proverbs existed before books. The Spaniards date the origin of their *refranes que dicen las viejas tras el fuego*, "sayings of old wives by their firesides," before the existence of any writings in their language, from the circumstance that these are in the old romance or rudest vulgar idiom. The most ancient poem in the Edda, "the sublime speech of Odin," abounds with ancient proverbs, strikingly descriptive of the ancient Scandinavians. Undoubtedly proverbs in the earliest ages long served as the unwritten language of morality, and even of the useful arts; like the oral traditions of the Jews, they floated down from age to age on the lips of successive generations. The name of the first sage who sanctioned the saying would in time be forgotten, while the opinion, the metaphor, or the expression, remained, consecrated into a proverb! Such was the origin of those memorable sentences by which men learnt to think and to speak appositely; they were precepts which no man could contradict, at a time when authority was valued more than opinion, and experience preferred to

novelty. The proverbs of a father became the inheritance of a son; the mistress of a family perpetuated hers through her household; the workman condensed some traditional secret of his craft into a proverbial expression. When countries are not yet populous, and property has not yet produced great inequalities in its ranks, every day will show them how "the drunkard and the glutton come to poverty, and drowsiness clothes a man with rags." At such a period he who gave counsel gave wealth. \* \* \* \*

Some difficulty has occurred in the definition. Proverbs must be distinguished from proverbial phrases, and from sententious maxims; but as proverbs have many faces, from their miscellaneous nature, the class itself scarcely admits of any definition. When Johnson defined a proverb to be "a short sentence frequently repeated by the people," this definition would not include the most curious ones, which have not always circulated among the populace, nor even belong to them; nor does it designate the vital qualities of a proverb. The pithy quaintness of old Howell has admirably described the ingredients of an exquisite proverb to be *sense, shortness, and salt*. A proverb is distinguished from a maxim or an apophthegm by that brevity which condenses a thought or a metaphor, where one thing is said and another is to be applied. This often produces wit, and that quick pungency which excites surprise, but strikes with conviction; this gives it an epigrammatic turn. George Herbert entitled the small collection which he formed "*Jacula Prudentium*," Darts or Javelins! something hurled and striking deeply; a characteristic of a proverb which possibly Herbert may have borrowed from a remarkable passage in Plato's dialogue of "*Protagoras or the Sophists*." \* \* \* \*

Proverbs have ceased to be studied or employed in conversation since the time we have derived our knowledge from books; but in a philosophical age they appear to offer infinite subjects for speculative curiosity. Originating in various eras, these memorials of manners, of events, and of modes of thinking, for historical as well as for moral purposes, still retain a strong hold on our attention. The collected knowledge of successive ages, and of different people, must always enter into some part of our own! Truth and nature can never be obsolete.

Proverbs embrace the wide sphere of human existence, they take all the colours of life, they are often exquisite strokes of genius, they delight by their airy sarcasm or their caustic satire, the luxuriance of their humour, the playfulness of their turn, and even by the elegance of their imagery, and the tenderness of their sentiment. They give a deep insight into domestic life, and open for us the heart of man, in all the various states which he may occupy—a frequent review of proverbs

should enter into our readings; and although they are no longer the ornaments of conversation, they have not ceased to be the treasures of Thought!—*Curiosities of Literature*, vol. iii., *The Philosophy of Proverbs*.

### THE DROP OF WATER.

[HANS C. ANDERSEN, 1805—1875.]

[HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN was born at Odense, in Funen, April 2, 1805. His parents were too poor to give him a better education than that afforded by the charity school of his native place. Interest was exerted in his behalf, and he was sent to one of the Government gymnasia, and thence proceeded to college. Funds were provided to enable him to travel. In 1844, Andersen was invited to the Danish Court, and in 1845 an annuity was granted to him. His first publication, "A Journey on Foot to Amager," appeared in September, 1828. A collected edition of his poetical and prose works was published at Leipsic in 1847, in 35 volumes. Andersen's works have been translated into most modern languages, and are very popular in England. He died 1875.]

SURELY you know what a microscope is—that wonderful glass which makes everything appear a hundred times larger than it really is. If you look through a microscope at a single drop of ditch-water, you will perceive more than a thousand strange-shaped creatures, such as you never could imagine, dwelling in the water. It looks not unlike a plateful of shrimps, all jumping and crowding upon each other; and so ferocious are these little creatures, that they will tear off each other's arms and legs without mercy; and yet they are happy and merry after this fashion. Now, there was once an old man, whom all his neighbours called Cribbley Crabbles—a curious name to be sure! He always liked to make the best of everything, and when he could not manage it otherwise he tried magic. So one day he sat with his microscope held up to his eye, looking at a drop of ditch-water. Oh, what a strange sight was that! All the thousand little imps in the water were jumping and springing about, devouring each other, or pulling each other to pieces.

"Upon my word, this is too horrible!" quoth old Cribbley Crabbles; "there must surely be some means of making them live in peace and quiet." And he thought and thought, but still could not hit on the right expedient. "I must give them a colour," he said, at last, "then I shall be able to see them more distinctly;" and accordingly he let fall into the water a tiny drop of something that looked like red wine, but in reality it was witches' blood; whereupon all the strange little creatures immediately became red all over, not unlike the Red Indians; the drop of water now seemed a whole townful of naked wild men.

"What have you there?" inquired another old magician, who had no name at all, which made him more remarkable even than Cribbley Crabbley.

"Well, if you can guess what it is," replied Cribbley Crabbley, "I will give it you; but I warn you, you'll not find it out so easily."

And the magician without a name looked through the microscope. The scene now revealed to his eyes actually resembled a town where all the inhabitants were running about without clothing; it was a horrible sight! But still more horrible was it to see how they kicked and cuffed, struggled and fought, pulled and bit each other. All those that were lowest must needs strive to get uppermost, and all those that were highest must be thrust down. "Look, look!" they seemed to be crying out, "his leg is longer than mine; pah! off with it! And there is one who has a little lump behind his ear—an innocent little lump enough, but it pains him, and it shall pain him more." And they hacked at it, and seized hold of him and devoured him, merely because of this little lump. Only one of the creatures was quiet, very quiet, and still; it sat by itself, like a little modest damsel, wishing for nothing but peace and rest. But the others would not have it so; they pulled the little damsel forward, cuffed her, cut at her, and ate her.

"This is most uncommonly amusing," remarked the nameless magician

"Do you think so? Well, but what is it?" asked Cribbley Crabbley. "Can you guess, or can you not?—that's the question."

"To be sure I can guess," was the reply of the nameless magician, "easy enough. It is either Copenhagen or some other large city; I don't know which, for they are all alike. It is some large city."

"It is a drop of ditch-water!" said Cribbley Crabbley.—*Danish Fairy Legends and Tales* (translated by Caroline Peachey).

#### ILLUSTRIOUS ANCESTRY.

[GIBBON, 1737-1794.

[EDWARD GIBBON was born at Putney, near London, April 27 (O.S.), 1737. Though he spent a few months at Westminster School, and at Magdalen College, Oxford, his early education was neglected. Having shown an inclination to join the Roman Catholic Church, his father sent him, in 1753, to Lausanne, where, under the care of M. Pavilliard, a Swiss theologian, he was induced to renounce this intention. In Switzerland, Gibbon formed a romantic attachment for Susanne Curchod, who was afterwards married to Neckar. He returned to England in May, 1758, and published his first work in French, under the title of "Essai sur l'Etude de la Littérature," in 1761. Between 1763 and 1765 he travelled in France, Switzerland, and Italy, and it was at Rome, in 1764, that he first formed the idea

of writing the decline and fall of the city. On his return to England in June, 1765, he commenced the work, and the first volume was published in 1776, and the sixth and last in 1788. Gibbon entered Parliament as member for Liskeard in 1774, was appointed one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade in July, 1779, and held the office until it was abolished in 1782. In 1783, he settled at Lausanne, where he purchased a house on the shore of Lake Lemman. Having returned to England in 1793, he died in London January 16, 1794. Several editions of Gibbon's History have been published. The best, by Dr. Smith, embodying the notes of Dean Milman and M. Guizot, was published by Murray, in 8 vols., 1854-5. This great work has been translated into most modern languages. Gibbon's "Autobiography," said to be the best in the language, was published by Lord Sheffield in 1799.]

A LIVELY desire of knowing and of recording our ancestors so generally prevails, that it must depend on influence of some common principle in the minds of men; we seem to have lived in the persons of our forefathers; it is the labour and reward of vanity to extend the term of this ideal longevity. Our imagination is always active to enlarge the narrow circle in which nature has confined us. Fifty or a hundred years may be allotted to an individual; but we step forward beyond death with such hopes as religion and philosophy will suggest, and we fill up the silent vacancy that precedes our birth by associating ourselves to the authors of our existence. Our calmer judgment will rather tend to moderate than to suppress the pride of an ancient and worthy race. The satirist\* may laugh, the philosopher may preach, but reason herself will respect the prejudices and habits which have been consecrated by the experience of mankind. Few there are who can sincerely despise in others an advantage of which they are secretly ambitious to partake. The knowledge of our own family from a remote period will be always esteemed as an abstract pre-eminence, since it can never be promiscuously enjoyed; but the longest series of peasants and mechanics would not afford much gratification to the pride of their descendant. We wish to discover our ancestors, but we wish to discover them possessed of ample fortunes, adorned with honourable titles, and holding an eminent rank in the class of hereditary nobles, which has been maintained for the wisest and most beneficial purposes, in almost every climate of the globe, and in almost every modification of political society.

Wherever the distinction of birth is allowed to form a superior order in the state, education and example should always, and will often, produce among them a dignity of sentiment and propriety of conduct, which is guarded from dishonour by their own and the public esteem. If we read of some illustrious line, so ancient that it

\* Gibbon is supposed to allude to Juvenal's eighth Satire.

has no beginning, so worthy that it ought to have no end, we sympathize in its various fortune; nor can we blame the generous enthusiasm, or even the harmless vanity, of those who are allied to the honour of its name. For my own part, could I draw my pedigree from a general, a statesman, or a celebrated author, I should study their lives with the diligence of filial love. In the investigation of past events our curiosity is stimulated by the immediate or indirect reference to ourselves; but in the estimate of honour we should learn to value the gifts of Nature above those of Fortune; to esteem in our ancestors the qualities that best promote the interest of society; and to pronounce the descendant of a king less truly noble than the offspring of a man of genius, whose writings will instruct or delight the latest posterity. The family of Confucius\* is, in my opinion, the most illustrious in the world. After a painful ascent of eight or ten centuries, our barons and princes of Europe are lost in the darkness of the Middle Ages; but, in the vast equality of the empire of China, the posterity of Confucius have maintained, above two thousand two hundred years, their peaceful honours and perpetual succession. The chief of the family is still revered by the sovereign and the people, as the lively image of the wisest of mankind. The nobility of the Spencers has been illustrated and enriched by the trophies of Marlborough; † but I exhort them to consider the "Fairy Queen" as the most precious jewel of their coronet. Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Habsburg, the lineal descendants of Eltrico, in the seventh century Duke of Alsace. Far different have been the fortunes of the English and German divisions of the family of Habsburg; the former, the knights and sheriffs of Leicestershire, have slowly risen to the dignity of a peerage; the latter, the Emperors of Germany and Kings of Spain, have threatened the liberty of the old, and invaded the treasures of the new world. The successors of Charles the Fifth may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of human manners, will outlive the palace of the Escorial, and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria. . . . .

I have presumed to mark the moment of conception. I shall now commemorate the hour of my final deliverance. It was on that day

\* This Chinese philosopher is supposed to have flourished B.C. 551-479.

† "Nor less praiseworthy are the sisters three,  
The honour of the noble familie,  
Of which I, meanest, boast myself to be."

SPENSER'S *Colin Clout*, &c., v. 538.

or rather night, of the 27th June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page,\* in a summer-house in my garden.† After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk, of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps the establishment of my fame. But my pride was soon humbled, and a sober melancholy was spread over my mind, by the idea that I had taken an everlasting leave of an old and agreeable companion, and that, whatsoever might be the future date of my History, the life of the historian must be short and precarious.—*Memoirs of My Life and Writings.*

#### THE ZINCALI; OR, THE GYPSIES IN SPAIN.

[BORROW, 1803.]

[GEORGE BORROW, born at East Dereham in 1803, was educated at Norwich, and other grammar-schools, and the High School, Edinburgh. He was articled to a solicitor, but did not follow the profession, and after devoting himself for some time to literary pursuits, spent several years in travel. In 1833, he entered the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society, for which he edited several works. In early life Borrow obtained some knowledge of the Gypsies, and whilst in Spain mixed very much with this extraordinary race. He quitted the service of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1839, and "The Zincali, or, an Account of the Gypsies of Spain," appeared in 1841. This was followed by "The Bible in Spain," published

\* Gibbon refers to "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The origin of the work is thus described in his Memoirs — "It was at Rome, on the 15th October, 1764, as I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter,\* that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." In another portion of his autobiography he says "Three times did I compose the first chapter, and twice the second and third, before I was tolerably satisfied with the effect."

† His retreat at Lausanne, where Gibbon resided from 1783 to 1793, is thus described in another portion of his memoirs — "I occupied a spacious and convenient mansion, connected on the north side with the city, and open on the south to a beautiful and boundless horizon. A garden of four acres had been laid out by the taste of Mr. Deyverdun, a Swiss friend; from the garden a rich scenery of meadows and vineyards descends to the Lemane Lake, and the prospect far beyond the lake is crowned by the stupendous mountains of Savoy. My books and my acquaintance had been first united in London; but this happy position of my library in town and country was finally reserved for Lausanne. Possessed of every comfort in this triple alliance, I could not be tempted to change my habitation with the changes of the season."

\* Now the church of the Zoccolanti, or Franciscan Friars.

in 1842. Both works met with considerable success, and have been re-published in "Murray's Home and Colonial Library." "*Lavengro the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest*," appeared in 1851; the "*Romany Rye*," a sequel to *Lavengro*, in 1857; and "*Wild Wales*," in 1864.]

It is impossible to state for certainty the exact year of the first appearance of the Gypsies in Spain, but it is reasonable to presume that it was early in the fifteenth century; as in the year 1417 numerous bands entered France from the north-east of Europe, and speedily spread themselves over the greatest part of that country. Of these wanderers a French author has left the following graphic description:—"On the 17th of April, 1427, appeared in Paris twelve penitents of Egypt, driven from thence by the Saracens; they brought in their company one hundred and twenty persons; they took up their quarters in La Chapelle, whither the people flocked in crowds to visit them. They had their ears pierced, from which depended a ring of silver; their hair was black and crispy, and their women were filthy to a degree, and were sorceresses, who told fortunes."

Such were the people who, after traversing France, and scaling the sides of the Pyrenees, poured down in various bands upon the sun-burnt plains of Spain. Wherever they had appeared they had been looked upon as a curse and a pestilence, and with much reason. Either unwilling or unable to devote themselves to any laborious or useful occupation, they came light flights of wasps, to prey upon the fruits which their more industrious fellow-beings amassed by the toil of their hands and the sweat of their foreheads; the natural result being, that wherever they arrived, their fellow-creatures banded themselves against them. Terrible laws were enacted soon after their appearance in France, calculated to put a stop to their frauds and dishonest propensities; wherever their hordes were found they were attacked by the incensed rustics, or by the armed hand of justice; and those who were not massacred on the spot, or could not escape by flight, were, without a shadow of trial, either hanged on the next tree or sent to serve for life in the galleys; or, if females or children, either scourged or mutilated.

The consequence of this severity, which, considering the manners and spirit of the time, is scarcely to be wondered at, was the speedy disappearance of the Gypsies from the soil of France.

Many returned by the way they came, to Germany, Hungary, and the woods and forests of Bohemia; but there is little doubt that by far the greater portion found a refuge in the Peninsula, a country which, though by no means so rich and fertile as the one they had quitted, nor offering so wide and ready a field for the exercise of those fraudulent arts for which their race had become so infamously



notorious, was, nevertheless, in many respects, suitable and congenial to them. If there were less gold and silver in the purses of the citizens to reward the dexterous handler of the knife and scissors amidst the crowd in the market-place; if fewer sides of fatted swine graced the ample chimney of the labourer in Spain, than in the neighbouring country; if fewer beeves bellowed in the plains, and fewer sheep bleated upon the hills, there were far better opportunities afforded of indulging in wild independence. Should the halberded bands of the city be ordered out to quell, seize, or exterminate them; should the alcade of the village cause the tocsin to be rung, gathering together the *villanos* for a similar purpose, the wild sierra was generally at hand, which, with its winding paths, its caves, its frowning precipices, and ragged thickets, would offer to them a secure refuge where they might laugh to scorn the rage of their baffled pursuers, and from which they might emerge either to fresh districts or to those which they had left, to repeat their ravages when opportunity served.

After crossing the Pyrenees, a very short time elapsed before the Gypsy hordes had bivouacked in the principal provinces of Spain. There can, indeed, be little doubt that, shortly after their arrival, they made themselves perfectly acquainted with all the secrets of the land, and that there was scarcely a nook or retired corner within Spain, from which the smoke of their fires had not arisen or where their cattle had not grazed. People, however, so acute as they have always proverbially been, would scarcely be slow in distinguishing the provinces most adapted to their manner of life, and most calculated to afford them opportunities of practising those arts to which they were mainly indebted for their subsistence; the savage hills of Biscay, of Galicia, and the Asturias, whose inhabitants were almost as poor as themselves, which possessed no superior breed of horses or mules from amongst which they might pick and purloin many a gallant beast, and having transformed by their dexterous scissors, impose him again upon his rightful master for a high price,—such provinces where, moreover, provisions were hard to be obtained, even by pilfering hands, could scarcely be supposed to offer strong temptations to these roving visitors to settle down in, or to vex and harass by a long sojourn.

Valencia and Murcia found far more favour in their eyes; a far more fertile soil, and wealthier inhabitants, were better calculated to entice them; there was a prospect of plunder, and likewise a prospect of safety, a refuge, should the dogs of justice be roused against them. If there were the populous town and village in those lands, there was likewise the lone waste and uncultivated spot, to which they could

retire when danger threatened them. Still more suitable to them must have been La Mancha, a land of tillage, of horses, and of mules, skirted by its brown sierra, ever eager to afford its shelter to their dusky race. Equally suitable Estremadura and New Castile; but far, far more, Andalusia, with its three kingdoms, Jaen, Granada, and Seville, one of which was still possessed by the swarthy Moor,—Andalusia, the land of the proud steed and the stubborn mule, the land of the savage sierra and the fruitful and cultivated plain: to Andalusia they hied in bands of thirties and sixties; the hoofs of their asses might be heard clattering in the passes of the stony hills; the girls might be seen bounding in lascivious dance in the streets of many a town, and the beldames standing beneath the eaves telling the “buena ventura” to many a credulous female dupe, the men the while chaffered in the fair and market-place with the labourers and chalanes, casting significant glances on each other, or exchanging a word or two in Romany, whilst they placed some uncouth animal in a particular posture, which served to conceal its ugliness from the eyes of the chapman. Yes, of all provinces of Spain Andalusia was the most frequented by the Gitanó race, and in Andalusia they most abound at the present day, though no longer as restless, independent wanderers of the fields and hills, but as residents in villages and towns, especially in Seville.—*The Zincah*, Part I. chap. 1.

#### TEUFELSDRÖCKH'S NIGHT VIEW OF THE CITY.

[CARLYLE, 1795.

[THOMAS CARLYLE, born at Ecclefechan in Dumfriesshire, Dec. 4, 1795, was educated at the parish school, the grammar-school of Annan, and the University of Edinburgh. Embracing literature as a profession, he contributed some articles to Brewster's “Edinburgh Encyclopædia” and the reviews. He published a translation of “Legendre's Geometry” in 1824. The “Sartor Resartus” appeared in “Fraser's Magazine,” 1833-4. The first work which bore his name was “The French Revolution, a History,” published in three volumes in 1837. “Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations, and a Connecting Narrative,” appeared in 1845. The first and second volumes of his “Life of Frederick the Great” appeared in 1858, and the third and fourth volumes in 1864. Carlyle, who in 1827 married Miss Welch, left Scotland to reside in London in 1834.]

I LOOK down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the Palace esplanade, where music plays while Serene Highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weather-

(1.)

D

cock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing Joy and Sorrow bagged-up in pouches of leather: there, top-laden, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country Baron and his household; here, on timber-leg, the lamed Soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling-in with Food, with young Rusticity, and other Raw Produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling-out again with Produce manufactured. That living flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? From Eternity onwards to Eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible: in Bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid Pavement is a Picture of the Sense; they walk on the bosom of Nothing, blank Time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow Clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels and feather in its crown, is but of To-day, without a Yesterday or a To-morrow; and had not rather its Ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy Island? Friend, thou seest here a living link, in that Tissue of History, which inweaves all Being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more. "*Ach, mein Lieber!*" said Teufelsdröckh once, at midnight, when we had returned from the coffee-house in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamplight, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient region of Night, what thinks Boötes of them, as he leads his Hunting-dogs over the Zenith in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of Midnight, when Traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of Vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to Halls roofed-in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only Vice and Misery, to prowl or to moan like night-birds, are abroad: that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick Life, is heard in Heaven! Oh! under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a Fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born; men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void Night. The proud Grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; Wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw; in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains; while Councillors of State sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are Men. The Lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of

hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders: the Thief, still more silently, sets to his pick-locks and crow-bars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but, in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein*!—their gallows must even now be o' building. Upwards of five-hundred-thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishlest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the Mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them:—crammed-in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its head above the others: *such* work goes on under that snake-counterpane!—But I sit above it all; I am alone with the Stars!—*Sartor Resartus*, chap. iii.

#### LINES ON MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

[COWPER, 1731—1800.

[WILLIAM COWPER, descended from a good family, was born at Great Berkhamstead, November 15, 1731. He was educated at Westminster School, and called to the bar in 1754, though he did not follow the profession. He contributed to various periodicals, and was appointed clerk of the journals to the House of Lords in 1763. Insanity showed itself, and he was confined in a private asylum. Having recovered, he applied himself to literature, and published a volume of poems in 1782. "The Task" appeared in 1785, and his translation of "Homer," in two volumes quarto, in 1791. A pension was granted to him in 1794, and he died April 25, 1800. Several biographies of the poet have been published, the principal being by W. Hayley in 1803, by R. Southey in 1833-7, and by T. S. Grimshawe in 1836.]

O THAT those lips had language! Life has passed  
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,  
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"  
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.

Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!  
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,  
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.  
I will obey, not willingly alone,  
But gladly, as the precept were her own:  
And, while that face renews my filial grief,  
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,  
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,  
A momentary dream that thou art she.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,  
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?  
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son.  
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?  
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss;  
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—  
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.  
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,  
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,  
And, turning from my nursery window, drew  
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!  
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,  
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown:  
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,  
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!  
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,  
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.  
What ardently I wished, I long believed,  
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;  
By expectation every day beguiled,  
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.  
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,  
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,  
I learned at last submission to my lot,  
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,  
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;  
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,  
Drew me to school along the public way,  
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped  
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capped,

'Tis now become a history little known,  
That once we called the pastoral house our own.  
Short-lived possession ! But the record fair,  
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,  
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced  
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.  
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,  
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid ;  
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,  
The biscuit, or confectionary plum ;  
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed  
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed .  
All this, and, more endearing still than all,  
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,  
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,  
That humour interposed too often makes ;  
All this still legible in memory's page,  
And still to be so to my latest age,  
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay  
Such honours to thee as my numbers may ;  
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,  
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,  
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,  
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,  
I pricked them into paper with a pin,  
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,  
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile,)  
Could those few pleasant days again appear,  
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?  
I would not trust my heart ;—the dear delight  
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—  
But no :—what here we call our life is such,  
So little to be loved, and thou so much,  
That I should ill requite thee to constrain  
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast,  
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,)  
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,  
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,  
Then sits quiescent on the floods, that show  
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,

While airs impregnated with incense play  
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;  
 So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore  
 "Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar!"  
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide  
 Of life long since has anchored by thy side.  
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,  
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—  
 Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,  
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost;  
 And day by day some current's thwarting force  
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.  
 Yet O, the thought, that thou art safe, and he !  
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.  
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;  
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—  
 The son of parents passed into the skies.  
 And now farewell—Time unrevoked has run  
 His wonted course; yet what I wished is done.  
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,  
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;  
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,  
 Without the sin of violating thine;  
 And, while the wings of fancy still are free,  
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,  
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—  
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

#### THE MAJESTY OF CHRIST.

[REV. W. A. BUTLER, 1814—1848.]

[WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER was born at Annerville, near Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1814. Bred a Roman Catholic, he became a Protestant, and studied at Trinity College, Dublin, to which he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1837. He died at an early age, July 5, 1848. Since his death some of his lectures and sermons have been published; the most remarkable of these being "Lectures on the History of Ancient Philosophy," edited, with notes, by W. H. Thomson, published at Cambridge, in 1856; and "Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical," with a Memoir by the Rev. T. Woodward, published at Dublin in 1848.]

IN such a subject as this, what can one say which is not unworthy of it? It were vain to try amplification or ornament of such things as these. This matter is far vaster than our vastest conception, infi-

nately grander than our loftiest, yet overpoweringly awful as it is, how familiarity still reconciles us to hearing of it without awe! Perhaps even the overpowering greatness of the subject makes us despair of conceiving it at all. All the wonders of God fall deadly on unfitted minds. And thus men learn listlessly to hear words without even an effort to attach ideas to them, and this is not least the case with those who dispute the most bitterly about the lifeless words themselves. In such a case all that can be done is to endeavour to devise some mode of meeting this miserable influence of habit, by forcing the mind to make some faint effort to realize the infinite magnificence of the subject. Let us endeavour, then, to approach it thus.

You are wandering (I will suppose) in some of the wretched retreats of poverty, upon some mission of business or charity. Perplexed and wearied amid its varieties of misery, you chance to come upon an individual whose conversation and mien attract and surprise you. Your attention enkindled by the gracious benevolence of the stranger's manner, you inquire, and the astounding fact reveals itself, that in this lone and miserable scene you have, by some strange conjuncture, met with one of the great lights of the age, one belonging to a different and distant sphere, one of the leaders of universal opinion on whom your thoughts had long been busied, and whom you had for years desired to see. The singular accident of an interview so unexpected fills and agitates your mind. You form a thousand theories as to what strange cause could have brought him *there*. You recall how he spoke and looked, you call it an epoch in your life to have witnessed so startling an occurrence, to have beheld one so distinguished, in a scene so much out of all possibility of anticipation. And this, even though he were in no wise apparently connected with it except as witnessing and compassionating its groups of misery.

Yet again, something more wonderful than this is easily conceivable. Upon the same stage of wretchedness a loftier personage may be imagined. In the wild revolutions of fortune even monarchs have been wanderers. Suppose this, then,—improbable indeed, but not impossible surely. And then what feelings of respectful pity, of deep and earnest interest, would thrill your frame, as you contemplated such a one cast down from all that earth can minister of luxury and power, from the head of councils and of armies, to seek a home with the homeless, to share the bread of destitution, and feed on the charity of the scornful! How the depths of human nature are stirred by such events! how they find an echo in the recesses of our hearts, these terrible espousals of majesty and misery!

But this will not suffice. There are beings within the mind's easy conception that far overpass the glories of the statesman and the



monarch of our earth. Men of even no extreme ardour of fancy, when once instructed as to the vastness of our universe, have yearned to know of the life and intelligence that animate and that guide those distant regions of creation which science has so abundantly and so wonderfully revealed; and have dared to dream of the communications that might subsist,—and that may yet in another state of existence subsist,—with the beings of such spheres. Conceive, then, no longer the mighty of our world in this strange union with misery and degradation, but the presiding spirit of one of these orbs; or multiply his power, and make him the deputed governor, the vicegerent angel, of a million of those orbs that are spread in their myriads through infinity. Think what it would be to be permitted to hold high converse with such a delegate of heaven as this; to find this lord of a million worlds the actual inhabitant of our own; to see him and yet live; to learn the secrets of his immense administration, and hear of forms of being of which men can now have no more conception than the insect living on a leaf has of the forest that surrounds him. Still more, to find in this being an interest, a real interest in the affairs of our little corner of the universe; of that earthly cell which, in point of fact, is absolutely invisible from the nearest fixed star that sparkles in the heavens above us. Nay, to find him willing to throw aside his glorious toils of empire, in order to meditate our welfare, and dwell among us for a time. This surely would be wondrous, appalling, and yet transporting; such as that, when it had passed away, life would seem to have nothing more it could offer compared to the being blessed with such an intercourse!

And now mark,—behind all the visible scenery of nature; beyond all the systems of all the stars; around this whole universe, and through the infinity of infinite space itself; from all eternity and to all eternity; there lives a Being, compared to whom that mighty spirit just described, with his empire of a million suns, is infinitely less than to you is the minutest mote that floats in the sunbeam.

There is a Being in whose breath lives the whole immense of worlds, who with the faintest wish could blot them all from existence, and who, after they had all vanished away like a dream, would remain, filling the whole tremendous solitude they left, as unimpaired in all the fulness of His might as when He first scattered them around Him to be the flaming beacons of His glory. With Him, co-infinite with immensity, coeval with eternity, the universe is a span, its duration a moment. Hear His voice attesting His own eternal sovereignty: "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." But *who* is He that thus builds the throne of His glory upon the ruins of earth and heaven; who is He that thus triumphs over a

perishing universe, Himself alone eternal and impassible? The child of a Jewish woman, brethren, He who, as on this day, was laid in a manger, because there was no room for Him in the inn at Bethlehem!—*Sermons, Doctrinal and Practical—Sermon on the Mystery of the Incarnation*, Luke i. 35.

#### THE LONG LIFE OF BOOKS.

[REV. R. A. WILLMOTT, about 1800–1863.]

[ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, born at the commencement of the century, was presented to St. Catherine's, Bearwood, Berkshire, in 1846. His "Lives of the Sacred Poets" appeared in 1838. "Bishop Jeremy Taylor and his Contemporaries," was published in 1847, and his "Journal of Summer Time in the Country," in 1849. The "Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature" was published in 1851. The Rev. R. A. Willmott, who wrote other books, and edited the works of several English poets, died at Nettlebed, Oxon, May 27, 1863.]

THERE are two aspects under which we might regard language as a channel for communicating instruction and pleasure. One would be **SPEECH**. How astonishing it is to know that a man may stand in the crowd of learned or ignorant, thoughtful or reckless hearers—all the elements of reason and passion tumultuously tossed together—and knock at the door of each heart in succession! Think how this wonder has been wrought already. By Demosthenes waving the stormy democracy into a calm, from a sunny hill-side; by Plato, enchaining the souls of his disciples under the boughs of a dim plane-tree; by Cicero, in the stern silence of the Forum; by our own Chatham, in the chapel of St. Stephen. They knocked and entered, wandered through the bosoms of their hearers, threaded the dark labyrinths of feeling, aroused the fiercest passions in their lone concealment. They did more. In every heart they erected a throne, and gave laws. The Athenian populace started up with one accord and one cry to a march upon Philip; the Senate throbbed with indignation at Catiline; and the British Parliament was dissolved for a few hours, that it might recover from the wand of the enchanter.

But it is in the second manifestation of language that the most marvellous faculty resides; the written outlives and outdazzles the spoken word. The life of rhetoric perishes with the rhetorician; it darkens with his eye, stiffens with his hand, freezes with his tongue. The bows of eloquence are buried with the archers. Where is the splendid declamation of Bolingbroke? It has vanished, like his own image, from the grass-plats of Twickenham.

That intellect, to which the printing-press gives a body, an unquenchable spirit inhabits. Literature is the immortality of speech. It embalms

for all ages the departed kings of learning, and watches over their repose in the eternal pyramids of fame. The sumptuous cities which have lighted the world since the beginning of time, are now beheld only in the pictures of the historian or the poet. Homer rebuilds Troy, and Thucydides renews the war of Peloponnesus. The dart that pierced the Persian breast-plate moulders in the dust of Marathon; but the arrow of Pindar quivers, at this hour, with the life of his bow; like the discus of Hippomedon—

*"Jamque procul meminit dextræ, servatque tenorem."*

We look with grateful eyes upon this preservative power of literature. When the Gothic night descended over Europe, Virgil and Livy were nearly forgotten and unknown; but far away in lone corners of the earth amid silence and shadow, the ritual of Genius continued to be solemnized; without were barbarism, storm, and darkness—within, light, fragrance, and music. So the sacred fire of Learning burst upon its scattered shrines, until torch after torch carried the flame over the world.

One of the Spanish romancers shows Cydippe contemplating herself in a glass, and the power of Venus making the reflection permanent. The fable has a new and a pleasanter reading in the history of literature. A book becomes a mirror, with the author's face shining over it. Talent only gives an imperfect image—the broken glimmer of a countenance. But the features of genius remain unruffled. Time guards the shadow. Beauty, the spiritual Venus—whose children are the Tassos, the Spensers, the Bacons—breathes the magic of her love, and fixes the face for ever.

These glasses of fancy, eloquence, or wisdom, possess a stranger power. Illuminated by the sun of fame, they threw rays over watchful and reverent admirers. The beholder carries away some of the gilding lustre. And thus it happens that the light of Genius never sets, but sheds itself upon other faces in different hues of splendour. Homer glows in the softened beauty of Virgil, and Spenser revives in the decorated learning of Gray.—*Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature*, § ii.

#### THE FALL OF JERUSALEM.

[REV. G. CROLY, 1780—1860.

[GEORGE CROLY was born in Dublin in 1780, and educated at Trinity College, in that city. His first publication was a poem, "Paris, in 1815." "The Angel of the World," another poem, appeared in 1820; "Catiline," a tragedy, in 1821; "Pride shall have a Fall," in 1824; and "Salathiel," a romance, in 1827. Dr. Croly, who was appointed afternoon preacher at the Foundling Hospital, London, in 1847, was

rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook. He contributed largely to various periodicals and newspapers, and published several works in addition to those of which the titles are given above. He died in London, November 24, 1860.]

THE fall of our illustrious and unhappy city was supernatural. The destruction of the conquered was against the first principles of Roman polity; and, to the last hour of our national existence, Rome held out offers of peace, and lamented our frantic disposition to be undone. But the decree was gone forth from a mightier throne. During the latter days of the siege, a hostility, to which that of man was as the grain of sand to the tempest that drives it on, overpowered our strength and senses. Fearful shapes and voices in the air; visions starting us from our short and troubled sleep; lunacy in its most hideous forms; sudden death in the midst of vigour; the fury of the elements let loose upon our unsheltered heads; we had every terror and evil that could beset human nature, but pestilence; the most probable of all in a city crowded with the famishing, the diseased, the wounded, the dead. Yet, though the streets were covered with the unburied; though every wall and trench was streaming with gore; though six hundred thousand corpses flung over the rampart lay naked to the sun—pestilence came not; for, if it had come, the enemy would have been scared away. But, "the abomination of desolation," the pagan standard, was fixed; where it was to remain, until the plough passed over the ruins of Jerusalem!

On one fatal night, that fatal night! no man laid his head upon the pillow. Heaven and earth were in conflict. Meteors burned over us; the ground shook under our feet: the volcano blazed: the wind burst forth in irresistible blasts, and swept the living and the dead, in whirlwinds, far into the desert. We heard the bellowing of the distant Mediterranean, as if its waters were at our side, swelled by a new deluge. The lakes and rivers roared, and inundated the land. The fiery sword shot out tenfold fire. Showers of blood fell. Thunder pealed from every quarter of the heaven. Lightning in immense sheets, of an intensity and duration that turned the darkness into more than day, withering eye and soul, burned from the zenith to the ground, and marked its track by forests on flame, and the shattered summits of the hills.

Defence was now unthought of; for the mortal hostility had passed from the mind. Our hearts quaked for fear; but it was, to see the powers of heaven shaken. All cast away the shield and the spear, and crouched before the descending judgment. We were conscience smitten. Our cries of remorse, anguish, and horror, were heard through the uproar of the storm. We howled to the caverns to hide us; we plunged into the sepulchres, to escape the wrath that con-

sumed the living; we would have buried ourselves under the mountains!

I knew the cause, the unspeakable cause, and knew that the last hour of crime was at hand. A few fugitives, astonished to see one man among them not sunk into the lowest feebleness of fear, came round me, and besought me to lead them to some place of safety, if such were now to be found on earth. I told them openly, that they were to die; and counselled them to die in the hallowed ground of the temple. They followed me through streets encumbered with every shape of human suffering, to the foot of Mount Moriah. But, beyond that, we found advance impossible. Piles of cloud, whose darkness was palpable, even in the midnight in which we stood, covered the holy hill. Still, not to be daunted by anything that man could overcome, I cheered my disheartened band, and attempted to lead the way up the ascent. But I had scarcely entered the cloud, when I was swept downward by a gust, that tore the rocks in a flinty shower round me.

Now, came the last and most wonderful sign, that marked the fate of rejected Israel.

While I lay helpless, I heard the whirlwind roar through the cloudy hill; and the vapours began to revolve. A pale light, like that of the rising moon, quivered on their edges; and the clouds rose, and rapidly shaped themselves into the forms of battlements and towers. The sound of voices was heard within, low and distinct, yet strangely sweet. The lustre brightened, and the airy building rose, tower on tower, and battlement on battlement. In awe that held us mute, we knelt and gazed upon this more than mortal architecture, which continued rising and spreading, and glowing with a serener light, still soft and silvery, yet to which the broadest moonbeam was dim. At last, it stood forth to earth and heaven the colossal image of the first Temple, the building raised by the wisest of men, and consecrated by the visible glory. All Jerusalem saw the image; and the shout, that in the midst of their despair, ascended from thousands and tens of thousands, told what proud remembrances were there. But, a hymn was heard, that might have hushed the world. Never fell on my ear, never on the human sense, a sound so majestic, yet so subduing; so full of melancholy, yet of grandeur. The cloudy portal opened, and from it marched a host, such as man had never seen before, such as man shall never see, but once, again; the guardian angels of the city of David!—they came forth glorious, but with woe in all their steps; the stars upon their helmets dim; their robes stained; tears flowing down their celestial beauty. "Let us go hence," was their song of sorrow.—"Let us go hence," was answered by sad echoes of the moun-

tains.—“Let us go hence,” swelled upon the night, to the farthest limits of the land. The procession lingered long on the summit of the hill. Then the thunder pealed; and they rose at the command, diffusing waves of light over the expanse of heaven. Their chorus was heard, still magnificent and melancholy, when their splendour was diminished to the brightness of a star. The thunder roared again; the cloudy temple was scattered on the winds; and darkness, the omen of her grave, settled upon Jerusalem!—*Salathiel, the Immortal*, ch. lxiv.

#### THE LIFE OF BISHOP AIDAN.

[BEDE, 674—735.

[BEDA, or BEDE, better known as the Venerable Bede, was born near Wearmouth between the years 672 and 677; the Rev. J. Stevenson contends for 674. At seven years of age he went into the monastery of St. Peter at Wearmouth, took deacon's orders in his nineteenth, and was ordained priest in his thirtieth year. Bede devoted his time to study, and about 734 published, in Latin, his “Ecclesiastical History of England.” To this work Bede appended a list of the other books he had written. His Ecclesiastical History was translated into the Anglo-Saxon by King Alfred, and was first printed about 1474. The first English edition, by Thomas Stapleton, was published at Antwerp in 1563. The Rev. J. Stevenson edited the Latin text, and wrote a memoir of Bede for the Historical Society in 1838. Another English edition has been published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library. Bede died at Jarrow, May 26, 735, and was buried in the church of the monastery, but his bones were in the eleventh century removed to the cathedral of Durham, in the Galilee of which may still be seen the stone bearing the inscription—

“Hac sunt in fossa Bedæ venerabilis ossa;”

rendered in a monkish rhyme—

“Here lie beneath these stones  
Venerable Bede's bones.”

His life, written by Capt. John Stevens, appeared in 1723; by the Rev. J. Stevenson (English Historical Society) in 1838; and by Dr. Giles in 1842.]

FROM the aforesaid island,\* and college of Monks, was Aidan sent to instruct the English nation in Christ, having received the dignity of a bishop at the time when Segenius,† abbat and priest, presided over that monastery; whence, among other instructions for life, he left the clergy a most salutary example of abstinence or continence; it was the highest commendation of his doctrine, with all men, that he

\* Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, off the coast of Northumberland, which was made his episcopal see by King Oswald. Bede (B. III. c. 3) says: “Which place, as the tide flows and ebbs twice a day, is enclosed by the waves of the sea like an inland; and again, twice in the day, when the shore is left dry, becomes contiguous to the land”

† The fourth abbat from St. Columba.

taught no otherwise than he and his followers had lived; for he neither sought nor loved anything of this world, but delighted in distributing immediately among the poor whatsoever was given him by the kings or rich men of the world. He was wont to traverse both town and country on foot, never on horseback, unless compelled by some urgent necessity; and wherever in his way he saw any, either rich or poor, he invited them, if infidels, to embrace the mystery of the faith; or if they were believers, to strengthen them in the faith, and to stir them up by words and actions to alms and good works.

His course of life was so different from the slothfulness of our times, that all those who bore him company, whether they were shorn monks or laymen, were employed in meditation, that is, either in reading the Scriptures, or learning psalms. This was the daily employment of himself and all that were with him, wheresoever they went; and if it happened, which was but seldom, that he was invited to eat with the king, he went with one or two clerks, and having taken a small repast, made haste to be gone with them, either to read or write. At that time, many religious men and women, stirred up by his example, adopted the custom of fasting on Wednesdays and Fridays, till the ninth hour, throughout the year, except during the fifty days after Easter. He never gave money to the powerful men of the world, but only meat, if he happened to entertain them; and, on the contrary, whatsoever gifts of money he received from the rich, he either distributed them, as has been said, to the use of the poor, or bestowed them in ransoming such as had been wrongfully sold for slaves. Moreover, he afterwards made many of those he had ransomed his disciples, and after having taught and instructed them, advanced them to the order of priesthood.

It is reported, that when King Oswald had asked a bishop of the Scots to administer the word of faith to him and his nation, there was first sent to him another man of more austere disposition, who, meeting with no success, and being unregarded by the English people, returned home, and in an assembly of the elders reported that he had not been able to do any good to the nation he had been sent to preach to, because they were uncivilized men, and of a stubborn and barbarous disposition. They, as is testified, in a great council seriously debated what was to be done, being desirous that the nation should receive the salvation it demanded, and grieving that they had not received the preacher sent to them. Then said Aidan, who was also present in the council, to the priest then spoken of, "I am of opinion, brother, that you were more severe to your unlearned hearers than you ought to have been, and did not at first, conformably to the apostolic rule, give them the milk of more easy doctrine, till being by degrees

nourished with the word of God, they should be capable of greater perfection, and be able to practise God's sublimer precepts." Having heard these words, all present began diligently to weigh what he had said, and presently concluded that he deserved to be made a bishop, and ought to be sent to instruct the incredulous and unlearned; since he was found to be endued with singular discretion, which is the mother of other virtues, and accordingly being ordained, they sent him to their friend, King Oswald, to preach, and he, as time proved, afterwards appeared to possess all other virtues, as well as the discretion for which he was before remarkable.—*Bede's Ecclesiastical History of England*, (*Bohn's Antiq. Lib.*), B. III. c. 5.

### THE LEGEND OF KING SOLOMON AND THE HOOPOES.

[THE HON R. CURZON, 1810

[THE Honourable Robert Curzon, the son of the Baroness de la Zouche, was born in 1810, and received his education at the Charterhouse and Christ Church, Oxford. Having entered the diplomatic service, he was appointed private secretary to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. In this capacity Mr Curzon obtained access to the monasteries and religious houses of the Levant, and collected many valuable manuscripts and books. "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant" appeared in 1848. This was followed by "Armenia; a Residence at Erzeroum," published in 1854.]

IN the days of King Solomon, the son of David, who, by the virtue of his cabalistic seal, reigned supreme over genii as well as men, and who could speak the languages of animals of all kinds, all created beings were subservient to his will. Now, when the king wanted to travel, he made use, for his conveyance, of a carpet of a square form. This carpet had the property of extending itself to a sufficient size to carry a whole army, with the tents and baggage, but at other times it could be reduced so as to be only large enough for the support of the royal throne, and of those ministers whose duty it was to attend upon the person of the sovereign. Four genii of the air then took the four corners of the carpet, and carried it with its contents wherever King Solomon desired. Once the king was on a journey in the air, carried upon his throne of ivory over the various nations of the earth. The rays of the sun poured down upon his head, and he had nothing to protect him from its heat. The fiery beams were beginning to scorch his neck and shoulders, when he saw a flock of vultures flying past. "O, vultures!" cried King Solomon, "come and fly between me and the sun, and make a shadow with your wings to protect me, for its rays are scorching my neck and face." But the vultures answered, and said, "We are flying to the north, and your face is turned towards



the south. We desire to continue on our way; and be it known unto thee, O king! that we will not turn back in our flight, neither will we fly above your throne to protect you from the sun, although its rays may be scorching your neck and face." Then King Solomon lifted up his voice, and said, "Cursed be ye, O vultures!—and because you will not obey the commands of your lord, who rules over the whole world, the feathers of your neck shall fall off; and the heat of the sun, and the cold of the winter, and the keenness of the wind, and the beating of the rain, shall fall upon your rebellious necks, which shall not be protected with feathers, like the neck of other birds. And whereas you have hitherto fared delicately, henceforward ye shall eat carrion and feed upon offal; and your race shall be impure till the end of the world." And it was done unto the vultures as King Solomon had said.

Now it fell out that there was a flock of hoopoes flying past; and the king cried out to them, and said, "O hoopoes! come and fly between me and the sun, that I may be protected from its rays by the shadow of your wings." Whereupon the king of the hoopoes answered, and said, "O king! we are but little fowls, and we are not able to afford much shade; but we will gather our nation together, and by our numbers we will make up for our small size." So the hoopoes gathered together, and, flying in a cloud over the throne of the king, they sheltered him from the rays of the sun. When the journey was over, and King Solomon sat upon his golden throne, in his palace of ivory, whereof the doors were emerald, and the windows of diamonds, larger even than the diamond of Jemshéa, he commanded that the king of hoopoes should stand before his feet.

"Now," said King Solomon, "for the service that thou and thy race have rendered, and the obedience thou hast shown to the king, thy lord and master, what shall be done unto thee, O hoopoe?—and what shall be given to the hoopoes of thy race, for a memorial and a reward?"

Now the king of the hoopoes was confused with the great honour of standing before the feet of the king; and making his obeisance and laying his right claw upon his heart, he said, "O king, live for ever! Let a day be given to thy servant, to consider with his queen and his counsellors what it shall be that the king shall give unto us for a reward." And King Solomon said, "Be it so."

And it was so.

But the king of the hoopoes flew away; and he went to his queen, who was a dainty hen, and he told her what had happened, and desired her advice as to what they should ask of the king for a reward; and he called together his council, and they sat upon a tree, and they each

of them desired a different thing. Some wished for a long tail; some wished for blue and green feathers; some wished to be as large as ostriches; some wished for one thing, and some for another; and they debated till the going down of the sun, but they could not agree together. Then the queen took the king of the hoopoes apart and said to him, "My dear lord and husband, listen to my words; and as we have preserved the head of King Solomon, let us ask for crowns of gold on our heads, that we may be superior to all other birds."

And the words of the queen and the princesses, her daughters, prevailed; and the king of the hoopoes presented himself before the throne of Solomon, and desired of him that all hoopoes should wear golden crowns upon their heads. Then Solomon said, "Hast thou considered well what it is that thou desirest?" And the hoopoe said, "I have considered well, and we desire to have golden crowns upon our heads." So Solomon replied, "Crowns of gold shall ye have: but, behold, thou art a foolish bird; and when the evil days shall come upon thee, and thou seest the folly of thy heart, return here to me, and I will give thee help." So the king of the hoopoes left the presence of King Solomon with a golden crown upon his head, and all the hoopoes had golden crowns; and they were exceeding proud and haughty. Moreover, they went down by the lakes and the pools, and walked by the margin of the water, that they might admire themselves, as it were, in a glass. And the queen of the hoopoes gave herself airs, and sat upon a twig; and she refused to speak to the merops, her cousins, and the other birds who had been her friends, because they were but vulgar birds, and she wore a crown of gold upon her head.

Now there was a certain fowler who set traps for birds; and he put a piece of a broken mirror into his trap, and a hoopoe that went in to admire itself was caught. And the fowler looked at it, and saw the shining crown upon its head; so he wrung off its head, and took the crown to Issachar, the son of Jacob, the worker in metal, and he asked him what it was. So Issachar, the son of Jacob, said, "It is a crown of brass," and he gave the fowler a quarter of a shekel for it, and desired him, if he found any more, to bring them to him, and to tell no man thereof. So the fowler caught some more hoopoes, and sold their crowns to Issachar, the son of Jacob; until one day he met another man who was a jeweller, and he showed him several of the hoopoes' crowns. Whereupon the jeweller told him that they were of pure gold, and he gave the fowler a talent of gold for four of them.

Now when the value of these crowns was known, the fame of them got abroad, and in all the land of Israel was heard the twang of bows and the whirling of slings; bird-lime was made in every town; and

the price of traps rose in the market, so that the fortunes of the trap-makers increased. Not a hoopoe could show its head but it was slain or taken captive, and the days of the hoopoes were numbered. Then their minds were filled with sorrow and dismay, and before long few were left to bewail their cruel destiny.

At last, flying by stealth through the most unfrequented places, the unhappy king of the hoopoes went to the court of King Solomon, and stood again before the steps of the golden throne, and with tears and groans related the misfortunes which had happened to his race.

So King Solomon looked kindly upon the king of the hoopoes, and said unto him, "Behold, did I not warn thee of thy folly, in desiring to have crowns of gold? Vanity and pride have been thy ruin. But now, that a memorial may remain of the service which thou didst render unto me, your crowns of gold shall be changed into crowns of feathers, that ye may walk unharmed upon the earth." Now, when the fowlers saw that the hoopoes no longer wore crowns of gold upon their heads, they ceased from the persecution of their race; and from that time forth the family of the hoopoes have flourished and increased, and have continued in peace even to the present day.—*Visits to Monasteries in the Levant*, chap. xii.

#### THE TUILERIES.

[CROKER, 1780—1857.

[JOHN WILSON CROKER, the representative of a branch of an ancient Devonshire family, was born at Galway, December 20, 1780. Educated at a school in Cork and Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the Irish Bar in 1802. His first production, "Familiar Epistles to J. F. Jones, Esq., on the Present State of the Irish Stage," appeared in 1803. In May, 1807, Mr. Croker was returned to Parliament, and in 1809, he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty. Mr. Croker, who retired from Parliament after the passing of the Reform Bill, contributed largely to the "Quarterly Review," and edited several important works; amongst others, an edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." In 1857, some of his contributions to the "Quarterly" were re-published, under the title, "Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution." Mr. Croker died Aug. 10, 1857.]

At the western extremity of Paris there stood, up to the time of Francis I., an irregular mass of Gothic towers, called the Louvre, in which, as was the custom of those early ages, were combined a palace, a prison, and a fortress, which protected the town on the west side, as the Bastille did on the east. Francis, finding this building unfit for a residence, and not worth repairing, began, and his son, Henry II., completed a more regular edifice in the Italian taste, which is now the western side of the *vieux* Louvre. This new edifice was, however, soon surrounded by the encroachments of the increasing town; and

his widow, Catherine de Medicis, wishing to have a residence of her own when her son should occupy the Louvre, began in the open country to the westward, on a piece of ground called, from the use then made of it, *Les Tuileries*, the magnificent palace now known by that name; and her sons, three successive kings of France, continued the work by additional wings and pavilions. In the meanwhile, the town continued to increase, and the space between the two palaces was covered with buildings, and grew, and continued, up to 1804, to be a closely built and densely inhabited quarter of the city. Whether in pursuance of Catherine's original design, or from his own, her second son, Charles IX., determined to unite his two palaces by the celebrated gallery along the river side. This was continued by his brother, Henry III., and completed by Henry IV.; so far, at least, that we know that, on the 1st May, 1610, exactly a fortnight before the day of his death, he walked from the Tuileries to the Louvre along "*la grande galerie*" arm in arm with the Duc de Guise and the Marshal de Bassompierre. We note this because some writers attribute the completion of the gallery to Louis XIII. and to Louis XIV.; nay, we have even met persons in France and England so ignorant as to attribute both the design and execution to Buonaparte. No doubt, both Louis XIII. and XIV. continued the works at both palaces, but it seems certain that the *gallery* was so far completed by Henry IV., that the espousals of the Prince de Condé with Mademoiselle de Montmorenci were celebrated there in 1609, and that Henry himself *walked through it*, as we have said, in 1610. Buonaparte's only, but not inglorious, share in the gallery, was the splendid execution of a design proposed, and even begun, in the reign of Louis XVI., for appropriating it to the reception and exhibition of objects of science and of art.

But the vast space now open between the two palaces was, to a recent period, covered with houses, which ran up close to both. The front of the Tuileries, especially, was encumbered and disfigured by a number of mean, irregular buildings, domestic offices, porters' lodges, barracks, stables, and the like, which formed four courts, of which that to the south was called *La Cour des Princes*; the next, and largest, occupying about a third of the whole space, called *La Cour Royale*, formed the main approach to the palace. It was enclosed by an ordinary wall, through which there were close wooden gates, from *La Place du Carrousel*. This place was a kind of square, where three or four streets met. About what was its centre, Buonaparte's Arch now occupies the site where the first permanent *guillotine* had been erected. The domestic offices and adjuncts that disfigured this side of the Tuileries seem to have been almost necessary, if the palace were

to be a residence. Their removal, so advantageous in an artistical view, has rendered it a most uncomfortable, and, in the neighbourhood of so turbulent a population, dangerous residence, for it has no internal light or air. Every entrance and window open on public thoroughfares, and are, of course, subjected to the sight, and possibly to the fire, of the people in the surrounding houses and streets. During the time that Louis XVI. and his family inhabited it, they could take no exercise but on the terrace next the river, and then only early in the morning; and even that was soon interdicted to them by the increasing impatience and insolence of the mob; and the Queen herself complained to Dumouriez, that "even in the summer evenings she could not open the window for a little fresh air without being exposed to the grossest invectives and menaces."

It is evident that an edifice so circumstanced, however noble as a palace for royal representations, was a very unsafe one as a royal residence.\* It had not, however, been so occupied for near a century till the violences of the 6th of October dragged the royal family from Versailles, and confined them in this stately prison, in which they languished rather than lived, under a close surveillance, daily insults, and frequent perils, till the crowning catastrophe of the *tenth of August*, which, atrocious as it was in its purpose and disastrous in its results, had the unforeseen consequence of removing the obstructions we have described, and making the first opening towards that magnificent esplanade which now extends from the Tuileries to the Louvre. That fatal day sent the monarch to a stronger prison, but it liberated the palaces.†—*Essays on the Early Period of the French Revolution*. Essay III.

#### ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

[KEATS, 1795—1821.

[JOHN KEATS was born in London, Oct. 29, 1795. He received a scanty education, never having learned Greek, and is said to have taken his mythology from Tooke's "Pantheon" and Lempriere's Dictionary. At fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton, and on repairing to London to walk the hospitals became acquainted with Leigh Hunt and other literary men. Much of his time was spent in writing poetry, and in 1817 he published a small volume of poems, followed by

\* The Convention, when they occupied it, found it equally insecure. The hall where they sat (the theatre) was in a frequent state of siege, often attacked, and twice at least stormed.

† In another part of this essay the author remarks:—"The great work of completing the projected junction of the Tuileries and the Louvre has been of late carried out with great architectural magnificence and effect." The description is valuable, as affording the reader a good idea of the locality in the time of the French Revolution.

"The Endymion" in 1818. The latter work was sharply criticised in "The Quarterly" and in "Blackwood," and for some time his early death was erroneously attributed to the severity with which he had been assailed. Byron makes the following allusion to this circumstance in "Don Juan" (canto xi. s. 60):—

"John Keats, who was killed off by one critique,  
Just as he really promised something great,  
If not intelligible, without Greek  
Contrived to talk about the gods of late,  
Much as they might have been supposed to speak.  
Poor fellow! His was an untoward fate;  
'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,  
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article."

The truth is that he fell a victim to consumption. He repaired to Italy in the hope of restoring his health, and died at Rome Feb. 27, 1821; his last words being, "Thank God it has come." John Keats was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome. A memoir by R. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is prefixed to a collected edition of his poetical works, published in 1854.]

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thy happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot  
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,  
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !  
O for a beaker full of the warm South,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth ;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;

Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs;  
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new Lovepine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,  
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:  
Already with thee! tender is the night,  
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,  
Clustered around by all her starry Fays;  
But here there is no light,  
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown  
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;  
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a mused rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,  
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
 The same that oft-times hath  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
 Past the ~~near~~ meadows, over the still stream,  
 Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
 In the next valley-glades:  
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
 Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

#### OF PARADISE. Gen. ii. and iii.

[BISHOP HALL, 1574—1656.

[JOSEPH HALL, born at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, July 1, 1574, and educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, was made Dean of Worcester in 1617. He was one of the English deputies at the synod of Dort in 1618, was appointed Bishop of Exeter in 1627, and was translated to Norwich in 1641. Having with other bishops protested against the validity of all laws passed during their enforced absence from Parliament, he was sent to the Tower in November, 1641. At the end of seven months he was released on giving bail for £5000, when he found that the revenues of his see had been sequestrated. In 1647, he retired to a small farm at Higham, near Norwich, where he died in poverty September 8, 1656. Bishop Hall was a very prolific writer. His "*Virgidemiarum*," a collection of satires, appeared in 1599 or in 1602; and his "*Characters of Virtues and Vices*," in 1608; and "*Contemplations on the Historical Passages of the Holy Story*," 1612-15. A *Life*, by the Rev. J. Pratt, is prefixed to his edition of his works, published in 1808.]

MAN could no sooner see than he saw himself happy: his eyesight and reason were both perfect at once, and the objects of both were able to make him as happy as he would. When he first opened his eyes, he saw heaven above him, earth under him, the creatures about him, God before him; he knew what all these things meant, as if he had been long acquainted with them all; he saw the heavens glorious, but far off: his Maker thought it requisite to fit him with a paradise nearer home. If God had appointed him immediately to heaven, his body had been superfluous; it was fit his body should be answered



with an earthen image of that heaven, which was for his soul : had man been made only for contemplation, it would have served as well to have been placed in some vast desert ; on the top of some barren mountain ; but the same power which gave him a heart to meditate, gave him hands to work, and work fit for his hands.

Neither was it the purpose of the Creator, that man should but live ; pleasure may stand with innocence : he that rejoiced to see all that he had made to be good, rejoiceth to see all that he hath made to be well. God loves to see his creatures happy ; our lawful delight is his : they know not God that think to please him with making themselves miserable. The idolaters thought it a fit service for Baal to cut and lance themselves ; never any holy man looked for thanks from the true God, by wronging himself.

Every earth was not fit for Adam, but a garden, a paradise. What excellent pleasures and rare varieties have men found in gardens planted by the hands of men ! And yet all the world of men cannot make one twig, or leaf, or spire of grass. When he that made the matter undertakes the fashion, how must it needs be beyond our capacity, excellent ! No herb, no flower, no tree, was wanting there, that might be for ornament or use, whether for sight, or for scent, or for taste. The bounty of God wrought further than to necessity, even to comfort and recreation. Why are we niggardly to ourselves, when God is liberal ? But, for all this, if God had not there conversed with man, no abundance could have made him blessed.

Yet, behold ! that which was man's storehouse was also his work-house ; his pleasure was his task : paradise served not only to feed his senses, but to exercise his hands. If happiness had consisted in doing nothing, man had not been employed ; all his delights could not have made him happy in an idle life. Man, therefore, is no sooner made than he is set to work ; neither greatness nor perfection can privilege a folded hand ; he must labour because he was happy ; how much more we, that we may be ! This first labour of his was, as without necessity, so without pains, without weariness ; how much more cheerfully we go about our businesses, so much nearer we come to our paradise.

Neither did these trees afford him only action for his hands, but instruction to his heart ; for here he saw God's sacraments grow before him ; all other trees had a natural use, these two in the midst of the garden a spiritual. Life is the act of the soul, knowledge the life of the soul ; the tree of knowledge, and the tree of life, then, were ordained as earthly helps of the spiritual part. Perhaps he, which ordained the end, immortality of life, did appoint this fruit as the means of that life. It is not for us to inquire after the life we

had, and the means we should have had. I am sure it served to nourish the soul by a lively representation of that living tree whose fruit is eternal life, and whose leaves serve to heal the nations.

O, infinite mercy! Man saw his Saviour before him, ere he had need of a Saviour; he saw in whom he should recover a heavenly life ere he lost the earthly; but after he had tasted of the tree of knowledge, he might not taste of the tree of life; that immortal food was not for a mortal stomach; yet then did he most savour that invisible tree of life, when he was most restrained from the other. O Saviour, none but a sinner can relish thee: my taste hath been enough seasoned with the forbidden fruit to make it capable of thy sweetfles; sharpen thou as well the stomach of my soul by repenting, by believing; so shall I eat, and, in despite of Adam, live for ever.

The one tree was for confirmation; the other for trial: one showed him what life he should have; the other what knowledge he should not desire to have. Alas! he, that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that he knew enough. How divine a thing is knowledge, whereof even innocency itself is ambitious! Satan knew what he did: if this bait had been gold, or honour, or pleasure, man had contemned it: who can hope to avoid error when even man's perfection is mistaken? He looked for speculative knowledge, he should have looked for experimental: he thought it had been good to know evil: good was large enough to have perfected his knowledge, and therein his blessedness.

All that God made was good, and the Maker of them much more good; they good in their kind, he good in himself. It would not content him to know God, and his creatures; his curiosity affected to know that which God never made, evil of sin, and evil of death, which indeed himself made by desiring to know them; now we know well evil enough, and smart with knowing it. How dear hath this lesson cost us, that in some cases it is better to be ignorant; and yet do the sons of Eve inherit this saucy appetite of their grandmother: how many thousand souls miscarry with the presumptuous affectation of forbidden knowledge! O God, thou hast revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy: teach me a sober knowledge, and a contented ignorance.

Paradise was made for man, yet there I see the serpent. What marvel is it if my corruption find the serpent in my closet, in my table, in my bed, when our holy parents found him in the midst of paradise! No sooner he is entered, but he tempteth: he can no more be idle, than harmless. I do not see him at any other tree; he knew there was no danger in the rest; I see him at the tree forbidden. How true

a serpent is he in every point!—in his insinuation to the place, in his choice of the tree, in his assault of the woman, in his plausibleness of speech to avoid terror, in his question to move doubt, in his reply to work distrust, in his protestation of safety, in his suggestion to envy and discontent, in his promise of gain!

And if he were so cunning at the first, what shall we think of him now, after so many thousand years' experience? Only thou, O God, and those angels that see thy face, are wiser than he. I do not ask why, when he left his goodness, thou didst not bereave him of his skill. Still thou wouldst have made him an angel, though an evil one: and thou knowest how to ordain his craft to thine own glory. I do not desire thee to abate of his subtlety, but to make me wise; let me beg it without presumption, make me wiser than Adam: even thine image, which he bore, made him not through his own weakness, wise enough to obey thee; thou offeredst him all fruits, and restrainedst but one; Satan offered him but one, and restrained not the rest: when he chose rather to be at Satan's feeding than thine, it was just with thee to turn him out of thy gates with a curse: why shouldst thou feed a rebel at thine own board?

And yet we transgress daily, and thou shuttest not heaven against us: how is it that we find more mercy than our forefathers? His strength is worthy of severity, our weakness finds pity. That God, from whose face he fled in the garden, now makes him with shame to fly out of the garden: those angels, that should have kept him, now keep the gates of paradise against him; it is not so easy to recover happiness as to keep it, or lose it: yea, the same cause that drove man from paradise, hath also withdrawn paradise from the world.

That fiery sword did not defend it against those waters, wherewith the sins of men drowned the glory of that place: neither now do I care to seek where that paradise was, which we lost: I know where that paradise is, which we must care to seek and hope to find. As man was the image of God, so was that earthly paradise an image of heaven; both the images are defaced, both the first patterns are eternal: Adam was in the first, and staid not: in the second, is the second Adam which said, *This day shalt thou be with me in paradise.* There was that chosen vessel, and heard and saw what could not be expressed: by how much the third heaven exceeds the richest earth; so much doth that paradise, whereto we aspire, exceed that which we have lost.—*Contemplations*, Book I., Contemplation 3.

## OF TRAVEL.

[LORD BACON, 1561—1626.]

[FRANCIS BACON, youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, was born at York House, in the Strand, London, January 22, 1561. From Trinity College, Cambridge, he went to Gray's Inn, was called to the bar June 27, 1582, and made a bencher in 1586. He held various appointments, was returned member for Middlesex in 1592, and was knighted in 1603. He was made Attorney-general in 1613, Keeper of the Great Seal in 1617, and Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam, in 1618. In 1620 he was created Viscount St. Alban. Having been found guilty of receiving bribes, he was, in 1621, deprived of his offices, disqualified for public life, fined £40,000, and imprisoned in the Tower. Lord Bacon, who soon obtained his release, devoted the remainder of his life to literary and scientific pursuits, and died at Highgate, near London, April 9, 1626. In his will he said, "My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my own countrymen, after some time be passed over." The first edition of his "Essays," consisting only of ten, appeared in 1597; "The Advancement of Learning," in two books (afterwards enlarged to nine), in 1605; his "Wisdom of the Ancients," in Latin, in 1610; two books of the "Novum Organon" in 1620; and his "Reign of Henry VII." in 1622. Several collected editions of his works have been published. Lord Bacon was the father of English philosophy. Hallam ("Literary History," part III. chap. 2.) says, "No books prior to those of Lord Bacon carried mankind so far on the road to truth; none have obtained so thorough a triumph over arrogant usurpation without seeking to substitute another; and he may be compared to those liberators of nations, who have given them laws by which they might govern themselves, and retained no homage but their gratitude." Willmott ("Pleasures, Objects, and Advantages of Literature," § XII.), comments upon a passage in one of his works in these terms: "Lord Bacon considered that invention in young men is livelier than in old, and that imaginations stream into their minds more divinely. He has not defined the boundary of youth. His own thirty-sixth year had come, when he committed to the press those golden meditations which he called *Essays*. But it is noticeable that his style opened into richer bloom with every added summer of thought. Later editions contain passages of beauty not found in the earlier; and his 'Advancement of Learning,' published when he was forty-four, beams with the warmest lights of fancy."\* Several biographies of Lord Bacon have been published. Much information will be found in his "Life" by Mallet, published in 1740, by Basil Montagu in 1825, and by R. L. Ellis in 1861.]

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country, before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor, or grave servant, I allow well; so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before, whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go,† what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yieldeth. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little.

\* The reader is referred to F. Schlegel's criticism on Lord Bacon at pp. 94-7 of this manual.

† Murray's "Guides" have rendered this unnecessary.

It is a strange thing, that in sea-voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbours; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations and lectures where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses;\* warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasures of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities; and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them; yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card† or book describing the country where he travelleth; which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long; nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodgings from one end and part of the town to another, which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth, that he may use his favour in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit. As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel, that which is most of all profitable is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors, for so in travelling in one country he

\* The old term for an exchange.

† An old term for a chart. It also meant the mariner's compass.

shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad, that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided; and let a man beware how he keepeth company with cholerick and quarrelsome persons, for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts, but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.\*—*Essay* xviii.

#### THE CHOICE OF A NECKLACE.

[MISS AUSTEN, 1775—1817.

[JANE AUSTEN, born at Steventon, Hants, Dec. 16, 1775, received a very superior education under the care of her father, the rector of the parish, a man of considerable literary acquirements. Her first novel, "Sense and Sensibility," published anonymously in 1811, was very successful. It was followed by "Pride and Prejudice," "Mansfield Park," and "Emma," the last having been published in 1816. These were all published anonymously, and it was not till after her death that any of her

\* It has been remarked by many writers that Bacon makes no allusion to Shakespeare, and it has also been asserted that the great dramatist is not even quoted in his works. Though the first edition of *Hamlet* did not appear until 1603, the tragedy was acted at a much earlier period, and the "Essay on Travel" was not published until 1625. It is reasonable to suppose that Bacon, when he wrote this essay, had the advice of Polonius to Laertes in his mind:

"Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,  
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are most select and generous, chief in that."

*Hamlet*, act i. sc. 3

works appeared with her name. "Northanger Abbey" and "Persuasion" were both published in 1818. Miss Austen died at Winchester, July 24, 1817. A collected edition of her works appeared in Bentley's Standard Novels. Sir Walter Scott says of this authoress—"That young lady had a talent for describing the involvements, and feelings, and characters of ordinary life, which is to me the most wonderful I ever met with. The big *bow-wow* strain I can do myself, like any now going; but the exquisite touch which renders ordinary common-place things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment, is denied to me. What a pity such a gifted creature died so early!" Some account of this authoress will be found in an article by Dr. Whately in the "Quarterly Review," vol. xxiv.]

THURSDAY was the day of the ball, and on Wednesday morning, Fanny, still unable to satisfy herself as to what she ought to wear, determined to seek the counsel of the more enlightened, and apply to Mrs. Grant and her sister, whose acknowledged taste would certainly bear her blameless; and as Edmund and William were gone to Northampton, and she had reason to think Mr. Crawford likewise out, she walked down to the Parsonage without much fear of wanting an opportunity for private discussion; and the privacy of such a discussion was a most important part of it to Fanny, being more than half ashamed of her own solicitude.

She met Miss Crawford within a few yards of the Parsonage, just setting out to call on her, and as it seemed to her, that her friend, though obliged to insist on turning back, was unwilling to lose her walk, she explained her business at once, and observed, that if she would be so kind as to give her opinion, it might be all talked over as well without doors as within. Miss Crawford appeared gratified by the application, and after a moment's thought urged Fanny's returning with her in a much more cordial manner than before, and proposed their going up into her room, where they might have a comfortable *coze*, without disturbing Dr. and Mrs. Grant, who were together in the drawing-room. It was just the plan to suit Fanny; and with a great deal of gratitude on her side for such ready and kind attention, they proceeded in-doors, and up-stairs, and were soon deep in the interesting subject. Miss Crawford, pleased with the appeal, gave her all her best judgment and taste, made everything easy by her suggestions, and tried to make everything agreeable by her encouragement. The dress being settled in all its grander parts—"But what shall you have by way of necklace?" said Miss Crawford. "Shall not you wear your brother's cross?" And as she spoke she was undoing a small parcel, which Fanny had observed in her hand when they met. Fanny acknowledged her wishes and doubts on this point; she did not know how either to wear the cross, or to refrain from wearing it. She was answered by having a small trinket-box placed before her, and being requested to choose from among several gold chains and neck-

laces. Such had been the parcel with which Miss Crawford was provided, and such the object of her intended visit: and in the kindest manner she now urged Fanny's taking one for the cross and to keep for her sake, saying everything she could think of to obviate the scruples which were making Fanny start back at first with a look of horror at the proposal.

"You see what a collection I have," said she, "more by half than I ever use or think of. I do not offer them as new. I offer nothing but an old necklace. You must forgive the liberty, and oblige me."

Fanny still resisted, and from her heart. The gift was too valuable. But Miss Crawford persevered, and argued the case with so much affectionate earnestness through all the heads of William and the cross, and the ball, and herself, as to be finally successful. Fanny found herself obliged to yield, that she might not be accused of pride or indifference, or some other littleness; and having with modest reluctance given her consent, proceeded to make the selection. She looked and looked, longing to know which might be least valuable; and was determined in her choice at last, by fancying there was one necklace more frequently placed before her eyes than the rest. It was of gold, prettily worked; and though Fanny would have preferred a longer and a plainer chain as more adapted for her purpose, she hoped, in fixing on this, to be choosing what Miss Crawford least wished to keep. Miss Crawford smiled her perfect approbation, and hastened to complete the gift by putting the necklace round her, and making her see how well it looked. Fanny had not a word to say against its becomingness, and, excepting what remained of her scruples, was exceedingly pleased with an acquisition so very apropos. She would rather, perhaps, have been obliged to some other person. But this was an unworthy feeling. Miss Crawford had anticipated her wants with a kindness which proved her a real friend. "When I wear this necklace I shall always think of you," added she, "and feel how very kind you were."

"You must think of somebody else, too, when you wear that necklace," replied Miss Crawford. "You must think of Henry, for it was his choice in the first place. He gave it to me, and with the necklace I make over to you all the duty of remembering the original giver. It is to be a family remembrancer. The sister is not to be in your mind without bringing the brother too."

Fanny, in great astonishment and confusion, would have returned the present instantly. To take what had been the gift of another person, of a brother too, impossible! it must not be! and with an eagerness and embarrassment quite diverting to her companion, she



laid down the necklace again on its cotton, and seemed resolved either to take another or none at all. Miss Crawford thought she had never seen a prettier consciousness. "My dear child," said she, laughing, "what are you afraid of? Do you think Henry will claim the necklace as mine, and fancy you did not come honestly by it? or are you imagining he would be too much flattered by seeing round your lovely throat, an ornament which his money purchased three years ago, before he knew there was such a throat in the world? or perhaps—looking archly—you suspect a confederacy between us, and that what I am now doing is with his knowledge and at his desire?"

With the deepest blushes Fanny protested against such a thought.

"Well, then," replied Miss Crawford, more seriously but without at all believing her, "to convince me that you suspect no trick, and are as unsuspicious of compliment as I have always found you, take the necklace and say no more about it. Its being a gift of my brother's need not make the smallest difference in your accepting it, as I assure you it makes none in my willingness to part with it. He is always giving me something or other. I have such innumerable presents from him that it is quite impossible for me to value, or for him to remember half. And as for this necklace, I do not suppose I have worn it six times: it is very pretty, but I never think of it; and though you would be most heartily welcome to any other in my trinket-box, you have happened to fix on the very one which, if I have a choice, I would rather part with and see in your possession than any other. Say no more against it, I entreat you. Such a trifle is not worth half so many words."

Fanny dared not make any further opposition; and with renewed but less happy thanks accepted the necklace again, for there was an expression in Miss Crawford's eyes which she could not be satisfied with.

It was impossible for her to be insensible of Mr. Crawford's change of manners. She had long seen it. He evidently tried to please her; he was gallant, he was attentive, he was something like what he had been to her cousins: he wanted, she supposed, to cheat her of her tranquillity as he had cheated them; and whether he might not have some concern in this necklace—— She could not be convinced that he had not, for Miss Crawford, complaisant as a sister, was careless as a woman and a friend.

Reflecting and doubting, and feeling that the possession of what she had so much wished for did not bring much satisfaction, she now walked home again, with a change rather than a diminution of cares since her treading that path before.—*Mansfield Park*, c. xxvi.

# THE BURNING OF ROME, A.D. 817.

[REV C MERIVALE, 1808.

[CHARLES MERIVALE, born in 1808, was educated at St John's College, Cambridge, of which he was afterwards fellow and tutor. He was Select Preacher to the University in 1838-40, and one of the preachers at Whitehall in 1840-42. The first two volumes of his "History of the Romans under the Empire," were published in 1850, the third volume appeared in 1851, the fourth and fifth volumes in 1856, the sixth volume in 1858, and the seventh in 1862. A cheap edition, in eight vols., was published in 1865. The Rev. C. Merivale was appointed chaplain to the House of Commons, Feb. 4, 1863.]

BUT in the midst of these horrors, which steeped in the same fearful guilt the people and the prince together, Providence was preparing an awful chastisement, and was about to overwhelm Rome, like the cities of the Plain, in a sheet of retributive fire. Crowded, as the mass of the citizens were, in their close wooden dwelling-chambers, accidents were constantly occurring which involved whole streets and quarters of the city in wide-spreading conflagrations, and the efforts of the night-watch to stem these outbursts of fire, with few of the appliances, and little perhaps even of the discipline, of our modern police, were but imperfectly effectual. But the greatest of all the fires which desolated Rome was that which broke out on the 19th of July, in the year 817, the tenth of Nero, which began at the eastern end of the Circus, abutting on the valley between the Palatine and the Cælian hills. Against the outer walls of this edifice leaned a mass of wooden booths and stores filled chiefly with combustible articles. The wind from the east drove the flames towards the corner of the Palatine, whence they forked in two directions, following the draught of the valleys. At neither point were they encountered by the massive masonry of halls or temples, till they had gained such head, that the mere intensity of the heat crumbled brick and stone like paper. The Circus itself was filled from end to end with wooden galleries, along which the fire coursed with a speed which defied all check and pursuit. The flames shot up to the heights adjacent, and swept the basements of many noble structures on the Palatine and Aventine. Again they plunged into the lowest levels of the city, the dense habitations and narrow winding streets of the Velabrum and Forum Boarium, till stopped by the river and the walls. At the same time another torrent rushed towards the Vela and the Esquiline, and sucked up all the dwellings within its reach, till it was finally arrested by the cliffs beneath the gardens of Mæcenas. Amidst the horror and confusion of the scene, the smoke, the blaze, the din and the scorching heat, with half the population, bond and free, cast loose and houseless into the streets, ruffians were seen to thrust blazing brands into the

(1.)

buildings, who affirmed, when seized by the indignant sufferers, that they were acting with orders; and the crime, which was probably the desperate resource of slaves and robbers, was imputed by fierce suspicions to the government itself.

At such a moment of sorrow and consternation, every trifle is seized to confirm the suspicion of foul play. The flames, it seems, had subsided after raging for six days, and the wretched outcasts were beginning to take breath and visit the ruins of their habitations, when a second conflagration burst out in a different quarter. This fire commenced at the point where the *Æmilian* gardens of *Tigellinus* abutted on the outskirts of the city beneath the *Pincian* hill; and it was on *Tigellinus* himself, the object already of popular scorn if not of anger, that the suspicion now fell. The wind, it seems, had now changed, for the fire spread from the north-west towards the *Quirinal* and the *Viminal*, destroying the buildings, more sparsely planted, of the quarter denominated the *Via Lata*. Three days exhausted the fury of this second visitation, in which the loss of life and property was less, but the edifices it overthrew were generally of greater interest, shrines and temples of the gods, and halls and porticos devoted to the amusement or convenience of the people. Altogether the disaster, whether it sprang from accident or design, involved nearly the whole of *Rome*. Of the fourteen regions of the city, three, we are assured, were entirely destroyed; while seven others were injured more or less severely: four only of the whole number escaped unhurt. The fire made a complete clearance of the central quarters, leaving, perhaps, but few public buildings erect even on the *Palatine* and *Aventine*; but it was, for the most part, hemmed in by the crests of the surrounding eminences, and confined to the seething crater which had been the cradle of the *Roman* people. The day of its outburst, it was remarked, was that of the first burning of *Rome* by the *Gauls*, and some curious calculators computed that the addition of an equal number of years, months, and days together, would give the complete period which had elapsed in the long interval of her greatness. Of the number of houses and insulæ destroyed, *Tacitus* does not venture to hazard a statement; he only tantalizes us by his slender notice of the famous fanes and monuments which sank in the common ruin. Among them were the temple of *Diana*, which *Servius Tullius* had erected; the shrine and altar of *Hercules*, consecrated by *Evander*, as affirmed in the tradition impressed upon us by *Virgil*; the *Romulean* temple of *Jupiter Stator*, the remembrance of which thrilled the soul of the banished *Ovid*; the little *Regia* of *Numa*, which armed so many a sarcasm against the pride of consuls and imperators; the sanctuary of *Vesta* herself, with the *Palladium*, the *Penates*, and the ever-glowing

hearth of the Roman people. But the loss of these decayed, though venerable objects was not the worst disaster. Many an unblemished masterpiece of the Grecian pencil, or chisel, or graver,—the prize of victory,—was devoured by the flames; and amidst all the splendour with which Rome rose afterwards from her ashes, old men could lament to the historian the irreparable sacrifice of these ancient glories. Writings and documents of no common interest may have perished at the same time irrecoverably; and with them, trophies, images, and family devices. At a moment when the heads of patrician houses were falling rapidly by the sword, the loss of such memorials was the more deplorable; and from this epoch we may date the decay, which we shall soon discover, in the domestic traditions of the nobles.—*History of the Romans under the Empire*, chap. lvi.

#### THE ISLAND OF ZIPANGU OR JAPAN.

[MARCO POLO, 1254—1324.

[THIS celebrated Venetian traveller, born at Venice about 1254, accompanied his father, Niccolo Polo, and his uncle into Central Asia, and reached the court of Kubla<sup>†</sup> Khan in 1275. Kublai, who took a great interest in the youthful Marco, sent him on several missions to China and India, and he is said to have been the first European who visited China Proper. The three Polos returned to Venice in 1295. Marco, who obtained command of a galley, was captured by the Genoese in their victory off the island of Curzola, September 8, 1296. In his captivity Marco related his travels, which were taken down by a fellow prisoner named Rusticello, and in 1298 the manuscript was circulated. His narrative was very popular, and has been translated into most modern languages. Marco Polo died at Venice about 1324. The best English edition is the translation of Marsden, edited by T. Wright, and published in Bohn's Antiquarian Library in 1854. A biography of Marco Polo in Italian is prefixed to Count Baldelli's edition of his works, published at Florence in 1827, and a good account of this distinguished traveller is given in the introduction to Wright's English edition.]

ZIPANGU\* is an island in the eastern ocean, situated at the distance of about fifteen hundred miles† from the mainland, or coast of Manji. It is of considerable size; its inhabitants have fair complexions, are well made, and are civilized in their manners. Their religion is the worship of idols. They are independent of every foreign power, and governed only by their own kings. They have gold in the greatest abundance, its sources being inexhaustible, but as the king does not allow of its being exported, few merchants visit the country, nor is it frequented by much shipping from other parts. To this circumstance we are to

\* Zipangu, Zipangri, and Cimpagu are names by which the islands, which we term Japan, were then known.

† Chinese miles or li.

attribute the extraordinary richness of the sovereign's palace, according to what we are told by those who have access to the place. The entire roof is covered with a plating of gold, in the same manner as we cover houses, or more properly churches, with lead. The ceilings of the halls are of the same precious metal, many of the apartments have small tables of pure gold, of considerable thickness, and the windows have also golden ornaments. So vast, indeed, are the riches of the palace, that it is impossible to convey an idea of them. In this island there are pearls also, in large quantities, of a red (pink) colour, round in shape, and of great size, equal in value to, or even exceeding that of the white pearls. It is customary with one part of the inhabitants to bury their dead, and with another part to burn them.\* The former have a practice of putting one of these pearls into the mouth of the corpse. There are also found there a number of precious stones.

Of so great celebrity was the wealth of this island, that a desire was excited in the breast of the grand khan Kublai, now reigning, to make the conquest of it, and to annex it to his dominions. In order to effect this, he fitted out a numerous fleet, and embarked a large body of troops, under the command of two of his principal officers, one of whom was named Abbacatan, and the other Vonsancin. The expedition sailed from the ports of Zai-tun and Kin-sai,† and crossing the intermediate sea, reached the island in safety, but in consequence of a jealousy that arose between the two commanders, one of whom treated the plans of the other with contempt and resisted the execution of his orders, they were unable to gain possession of any city or fortified place, with the exception of one only, which was carried by assault, the garrison having refused to surrender. Directions were given for putting the whole to the sword, and in obedience thereto the heads of all were cut off, excepting of eight persons, who, by the efficacy of a diabolical charm, consisting of a jewel or amulet introduced into the right arm, between the skin and the flesh, were rendered secure from

\* Two religions prevail among the Japanese, the ancient, or that of the Sintos, who worship spirits, called by them *sin* and *kami*, and the modern, or that of the Budso, worshippers of the Indian Buddha, under the names of Fo-to-ke and Budso. Kæmpfer (Hist of Japan, vol. 1 p 213) says — "One thing remains worthy of observing, which is, that many, and perhaps the greatest part, of those who in their lifetime constantly professed the Sintos religion, and even some of the Sintosjus or moralists, recommend their souls, on their death-bed, to the care of the Budso clergy, desiring that the *namanda* might be sung for them, and their bodies burned and buried after the manner of the Budsoists. The adherents of the Sintos religion do not believe the Pythagorean doctrine of the transmigration of souls, although most universally received by the Eastern nations."

† Zai-tun probably meant Amoy, and Kin-sai Ningpo or Chusan.

the effects of iron, either to kill or wound. Upon this discovery being made, they were beaten with a heavy wooden club, and presently died.\*

It happened, after some time, that a north wind began to blow with great force, and the ships of the Tartars, which lay near the shore of the island, were driven foul of each other. It was determined thereupon, in a council of the officers on board, that they ought to disengage themselves from the land; and accordingly, as soon as the troops were re-embarked, they stood out to sea. The gale, however, increased to so violent a degree that a number of the vessels foundered. The people belonging to them, by floating upon pieces of the wreck, saved themselves upon an island lying about four miles from the coast of Zipangu. The other ships, which, not being so near to the land, did not suffer from the storm, and in which the two chiefs were embarked, together with the principal officers, or those whose rank entitled them to command a hundred thousand or ten thousand men, directed their course homewards, and returned to the grand khan. Those of the Tartars who remained upon the island where they were wrecked, and who amounted to about thirty thousand men, finding themselves left without shipping, abandoned by their leaders, and having neither arms nor provisions, expected nothing less than to become captives or to perish; especially as the island afforded no habitations where they could take shelter and refresh themselves. As soon as the gale ceased and the sea became smooth and calm, the people from the main island of Zipangu came over with a large force, in numerous boats, in order to make prisoners of these shipwrecked Tartars, and, having landed, proceeded in search of them, but in a straggling, disorderly manner. The Tartars, on their part, acted with prudent circumspection, and, being concealed from view by some high land in the centre of the island, whilst the enemy were hurrying in pursuit of them by one road, made a circuit of the coast by another, which brought them to the place where the fleet of boats was at anchor. Finding these all abandoned, but with their colours flying, they instantly seized them, and, pushing off from the island, stood for the principal city of Zipangu, into which, from the appearance of the colours, they were suffered to enter unmolested.† Here they found few of the inhabitants besides women, whom they retained for their own use, and drove out all others. When the king was apprised of what

\* The idea of being rendered invulnerable by the use of amulets is common amongst the natives of the Eastern islands.

† Osakka the ancient capital was much frequented by Chinese shipping. According P. Gaubil, the island was Ping-hou or Firando, near the city of Nangasaki.

had taken place, he was much afflicted, and immediately gave directions for a strict blockade of the city, which was so effectual that not any person was suffered to enter or to escape from it, during six months that the siege continued. At the expiration of this time, the Tartars, despairing of succour, surrendered upon the condition of their lives being spared. These events took place in the course of the year 1264.\* The grand khan having learned some years after that the unfortunate issue of the expedition was to be attributed to the dissension between the two commanders, caused the head of one of them to be cut off; the other he sent to the savage island of Zorza,† where it is the custom to execute criminals in the following manner :—They are wrapped round both arms, in the hide of a buffalo fresh taken from the beast, which is sewed tight. As this dries, it compresses the body to such a degree that the sufferer is incapable of moving or in any manner helping himself, and thus miserably perishes.‡—*The Travels of Marco Polo*, b. iii. ch. 2.

#### SIR WALTER SCOTT AT ABBOTSFORD.

[WASHINGTON IRVING, 1783—1859.]

[WASHINGTON IRVING was born at New York, April 3, 1783, and received his education at home. His health being delicate he left America in 1802, and spent three years in visiting Italy, France, and England. On his return Irving studied law, and was admitted, though he never practised. A share was given him in a mercantile business established by his father, but failure ensued, and Irving adopted literature as a profession. In 1829 Irving was appointed Secretary of Legation at London. In 1832 he returned to America, and was appointed minister plenipotentiary to the Court of Spain in 1841. He returned to America in 1846, and took up his residence on an estate which he had purchased on the Hudson. In early life Irving contributed largely to various American periodicals. His first work, "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," appeared in New York in 1809. "The Sketch Book," written in England, was published in New York in 1818. "Bracebridge Hall" appeared in 1822. "The History of the Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus" appeared in London in 1828; "Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey" in 1835; and the first volume of his "Life of Washington" in 1855; vols. ii. and iii. appeared in 1856, vol. iv. in 1857, and vol. v. in 1859.]

\* This ought to be 1284.

† It is not known what island is meant, though it is supposed to be in one of the lakes of Tartary.

‡ This must have been a Tartar, not a Chinese mode of punishment. Pottinger (*Travels in Beloochistan and Sind*, p. 389) relates that it was inflicted by Abd-al-malik, khalf of Baghdad, upon one of his generals, who was accused by some captive princesses of a heinous offence. Pottinger says :—"That monarch was highly enraged at this supposed insult, and sent an order to the general who was second in command, to sew Mohummud bin Kasim into a raw hide, and thus forward him to the presence . . . Though consciously innocent, he allowed the unjust and cruel punishment of his sovereign to be inflicted on himself. He died the third day after."

A collected edition of his works has been published in England by Bohn. Washington Irving, who was a very prolific writer, died Nov. 28, 1859. His life, by P. M. Irving, appeared in 1862.]

THE conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit, he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories; and such I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humour in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect, nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigour of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me that, during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

He was as good a listener as talker, appreciating everything that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures, seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

It was delightful to observe the generous spirit in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works; and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

His humour in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil.



It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of *bonhomie* to Scott's humour throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights; but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.

Such is a rough sketch of Scott, as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armoury to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands.—*Abbotsford.*

#### THE LAST MAN.

[T. CAMPBELL, 1777—1844.]

[THOMAS CAMPBELL, born at Glasgow, July 27, 1777, was educated at the university of that city. His first poem, "Pleasures of Hope," was published at Edinburgh, where the poet was then residing, in April, 1799. Campbell settled in London in 1803, in the autumn of which year he married his cousin, Miss Matilda Sinclair. A pension of 200*l.* per annum was conferred upon him in 1806. "Gertrude of

Wyoming" appeared in 1809. He wrote several works, and contributed largely to the periodical literature of the day. In 1812, Campbell gave six lectures on poetry at the Royal Institution, and, in 1827, he was elected rector of the University of Glasgow. In 1820 he undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," and retained the appointment till 1830. In 1831 he established the "Metropolitan Magazine." Campbell died at Boulogne June 15, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey July 3. A life of the poet, by Dr. Beattie, with his letters and several unpublished poems, appeared in 1848.]

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The Sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its Immortality !  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time !  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man !  
Some had expired in fight,—the brand,\*  
Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
In plague and famine some !  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
And ships were drifting with the dead  
To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophetlike, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood  
As if a storm pass'd by,  
Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'Tis mercy bids thee go.  
For thou ten thousand thousand years  
Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
That shall no longer flow.

\* Swords. Nares says the word brand is used for sword, in allusion to the original glare of flame, to which a sword is often compared.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will ;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
Thou dim discrowned king of day :  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Heal'd not a passion or a pang  
Entail'd on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men,  
Nor with thy rising beams recal  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain anew to writhe ;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire ;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark ;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
When thou thyself art dark !  
No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led captivity,  
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,—  
And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
 On Nature's awful waste  
 To drink this last and bitter cup  
 Of grief that man shall taste—  
 Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
 Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
 On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
 The dark'ning universe defy  
 To quench his Immortality,  
 Or shake his trust in God!

## MAN BEFORE THE FALL.

[REV. R. SOUTH, 1633—1716.]

[ROBERT SOUTH, the son of a London merchant, born at Hackney, 1633, and educated at Westminster School, and Christchurch, Oxford, was made university orator in 1660. South, having been appointed chaplain to Lord Chancellor Clarendon, was made prebendary of Westminster in 1663, and canon of Christchurch, Oxford, in 1670. He disapproved of the Romanizing tendencies of James II., and refused preferment under William III. Though South entered keenly into controversy, and in 1693 published "*Animadversions on Sherlock's Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity*," he is most celebrated for his sermons, "which," says Hallam (*Lit. Hist.*, part iv. chap. 2), "begin, in order of date, before the Restoration, and come down to nearly the end of the century. They were much celebrated at the time, and retain a portion of their renown." South died July 8, 1716, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. A *Life of South* is prefixed to his "*Posthumous Works*," published in 1717.]

FIRST, for the noblest faculty of the mind, the understanding; it was then sublime, clear, and aspiring, and, as it were, the soul's upper region, lofty and serene, free from the vapours and disturbances of the inferior affections. It was the leading, controlling faculty; all the passions wore the colours of reason; it did not so much persuade as command; it was not consul, but dictator. Discourse was then almost as quick as intuition; it was nimble in proposing, firm in concluding; it could sooner determine than now it can dispute. Like the sun, it had both light and agility; it knew no rest, but in motion; no quiet but in activity. It did not so properly apprehend, as irradiate the object; not so much find, as make things intelligible. It did arbitrate upon the several reports of sense, and all the varieties of imagination; not like a drowsy judge, only hearing, but also directing their verdict. In sum, it was vegete, quick, and lively; open as the day, untainted as the morning, full of the innocence and sprightliness of youth; it gave the soul a bright and a full view into all things; and was not only a window, but itself the prospect. Briefly, there is as much difference

between the clear representations of the understanding then, and the obscure discoveries it makes now, as there is between the prospect of a casement and of a key-hole.

Now, as there are two great functions of the soul, contemplation and practice, according to that general division of objects, some of which only entertain our speculation, others also employ our actions; so the understanding with relation to these, not because of any distinction in the faculty itself, is accordingly divided into speculative and practick; in both of which the image of God was then apparent.

1. For the understanding speculative. There are some general maxims and notions in the mind of man, which are the rules of discourse, and the basis of all philosophy. As, that the same thing cannot at the same time be, and not be; that the whole is bigger than a part; that two proportions equal to a third, must also be equal to one another. Aristotle, indeed, affirms the mind to be at first a mere *rasa tabula*; and that these notions are not ingenite,\* and imprinted by the finger of Nature, but by the latter and more languid impressions of sense; being only the reports of observation, and the result of so many repeated experiments.

But to this I answer two things.

(1.) That these notions are universal; and what is universal must needs proceed from some universal, constant principle, the same in all particulars, which here can be nothing else but human nature.

(2.) These cannot be infused by observation, because they are the rules by which men take their first apprehensions and observations of things, and, therefore, in order of nature must needs precede them: as the being of the rule must be before its application to the thing directed by it. From whence it follows, that these were notions, not descending from us, but born with us; not our offspring, but our brethren: and (as I may so say) such as we were taught without the help of a teacher.

Now, it was Adam's happiness in the state of innocence to have these clear and unsullied.

He came into the world a philosopher, which sufficiently appeared by his writing the nature of things upon their names; he could view essences in themselves, and read forms without the comment of their respective properties: he could see consequents yet dormant in their principles, and effects yet unborn and in the womb of their causes: his understanding could almost pierce into future contingents, his conjectures improving even to prophecy, or the certainties of prediction;

\* Inborn.

till his fall, it was ignorant of nothing but sin ; or at least it rested in the notion, without the smart of the experiment. Could any difficulty have been proposed, the resolution would have been as early as the proposal ; it could not have had time to settle into doubt. Like a better Archimedes, the issue of all his inquiries was an *εὕρηκα*, an *εὕρηκα*, the offspring of his brain without the sweat of his brow. Study was not then a duty, night-watchings were needless ; the light of reason wanted not the assistance of a candle. This is the doom of fallen man, to labour in the fire, to seek truth *in profundo*, to exhaust his time and impair his health, and perhaps to spin out his days, and himself, into one pitiful, controverted conclusion. There was then no poring, no struggling with memory, no straining for invention : his faculties were quick and expedite ; they answered without knocking, they were ready upon the first summons, there was freedom and firmness in all their operations. I confess, it is as difficult for us, who date our ignorance from our first being, and were still bred up with the same infirmities about us with which we were born, to raise our thoughts and imagination to those intellectual perfections that attended our nature in the time of innocence ; as it is for a peasant bred up in the obscurities of a cottage, to fancy in his mind the unseen splendours of a court. But by rating positives by their privatives, and other arts of reason, by which discourse supplies the want of the reports of sense, we may collect the excellency of the understanding then, by the glorious remainders of it now, and guess at the stateliness of the building, by the magnificence of its ruins. All those arts, rarities, and inventions, which vulgar minds gaze at, the ingenious pursue, and all admire, are but the reliques of an intellect defaced with sin and time. We admire it now, only as antiquaries do a piece of old coin, for the stamp it once bore, and not for those vanishing lineaments and disappearing draughts that remain upon it at present. And certainly that must needs have been very glorious, the decays of which are so admirable. He that is comely, when old and decrepit, surely was very beautiful when he was young. An Aristotle was but the rubbish of an Adam, and Athens but the rudiments of Paradise.

2. The image of God was no less resplendent in that which we call man's practical understanding ; namely that storehouse of the soul, in which are treasured up the rules of action and the seeds of morality. Where, we must observe, that many who deny all connate notions in the speculative intellect, do yet admit them in this. Now of this sort are these maxims ; that God is to be worshipped ; that parents are to be honoured ; that a man's word is to be kept, and the like : which, being of universal influence, as to the regulation of the behaviour and

converse of mankind, are the ground of all virtue and civility, and the foundation of religion.

It was the privilege of Adam innocent, to have these notions also firm and untainted, to carry his monitor in his bosom, his law in his heart, and to have such a conscience as might be its own casuist: and certainly those actions must needs be regular, where there is an identity between the rule and the faculty. His own mind taught him a due dependance upon God, and chalked out to him the just proportions and measures of behaviour to his fellow creatures. He had no catechism but the creation, needed no study but reflection, read no book, but the volume of the world, and that too, not for rules to work by, but for objects to work upon. Reason was his tutor, and first principles his *magna moralia*, the decalogue of Moses was but a transcript, not an original. All the laws of nations, and wise decrees of states, the statutes of Solon, and the twelve tables, were but a paraphrase upon this standing rectitude of nature, this fruitful principle of justice, that was ready to run out, and enlarge itself into suitable determinations, upon all emergent objects and occasions. Justice then was neither blind to discern, nor lame to execute. It was not subject to be imposed upon by a deluded fancy, nor yet to be bribed by a glozing appetite, for an *utile* or *jucundum* \* to turn the balance to a false and dishonest sentence. In all its directions of the inferior faculties, it conveyed its suggestions with clearness, and enjoined them with power; it had the passions in perfect subjection; and though its command over them was but suasive and political, yet it had the force of coercion, and despotical. It was not then, as it is now, when the conscience has only power to disapprove, and to protest against the exorbitances of the passions; and rather to wish, than make them otherwise. The voice of conscience now is low and weak, chastising the passions, as old Eli did his lustful, domineering sons; *Not so, my sons, not so*; but the voice of conscience then was not, this should, or this ought to be done; but, this *must*, this *shall be* done. It spoke like a legislator; the thing spoke was a law; and the manner of speaking it a new obligation.

In short, there was as great a disparity between the practical dictates of the understanding then and now, as there is between empire and advice, counsel and command, between a companion and a governor. —*Sermon*, on Gen. i. 27.

\* A useful or pleasing.

## ORIGIN OF ROMANCE

T. WARTON, 1728—1790.

[THOMAS WARTON, second son of Dr. Warton, of Magdalen College, Oxford, was born at Basingstoke, in 1728. Having received the rudiments of education at home he was sent to Trinity College, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship in 1751. He wrote several short poems and essays, and published "Observations on the Faerie Queene of Spenser" in 1754. He obtained the professorship of poetry in 1757, and the first volume of his "History of English Poetry" was published in 1774. The second appeared in 1778, and the third in 1781. A new edition of poems, collected by himself, appeared in 1777. He was made poet-laureate and Camden professor of History in 1785, and died May 21, 1790. His life by R. Mant, is prefixed to an edition of his poems, published in 1802.]

THE ideas of chivalry, in an imperfect degree, had been of old established among the Gothic tribes. The fashion of challenging to single combat, the pride of seeking dangerous adventures, and the spirit of avenging and protecting the fair sex, seem to have been peculiar to the Northern nations in the most uncultivated state of Europe. All these customs were afterwards encouraged and confirmed by corresponding circumstances in the feudal constitution. At length the Crusades excited a new spirit of enterprise, and introduced into the courts and ceremonies of European princes a higher degree of splendour and parade, caught from the riches and magnificence of eastern cities. These oriental expeditions established a taste for hyperbolical description, and propagated an infinity of marvellous tales, which men returning from distant countries easily imposed on credulous and ignorant minds. The unparalleled emulation with which the nations of Christendom universally embraced this holy cause, the pride with which emperors, kings, barons, earls, bishops, and knights, strove to excel each other on this interesting occasion, not only in prowess and heroism, but in sumptuous equipages, gorgeous banners, armorial cognisances, splendid pavilions, and other expensive articles of a similar nature, diffused a love of war, and a fondness for military pomp. Hence their very diversions became warlike, and the martial enthusiasm of the times appeared in tilts and tournaments. These practices and opinions co-operated with the kindred superstitions of dragons, dwarfs, fairies, giants, and enchanters, which the traditions of the Gothic scalders had already planted; and produced that extraordinary species of composition which has been called Romance.

Before these expeditions into the East became fashionable, the principal and leading subjects of the old fablers were the achievements of King Arthur with his knights of the round table, and of Charlemagne with his twelve peers. But in the romances written after the holy war, a new set of champions, of conquests and of countries, were introduced.



Trebizonde took place of Rouncevalles, and Godfrey of Bulloigne, Solyman, Nouraddin, the caliphs, the souldans, and the cities of Ægypt and Syria, became the favourite topics. The troubadours of Provence, an idle and unsettled race of men, took up arms, and followed their barons in prodigious multitudes to the conquest of Jerusalem. They made a considerable part of the household of the nobility of France. Louis the Seventh, king of France, not only entertained them at his court very liberally, but commanded a considerable company of them into his retinue, when he took ship for Palestine, that they might solace him with their songs during the dangers and inconveniencies of so long a voyage. The ancient chronicles of France mention *Legions de poëtes* as embarking in this wonderful enterprise. Here a new and more copious source of fabling was opened: in these expeditions they picked up numberless extravagant stories, and at their return enriched romance with an infinite variety of Oriental scenes and fictions. Thus these later wonders, in some measure, supplanted the former: they had the recommendation of novelty, and gained still more attention, as they came from a greater distance.

In the meantime we should recollect, that the Saracens or Arabians, the same people which were the object of the Crusades, had acquired an establishment in Spain about the ninth century: and that by means of this earlier intercourse, many of their fictions and fables, together with their literature, must have been known in Europe before the Christian armies invaded Asia. It is for this reason the elder Spanish romances have professedly more Arabian allusions than any other. Cervantes makes the imagined writer of Don Quixote's history an Arabian. Yet exclusive of their domestic and more immediate connection with this eastern people, the Spaniards from temper and constitution were extravagantly fond of chivalrous exercises. Some critics have supposed, that Spain having learned the art or fashion of romance-writing, from their naturalized guests the Arabians, communicated it, at an early period, to the rest of Europe.

It has been imagined that the first romances were composed in metre, and sung to the harp by the poets of Provence at festival solemnities: but an ingenious Frenchman, who has made deep researches into this sort of literature, attempts to prove that this mode of reciting romantic adventures was in high reputation among the natives of Normandy above a century before the troubadours of Provence, who are generally supposed to have led the way to the poets of Italy, Spain, and France, and that it commenced about the year 1162. If the critic means to insinuate that the French troubadours acquired their art of versifying from these Norman bards, this reasoning will favour the system of those who contend that metrical romances

lineally took their rise from the historical odes of the Scandinavian scalds; for the Normans were a branch of the Scandinavian stock. But Fauchet, at the same time that he allows the Normans to have been fond of chanting the praises of their heroes in verse, expressly pronounces that they borrowed this practice from the Franks or French.

It is not my business, nor is it of much consequence, to discuss this obscure point, which properly belongs to the French antiquaries. I therefore proceed to observe, that our Richard the First, who began his reign in the year 1189, a distinguished hero of the Crusades, a most magnificent patron of chivalry, and a Provençal poet, invited to his court many minstrels or troubadours from France, whom he loaded with honours and rewards. These poets imported into England a great multitude of their tales and songs; which before or about the reign of Edward the Second became familiar and popular among our ancestors, who were sufficiently acquainted with the French language. The most early notice of a professed book of chivalry in England, as it should seem, appears under the reign of Henry the Third; and is a curious and evident proof of the reputation and esteem in which this sort of composition was held at that period. In the revenue roll of the twenty-first year of that king, there is an entry of the expense of silver clasps and studs for the king's great book of romances. This was in the year 1237. But I will give the article in its original dress. "Et in firmaculis hapsis et clavis argenteis ad magnum librum Romancis regis." That this superb volume was in French, may be partly collected from the title which they gave it: and it is highly probable, that it contained the romance of Richard the First.—*The History of English Poetry*, § iii.

#### THE BEGGAR AND HIS DOG.

[H. MACKENZIE, 1745—1831.]

[HENRY MACKENZIE, born in Edinburgh, in August, 1745, was the son of a physician. He was educated at the High School and the university of his native city, and repaired to London in 1765, for the purpose of completing his legal studies. His first work, "The Man of Feeling," was published anonymously in 1771. "The Man of the World," which appeared in 1783, was followed by "Julia de Roubigné." Mackenzie contributed to various periodicals, and wrote several plays. He was made controller of the taxes for Scotland in 1804. He edited a complete edition of his literary works published at Edinburgh in 1808, and died in that city Jan. 14, 1831.]

PETER stood at the door. We have mentioned this faithful fellow formerly. Harley's father had taken him up an orphan, and saved him from being cast on the parish; and he had ever since remained in the service of him and of his son. Harley shook him by the hand

as he passed, smiling, as if he had said, "I will not weep." He sprung hastily into the chaise that waited for him: Peter folded up the steps. "My dear master," said he, shaking the solitary lock that hung on either side of his head, "I have been told as how London is a sad place."—He was choked with the thought, and his benediction could not be heard; but it shall be heard, honest Peter! where these tears will add to energy.

In a few hours Harley reached the inn where he proposed breakfasting; but the fulness of his heart would not suffer him to eat a morsel. He walked out on the road, and gaining a little height, stood gazing on that quarter he had left. He looked for his wonted prospect, his fields, his woods, and his hills; they were lost in the distant clouds! He pencilled them on the clouds, and bade them farewell with a sigh!

He sat down on a large stone to take out a little pebble from his shoe, when he saw, at some distance, a beggar approaching him. He had on a loose sort of a coat, mended with different coloured rags, amongst which the blue and the russet were predominant. He had a short knotty stick in his hand, and on the top of it was stuck a ram's horn; his knees (though he was no pilgrim) had worn the stuff off his breeches; he wore no shoes, and his stockings had entirely lost that part of them which should have covered his feet and ankles; in his face, however, was the plump appearance of good-humour; he walked a good round pace, and a crook-legged dog trotted at his heels.

"Our delicacies," said Harley to himself, "are fantastic; they are not in nature! that beggar walks over the sharpest of these stones bare-footed,—whilst I have lost the most delightful dream in the world, from the smallest of them happening to get into my shoe."—The beggar had by this time come up, and, pulling off a piece of hat, asked charity of Harley; the dog began to beg too:—it was impossible to resist both; and, in truth, the want of shoes and stockings had made both unnecessary, for Harley had destined sixpence for him before. The beggar, on receiving it, poured forth blessings without number; and, with a sort of smile on his countenance, said to Harley, "that if he wanted to have his fortune told"—Harley turned his eye briskly on the beggar; it was an unpromising look for the subject of prediction, and silenced the prophet immediately. "I would much rather learn," said Harley, "what it is in your power to tell me. Your trade must be an entertaining one; sit down on this stone, and let me know something of your profession; I have often thought of turning fortune-teller for a week or two myself."

"Master," replied the beggar, "I like your frankness much; God knows I had the humour of plain-dealing in me from a child; but there is no doing with it in this world; we must live as we can; and

lying is, as you call it, my profession ; but I was in some sort forced to the trade, for I dealt once in telling truth. I was a labourer, Sir, and gained as much as to make me live. I never laid by, indeed ; for I was reckoned a piece of a wag, and your wags, I take it, are seldom rich, Mr. Harley." "So," said Harley, "you seem to know me." "Ay, there are few folks in the country that I don't know something of. How should I tell fortunes else ?" "True ; but to go on with your story ; you were a labourer, you say, and a wag : your industry, I suppose, you left with your old trade ; but your humour you preserve to be of use to you in your new."

"What signifies sadness, Sir ; a man grows lean on't. But I was brought to my idleness by degrees ; first I could not work, and it went against my stomach to work ever after. I was seized with a jail fever at the time of the assizes being in the county where I lived ; for I was always curious to get acquainted with the felons, because they are commonly fellows of much mirth and little thought, qualities I had ever an esteem for. In the height of this fever, Mr. Harley, the house where I lay took fire, and burnt to the ground. I was carried out in that condition, and lay all the rest of my illness in a barn. I got the better of my disease, however ; but I was so weak that I spit blood whenever I attempted to work. I had no relation living that I knew of, and I never kept a friend above a week, when I was able to joke : I seldom remained above six months in a parish, so that I might have died before I had found a settlement in any. Thus I was forced to beg my bread, and a sorry trade I have found it, Mr. Harley. I told all my misfortunes truly, but they were seldom believed ; and the few who gave me a halfpenny as they passed, did it with a shake of the head, and an injunction not to trouble them with a long story. In short I found that people don't care to give alms without some security for their money ; a wooden leg, or a withered arm, is a sort of draught upon heaven for those who choose to have their money placed to account there ; so I changed my plan, and, instead of telling my own misfortunes, began to prophesy happiness to others. This I found by much the better way. Folks will always listen when the tale is their own ; and of many who say they do not believe in fortune-telling, I have known few on whom it had not a very sensible effect. I pick up the names of their acquaintance ; amours and little squabbles are easily gleaned among servants and neighbours ; and indeed people themselves are the best intelligences in the world for our purpose. They dare not puzzle us for their own sakes, for every one is anxious to hear what they wish to believe ; and they who repeat it to laugh at it when they have done, are generally more serious than their hearers are apt to imagine. With a tolerable good memory, and some

share of cunning, with the help of walking a-nights over heaths and churchyards, with this, and shewing the tricks of that there dog, whom I stole from the sergeant of a marching regiment (and, by the way, he can steal, too, upon occasion), I make shift to pick up a livelihood. My trade indeed is none of the honestest; yet people are not much cheated neither, who give a few halfpence for a prospect of happiness, which, I have heard some persons say, is all that a man can arrive at in this world. But I must bid you good day, Sir; for I have three miles to walk before noon, to inform some boarding-school young ladies, whether their husbands are to be peers of the realm or captains in the army; a question which I promised to answer by that time."

Harley had drawn a shilling from his pocket; but virtue bade him consider on whom he was going to bestow it.—Virtue held back his arm; but a milder form, a younger sister of Virtue's, not so severe as Virtue, nor so serious as Pity, smiled upon him. His fingers lost their compression;—nor did Virtue offer to catch the money as it fell. It had no sooner reached the ground, than the watchful cur (a trick he had been taught) snapped it up; and, contrary to the most approved method of stewardship, delivered it immediately into the hands of his master.—*The Man of Feeling*, ch. xiv.

#### CHARACTER OF THOMAS BECKET.

[REV. J. C. ROBERTSON, 1813.]

[JAMES CRAIGIE ROBERTSON, born in Aberdeen in 1813, was educated at Marischal College, in his native place, and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was appointed Vicar of Bekesbourne, near Canterbury, in 1846, one of the canons of Canterbury in 1859, and Professor of Ecclesiastical History in King's College, in 1864. His "History of the Christian Church to the Pontificate of Gregory the Great, A.D. 590," was published in 1854, and a second volume, bringing the history down to the date of the Concordat of Worms, in 1123, appeared in 1858. "Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury: a Biography," was first published in 1859.]

IF we compare Becket with the two great champions of the hierarchy, who within a century had preceded him—Gregory the Seventh, and Anselm\*—the result will not be in his favour. He had nothing of

\* Hildebrand, born in Tuscany in 1020, was crowned Pope July 10, 1073, and died in exile at Salerno, May 25, 1085. His quarrel with the Emperor Henry IV., respecting the right of investiture, lasted ten years. Henry IV. invaded Italy, and laid siege to Rome, which he captured in 1084, whereupon Gregory VII. retired first to Monte Casino, and then to Salerno, where he died, his last words being, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."—Anselm, born at Aosta, in 1033, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1093, and died April 21, 1109. Anselm, the first of the Schoolmen, quarrelled with William II., and retired to the Continent, but returned during the reign of Henry I., and took possession of his see.

Hildebrand's originality of conception—of his world-wide view, of his superiority to vulgar objects, of his far-sighted patience. Doubtless he would have been ready to adopt the great Pope's dying words: that he suffered because he had "loved righteousness, and hated iniquity;" but how much more of self-deceit would have been necessary for this in the one case than in the other? Hildebrand, while he exalted the hierarchy against the secular power, had laboured with an earnest, although partly misdirected zeal, that its members should not be unworthy of the lofty part which he assigned to it in the economy of this world: in Becket, we see the Hildebrandine principles misapplied to shelter the clergy from the temporal punishment of their crimes. Far less will the later English Primate endure a comparison with his illustrious predecessor, Anselm. It is, indeed, no reproach to him that he was without that profound philosophical genius which made Anselm the greatest teacher that the church had seen since St. Augustine; but the deep and mystical fervour of devotion, the calm and gentle temper, the light, keen, and subtle, yet kindly wit, the amiable and unassuming character of Anselm, the absence of all personal pretension in his assertion of the church's claims, are qualities which fairly enter into the comparison, and which contrast strikingly with the coarse worldly pride and ostentation by which the character and the religion of Becket were disfigured. Nor in a comparison either with Anselm or with Hildebrand must we forget that, while their training had been exclusively clerical and monastic, Becket's more varied experience of life renders the excesses of hierarchical spirit far less excusable in him than in them.

An eminent writer, whose position is very different from that of Becket's ordinary admirers, has eulogized him as having contributed to maintain the balance of moral against physical force, to control the despotism which oppressed the Middle Ages, and so to prepare the way for modern English liberty.\* And such was unquestionably the result of his exertions, as of much besides in the labours of Hildebrand and his followers. But it is rather an effect wrought out by an overruling Providence than anything which Becket contemplated, or for which he deserves credit or gratitude. His efforts were made, not in the general cause of the community, but for the narrowest interests of the clergy as a body separate from other men; and it is not to the freest but to the most priest-ridden and debased of modern countries that we ought to look for the consequences which would have followed, if the course of things had answered to Becket's intention.

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\* Sir J. Stephen's "Essays," i. 377—8.

Least of all does Becket deserve the sympathy of those among ourselves who dread that reversed Hildebrandism which would reduce the Church to a mere function of the secular power. An Englishman ought no more, as a churchman, to espouse the cause of those who, in former times, exaggerated the claims of the hierarchy, than, as the subject of a constitutional monarchy, he ought to defend the excesses of despotism. The name of Becket, instead of serving as a safeguard to those who fear encroachment on the Church in our own time, will only furnish their opponents with a pretext for representing the most equitable claims in behalf of the Church as manifestations of a spirit which would aim at the establishment of priestly tyranny and intolerance.—*Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, a Biography*, ch. xv.

## CROCODILE SHOOTING ON THE NILE.

[E. B. WARBURTON, 1810—1852.]

[ELIOT BARTHOLOMEW GEORGE WARBURTON, born in 1810, was educated by a tutor at home, and proceeded first to Queen's, and afterwards to Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the bar, and his first work, a book of Eastern travel, the "Crescent and the Cross," appeared in 1845; "Prince Rupert, and the Cavaliers," was published in 1849. This author's last work, "Darien, or the Merchant Prince," was published after his death, which occurred January 4, 1852, he being one of the ill-fated passengers on board the Royal West India mail steamer *Amazon*, destroyed by fire in the Bay of Biscay.]

THE first time a man fires at a crocodile is an epoch in his life. We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh; though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouth of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively; and the wild duck and turtle—nay, even the vulture and the eagle—had swept past, or soared above us in security.

At length the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half a dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half a dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in shore, and I anxiously clambered up the steep bank that commanded the gigantic game. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the

other, and waddled to the water, all but one—the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then, slowly rising on his fin-like legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say “He can do me no harm, but we may as well have a swim.” I took aim at the throat of the supercilious brute, and as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger: forth flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck: his waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone upon the calm water as I reached the brink of the shore that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. “A hundred piastres for the timseach!” shouted I, and half a dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn’t a tooth in his head; now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since.

From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe most travellers, who are honest enough, will make nearly the same confession.

Crocodiles stuffed were often brought to us to buy; but the Arabs take a great deal of trouble to get them, making an ambush in the sands where they resort, and taking aim when within a few yards of their foe, for as such they regard these monsters, though they seldom suffer from them. Above the cataracts, a Greek officer in the Pasha’s service told me they are very fierce, and the troops at Sennaar lost numbers of men by them and the hippopotamus when bathing; but I heard of only one death occurring below the cataracts this year. This was of an old woman, who was drawing water near Keneh: a crocodile encircled her with his tail, brushed her into the water, and then seizing her by the waist, held her under the water as long as she continued to move. When lifeless, he swam with the corpse across the river to the opposite bank; and the villagers, now assembled, saw him quietly feeding on their old friend, as an otter might upon a salmon. The Egyptian who narrated this circumstance, told us, with a *ḥikma*, that the woman was his grandmother, that he had shot the assassin three days afterwards, and sold him to an Englishman for seven and sixpence!

The king of the crocodiles is said to reside in Denderah, and the queen some forty miles higher up the river. This separation of the royal family does not appear to have any injurious effect on the inte-



rest of the rest of the grim community; there was scarcely a sunny bank between these regal residences whereon a crowd of crocodiles was not to be seen, hatching eggs or plots against passengers. The parent crocodile deposits her eggs, to the number of from 80 to 100, in the sand, which is a sort of foundling hospital for her race: even hens wont hatch in Egypt, so it could scarcely be expected that crocodiles would set the example. The sun, then, is the foster-mother, and the only watchers by the eggshell cradle are the fishes and the birds of prey. Imagine a nest of crocodile's eggs, when the embryos feel that it is time to make a start of it, and roll about the shells attempting to emancipate themselves. Out they come, and make a rush for the river; a flock of hawks and kites is on the wing for them, the ichneumons run at them, fishes gape for them; yet enough escape to make one rather squeamish about bathing in the neighbourhood, until all-powerful habit reconciles one to their society. —*The Crescent and the Cross; or, Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel*, ch. ix.

## ST. NICHOLAS OF MYRA.

[MRS. JAMESON, 1797—1860.]

[ANNA JAMESON, the daughter of Mr. Murphy, an artist, was born in Dublin in 1797. From an early age she devoted her attention to art. Her first work, "The Diary of an Ennuyee," was published anonymously in 1826. An enlarged edition appeared in 1834 under the title "Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad." Mrs. Jameson was a prolific writer. "Characteristics of Women, Moral, Historical, and Political," published in 1832; "The Poetry of Sacred and Legendary Art" in 1848; "Legends of the Monastic Orders" in 1850; and "Legends of the Madonna" in 1852, are the best known of her various literary productions. Mrs. Jameson died March 17, 1860.]

I PLACE St. Nicholas here because, although he wears the paraphernalia of bishops, it is as the powerful and beneficent patron saint, seldom as the churchman, that he appears before us; and of all patron saints he is, perhaps, the most universally popular and interesting. While knighthood had its St. George, serfhood had its St. Nicholas; he was emphatically the saint of the people; the *bourgeois* saint, invoked by the peaceable citizen, by the labourer who toiled for his daily bread, by the merchant who traded from shore to shore, by the mariner struggling with the stormy ocean. He was the protector of the weak against the strong, of the poor against the rich, of the captive, the prisoner, the slave; he was the guardian of young marriageable maidens, of schoolboys, and especially of the orphan poor. In Russia, Greece, and throughout all Catholic Europe, children are still taught to reverence St. Nicholas, and to consider themselves as placed under his peculiar care: if they are good, docile, and atten-

tive to their studies, St. Nicholas, on the eve of his festival, will graciously fill their cap or their stocking with dainties; while he has, as certainly, a rod in pickle for the idle and unruly.

Effigies of this most benign bishop, with his splendid embroidered robes, all glittering with gold and jewels, his mitre, his crosier, and his three balls, or his three attendant children, meet us at every turn, and can never be regarded but with some kindly association of feeling. No saint in the calendar has so many churches, chapels, and altars dedicated to him. In England I suppose there is hardly a town without one church at least bearing his name.

It would be in vain to attempt to establish this popular predilection and wide-spread fame on anything like historical evidence. All that can be certainly known of him is, that a bishop of this name, venerable for his piety and benevolence, was honoured in the East as early as the sixth century; that in the Greek Church he takes rank immediately after the great fathers; that the Emperor Justinian dedicated to him a church in Constantinople about the year 560; and that since the tenth century he has been known and revered in the West, and became one of the greatest patron saints of Italy and the northern nations about the beginning of the twelfth century. There is no end to the stories and legends in which he appears as a chief actor.

Nicholas was born at Panthera, a city of the province of Lycia, in Asia Minor. His parents were Christians, and of illustrious birth, and, after they had been married for many years, a son was granted them, in recompense of the prayers, and tears, and alms that they offered up continually. This extraordinary child, on the first day he was born, stood up in his bath with his hands joined in thanksgiving that it had pleased God to bring him into the world. He no sooner knew what it was to feed than he knew what it was to fast, and every Wednesday and Friday he would only take the breast once. As he grew up he was distinguished among all other children for his gravity and his attention to his studies. His parents, seeing him full of these holy dispositions, thought that they could not do better than dedicate him to the service of God; and accordingly they did so.

When Nicholas was ordained priest, although he had been before remarkable for his sobriety and humility, he became more modest in countenance, more grave in speech, more rigorous in self-denial, than ever. When he was still a youth his father and mother died of the plague, and he remained sole heir of their vast riches: but he looked upon himself as merely the steward of God's mercies, giving largely to all who needed.

Now in that city there dwelt a certain nobleman, who had three daughters, and, from being rich, he became poor—so poor, that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters. Meantime

the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do, and not having bread to eat, and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this, he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore, one night when the maidens were asleep, and their father alone sat watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and, tying it up in a handkerchief, he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and, while he stood irresolute, the moon coming from behind a cloud, showed him a window open; so he threw it in, and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it he portioned his eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in by night; and with it the nobleman married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch, and when the good saint came for the third time, and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the nobleman seized him by the skirt of his robe, and flung himself at his feet, saying, "O Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" and he kissed his feet and his hands. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man.

Many other great and good actions did St. Nicholas perform; but at length he died, yielding up his soul to God with great joy and thankfulness, on the 6th day of December, in the year of our Lord 326, and he was buried in a magnificent church, which was in the city of Myra.—*Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. ii.; *St. Nicholas*.

#### ADAMASTER, THE SPIRIT OF THE CAPE.

[CAMOENS, 1517—1579, translated by MICKLE, 1734—1788.]

[LUIS DE CAMOENS, the great epic poet of Portugal, born at Lisbon about 1517, was educated at the University of Coimbra. In 1553 he embarked for India, and having undergone a variety of adventures, and suffered shipwreck on the coast of Cambodia, returned to Lisbon in 1569. Camoens was, however, neglected, and he died in a hospital in 1579. His principal poem is "The Lusiad," first published in 1572. "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Camoens," by John Adamson, appeared in London in 1820. An English translation, by William Julius Mickle, was published in 1776. Mickle, who was born at Langholm, in Scotland, in 1734, and died, near Oxford, October 28, 1788, is the author of several small poems, which were published with a life of the poet by J. Sim, in 1806.]

Now prosperous gales the bending canvas swelled;  
From these rude shores our fearless course we held:  
Beneath the glistening wave the God of day  
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,

When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,  
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head  
A black cloud hovered : nor appeared from far  
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star ;  
So deep a gloom the lowering vapour cast,  
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast.  
Meanwhile a hollow-bursting roar resounds,  
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds :  
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,  
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.  
Amazed we stood—O thou, our fortune's guide,  
Avert this omen, mighty God, I cried ;  
Or through forbidden climes adventurous strayed,  
Have we the secrets of the deep surveyed,  
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky  
Were doomed to hide from man's unhallowed eye ?  
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more  
Than midnight tempests and the mingled roar,  
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore.  
I shook, when rising through the darkened air,  
Appalled we saw an hideous phantom glare ;  
High and enormous o'er the flood he towered,  
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lowered :  
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,  
Erect uprose his hairs of withered red ;  
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,  
Sharp and disjointed, his gnashing teeth's blue rows ;  
His haggard beard flowed quivering on the wind,  
Revenge and horror in his mien combined ;  
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scared,  
The inward anguish of his soul declared.  
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves  
Shot livid fires : far echoing o'er the waves  
His voice resounded, as the caverned shore  
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar.  
Cold gliding horrors thrilled each hero's breast,  
Our bristling hair and tottering knees confest  
Wild dread ; the while with visage ghastly wan,  
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began :  
" O you, the boldest of the nations, fired  
" By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,  
" Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,  
" Through these my waves advance your fearless prow,

“ Regardless of the lengthening watery way,  
“ And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,  
“ Who, mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore  
“ Where never hero braved my rage before ;  
“ Ye sons of Lusú, who with eyes profane  
“ Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,  
“ Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew  
“ To veil her secret shrine from mortal view ;  
“ Hear from my lips what direful woes attend  
“ And bursting soon shall o’er your race descend :  
“ With every bounding keel that dares my rage,  
“ Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,  
“ The next proud fleet that through my drear domain  
“ With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,  
“ That gallant navy by my whirlwinds tost,  
“ And raging seas shall perish on my coast :  
“ Then He who first my secret reign descried,  
“ A naked corse wide floating o’er the tide  
“ Shall drive—unless my heart’s full raptures fail,  
“ O Lusú ! oft shalt thou thy children wail ;  
“ Each year thy shipwrecked sons shalt thou deplore,  
“ Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.”  
He paused, in act still farther to disclose  
A long, a dreary prophecy of woes :  
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,  
And, midst his rage, the threatening shade confounds :  
“ What art thou, horrid form that ridest the air ?  
“ By heaven’s eternal light, stern fiend declare.”  
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,  
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose ;  
Sternly askance he stood with wounded pride  
And anguish torn, “ In me behold,” he cried,  
While dark red sparkles from his eyeballs rolled,  
“ In me the spirit of the Cape behold,  
“ That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,  
“ By Neptune’s rage in horrid earthquakes framed,  
“ When Jove’s red bolts o’er Titan’s offspring flamed.  
“ With wide-stretched piles I guard thy pathless strand,  
“ And Afric’s southern mound unmoved I stand :  
“ Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar  
“ E’er dashed the white wave foaming to my shore ;  
“ Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail  
“ On these my seas to catch the trading gale.

" You, you alone have dared to plough my main,  
 " And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign."  
 He spoke, and deep a lengthened sigh he drew,  
 A doleful sound, and vanished from the view ;  
 The frighten'd billows gave a rolling swell,  
 And distant far prolonged the dismal yell ,  
 Faint and more faint the howling echoes die,  
 And the black cloud dispersing leaves the sky.  
 High to the angel host, whose guardian care  
 Had ever round us watched, my hands I rear,  
 And heaven's dread King implore, as o'er our head  
 The fiend dissolved, an empty shadow fled ,  
 So may his curses by the winds of heaven  
 Far o'er the deep, their idle sport be driven !

*The Lusiad, B. v.*

#### CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

[JOHN BUNYAN, 1628—1688

[JOHN BUNYAN, the son of a tinker, born at Elstow, near Bedford, in 1628, received very little education, and when a boy enlisted in the Parliamentary Army. Having been baptized by immersion in 1653, he soon afterwards began to preach, for which he was imprisoned in Bedford jail in 1660. Though allowed to pay visits to his friends, he did not obtain his release till Sep. 13, 1672. During his confinement he wrote several works, the best known of which, "The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come," was not published until 1678. It soon went through numerous editions, and has been translated into all languages. A second part appeared in 1683. The first collected edition of his works was published in 1767, the edition of 1692 not having been completed. A list of Bunyan's works, sixty in number, is appended to Ofor's edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," published in 1856. John Bunyan died in London, Aug. 31, 1688, though Aug. 12 is the date upon his tombstone. His life, by J. Irving, appeared in 1809, by R. Southey prefixed to an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," in 1831, and several other biographies have been written. Dr. Johnson remarks, "His 'Pilgrim's Progress' has great merit, both for invention, imagination, and the conduct of the story ; and it has had the best evidence of its merit, the general and continued approbation of mankind. Few books, I believe, have had a more extensive sale." Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 7), after remarking "that John Bunyan may pass for the father of our novelists," adds, "'The Pilgrim's Progress,' like some other books, has of late been a little overrated ; its excellence is great, but it is not of the highest rank." Lord Macaulay, who is more eulogistic, says, "Bunyan is as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators, or Shakespeare the first of dramatists."]

Now there was, not far from the place where Hopeful and Christian lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping : where-  
 t he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in

his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake; and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then, said the Giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. *Psa. lxxxviii. 18.* Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

The Pilgrims now to gratify the flesh,  
Will seek its ease; but oh! how they afresh  
Do thereby plunge themselves new griefs into!  
Who seek to please the flesh themselves undo.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done; to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without any mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste. Then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort, that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them, there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress. So all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband about them further, and understanding they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or

poison; for why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hand; wherefore he withdrew, and left them as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no.

Well, towards evening the Giant goes down to the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly,\* and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the Giant's counsel; and whether yet they had best to take it or no.

Now night being come again, and the Giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel. To which he replied, They are sturdy rogues, they choose rather to bear all hardship, than to make away themselves. Then, said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou also wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the Giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them, as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims as you are, once, and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so, within ten days, I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband, the Giant, were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old Giant wondered, that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that

\* Isaiah li. 20.



they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the Giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom called Promise,\* that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and, with his key, opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went damnable hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking, that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. They then went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile, to prevent those that should come after, from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence—"Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.—*The Pilgrim's Progress*.

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LORD BACON.

[F. SCHLEGEL, 1772—1829.]

[FRIEDRICH CARL WILHELM VON SCHLEGEL was born at Hanover, March 10, 1772. Destined by his father for commercial pursuits, he was apprenticed at Leipsic. Showing little inclination for business, he was sent to Gottingen, and thence to the university of Leipsic. He assisted his brother, Augustus Wilhelm, in editing a periodical

\* This key was Hebrews ii. 14, 15.

entitled "The Athenæum," in 1796. The first volume of his unfinished novel, "Lucinde," published at Berlin, in 1799, created quite a sensation. He is best known in this country by his lectures, which have been translated into English. His "Lectures on the History of Literature," delivered at Vienna in 1812, translated and abridged by Mr. Lockhart in 1838, were published in a complete form in "Bohn's Standard Library," in 1859. A translation of "Schlegel's Philosophy of History," published in 1835, was revised and appeared in Bohn's "Standard Library" in 1846. A translation of his "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life and of Language," in the same series in 1847, and a translation of his "Lectures on Modern History," in the same series in 1849. His "Historic and Miscellaneous Works" were published in the same series in 1849. Friedrich Schlegel is one of the leaders of what is termed the *Æstheticocritical*, or *Romantic School of Poetry*. He died at Dresden Jan 12, 1829. A complete edition of his works, in 15 vols, has been published at Vienna. A *Life of F. Schlegel*, by J. B. Robertson, is prefixed to his "Lectures on the Philosophy of History."] .

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY was the age of ferment and strife, and it was not until towards the close of it that the human mind began to recover from the violent shock it had sustained. With the seventeenth century new paths of thinking and investigation were opened, owing to the revival of classical learning, the extension given to the natural sciences and geography, and the general commotion and difference in religious belief, occasioned by Protestantism. The first name suggested by the mention of these several features is Bacon. This mighty genius ranks as the father of modern physics, inasmuch as he brought back the spirit of investigation from the barren verbal subtleties of the schools to nature and experience. He made and completed many important discoveries himself, and seems to have had a dim and imperfect foresight of many others. Stimulated by his capacious and stirring intellect, experimental science extended her boundaries in every direction. Intellectual culture—nay, the social organization of modern Europe generally—assumed new shape and complexion. The ulterior consequences of this mighty change became objectionable, dangerous, and even terrible in their tendency, at the time when Bacon's followers and admirers in the eighteenth century attempted to wrest from mere experience and the senses what he had never assumed them to possess—namely, the law of life and conduct, and the essentials of faith and hope. While they rejected with cool contempt, as fanaticism, every exalted hope and soothing affection which could not be practically proved. All this was quite contrary, however, to the spirit and aim of the founder of this philosophy. In illustration, I would only refer here, to that well-known sentence of his, deservedly remembered by all. "A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth man's mind about to religion."

Both in religion and in natural philosophy, this great thinker believed many things that would have been regarded as mere superstition by

his partisans and admirers in later times. Neither is it to be supposed that this was a mere conventional acquiescence in an established belief, or some prejudice not yet overcome of his education and age. His declarations on these very topics relating to a supernatural world, are most of all stamped with the characteristic of his clear and penetrating spirit. He was a man of feeling as well as of invention, and though the world of experience had appeared to him in quite a new light, the higher and divine region of the spiritual world, situated far above common sensible experience, was not viewed by him either obscurely or remotely. How little he partook, I will not merely say of the crude materialism of some of his followers, but even of the more refined deification of nature, which during the eighteenth century was transplanted from France to Germany, like some rank offshoot of natural philosophy, is proved by his views of the substantial essence of a correct physical system. The natural philosophy of the ancients was, according to a judgment pronounced by himself, open to the following censure—viz., "That they held nature to constitute an image of the Divinity, whereas it is in conformity with Truth as well as Christianity to regard man as the sole image and likeness of his Creator, and to look upon nature as his handiwork." In the term Natural Philosophy of the Ancients, Bacon evidently includes, as may be seen from the general results attributed to it, no mere individual theory or system, but altogether the best and most excellent fruits of their research within the boundaries not only of physical science, but also of mythology and natural religion. And when he claims for man exclusively the high privilege, according to Christian doctrine, of being the likeness and image of God, he is not to be understood as deriving this dignity purely from the high position of constituting the most glorious and most complex of all natural productions: but in the literal sense of the Bible that this likeness and image is the gift of God's love and inspiration. The figurative expression that nature is not a mirror or image of the Godhead, but his handiwork—if comprehended in all its profundity, will be seen to convey a perfect explanation of the relations of the sensible and the super-sensible world of nature and of divinity. It pre-eminently declares the fact that nature has not an independent self-existence, but was created by God for an especial purpose. In a word, Bacon's plain and easy discrimination between ancient philosophy and his own Christian ideas, is an intelligible and clear rule for fixing the right medium between profane and nature-worship on the one hand, and gloomy hatred of nature on the other: to which latter one-sided reason is peculiarly prone; when intent only upon morality, it is perplexed in its apprehensions of nature, and has only imperfect and confused notions of divinity. But

a right appreciation of the actual difference between nature and God, is the most important point both of thought and belief, of life and conduct. Bacon's views on this head are the more fittingly introduced here, because the philosophy of our own time is for the most part distracted between the two extremes indicated above: the reprehensible nature-worship of some who do not distinguish between the Creator and his works, God and the world: or on the other, the hatred and blindness of those despisers of nature, whose reason is exclusively directed to their personal destiny. The just medium between these opposite errors—that is to say, the only correct consideration of nature—is that involved in a sense of intimate connexion with her, joined at the same time to a conscious conviction of our immeasurable superiority, morally, and to a proper awe of those of her elements that significantly point to matters of higher import than herself. All such vestiges, exciting either love or fear, as a silent law, or a prophetic declaration, reveal the hand that formed them, and the purpose which they are designed to accomplish.—*Lectures on the History of Literature, Ancient and Modern*; lect. xiii.

#### THE DUEL.

[T. E. HOOK, 1788—1841.

[THEODORE EDWARD HOOK, born in London Sep. 22, 1788, was for a short time at Harrow. For his father, who was a musical composer, Theodore when a boy wrote songs. His first piece, an operatic farce, entitled "The Soldier's Return," introduced in 1805, proved successful, and was followed by several similar productions. His first novel, "The Man of Sorrow," was published in 1809, under the assumed name of Alfred Allandale, and in the same year he played off the well known "Berners-street Hoax." Hook's performances as an improvisatore attracted the attention of the Prince Regent, who interested himself in his behalf, and Hook was appointed Accomptant General and Treasurer to the colony of the Mauritius, where he arrived Oct. 9, 1813. In consequence of a deficiency in the treasury, Hook was arrested March 9, 1818, and sent to England. After some investigation he was liberated, the Attorney-General having declared that there was no apparent ground for a criminal prosecution. Hook wrote for the magazines, and became editor of the "John Bull" newspaper, established in 1820. He was arrested on the Government claim in Aug., 1823, and was not released till May, 1825. The first edition of his "Sayings and Doings" appeared in 1824; the second series in 1825, and the third series in 1830. He wrote several other novels, and amongst them "Gilbert Gurney," published in 1835, which is autobiographical. In 1836 he was appointed editor of the "New Monthly Magazine." Hook died Aug. 24, 1841. The "Quarterly Review," for May, 1842, contains an account of this writer, and his "Life and Remains," by the Rev. R. H. D. Barham, appeared in 1848. Hook was remarkable for his conversational powers.]

"WHERE are we to meet?" said I.

"Under the lee of Primrose Hill," said O'Brady; "a sporting spot. The Major and I had fixed Wimbledon Common; but as the Old

Bailey Sessions are now on, I thought it might be more convenient to fight in Middlesex."

The word Old Bailey Sessions brought to my mind all the scenes I had so recently witnessed there, and the peril to which my antagonist, if he killed me, might be exposed upon the zigzag system of trial. The inviting words, "hang at eight and breakfast at nine," rang in my ears; however, having made up my mind not to fire at Daly, I consoled myself with the certainty, that if I escaped the bullet, the halter was altogether out of the question.

We proceeded up the hill of Camden Town; and having arrived at the lane leading to Chalk Farm, the coach stopped, and we alighted, I being, I confess, a little surprised at seeing no weapons wherewith we were to contend. However, O'Brady, who had evidently been there before, whispered something to the doctor, to which he appeared to assent, and the coachman was directed to stop—I concluded, for the purpose of removing my corpse to my lodgings, if I was killed; or my yet living body, if I were only severely wounded.

"Come on," said O'Brady; "don't let us be last on the ground."

"Where are the pistols?" said I.

"Och, put your heart at ease about that," said O'Brady; "my man Sullivan is under the hedge long before this; and has got the Mantons and the doctor's instrument-case in a carpet-bag. Sully may be trusted in such matters, mayn't he, doctor?"

"He may, indeed," said the military Esculapius, who appeared to me to be just as much pleased as his companion with the deadly lively adventure in which we were embarked.

"There they are," said O'Brady, pointing to two persons at a considerable distance, who were approaching us in a direction nearly opposite to that by which we had reached the neighbourhood; and sure enough there I saw Daly—the admirable Daly—once my friend, and, perhaps, not even now my enemy—accompanied by a tall, gaunt personage, whose name I inquired of the lieutenant.

"That," said O'Brady, "is Major M'Guffin."

"M'Guffin!" said I; and the history of the depilatory and the night-cap flashed into my mind; and more than that flashed into my mind, the conviction that Daly had succeeded in riveting his fetters with the widow; and by inducing him to undertake the part which, in the earlier stage of the proceeding, he had proposed himself to play, secured the augmentation of the gentle Emma's fortune.

My feelings were considerably excited as we approached the hostile pair: it was impossible for me to forget the happy and agreeable hours which I spent in Daly's company, nor entirely to obliterate from my recollection the caution of my poor mother, with regard to my asso-

ciates; for here—as if she had possessed the gift of prophesying—was I, after a sort of scapegrace acquaintance with the maddest wag of London, destined, perhaps, to terminate my existence prematurely, in consequence of his misconduct. My first impulse was to walk up to the rogue, and offer him my hand; but to do O'Brady justice, his anxiety to keep up the quarrel as it stood never relaxed. He desired me to stop where I was, while he went forward to speak to the Major. I obeyed, and entered into a conversation with the surgeon as to the healthiness of Hampstead, keeping my eye, however, on the watch for Daly, who seemed to me to be strongly imbued with feelings greatly assimilating to my own. However, his major and my lieutenant were the gentlemen to be satisfied; and as it appeared this could not happen unless the principals fought, I suppose he, as I had already done, bowed to the necessity of asserting his courage, as I had felt it imperative to vindicate my honour; and so it was that two lives were jeopardized.

Major M'Guffin having said a few words, Lieutenant O'Brady cried "Halloo;" and out of a ditch sprang his trusty squire, Jem Sullivan, with the carpet-bag which contained the weapons; and no sooner did the surgeon behold this manœuvre, than he turned to the group, and secured his case of instruments; and having redelivered them to the man, with some particular instructions to be careful of them, walked away to a distance, and never turned his face round till the event had come off, lest, in case of any accident, he should be subpoenaed as a witness.

Our worthy friends now proceeded to load the pistols, during which process I did not in the least know how to act with regard to Daly: the time, however, was short, and the lieutenant having concluded his part of the business, walked up to me, and desired me to stand where he placed me: he then stepped out six paces; at the end of which Major M'Guffin stepped out six more: at the end of which he placed Daly, to whom he gave one of his pistols, as the lieutenant handed me one of his.

"Gentlemen," said Major M'Guffin, "we have agreed that you are to fire together by signal; one, two, three:—raise and present at the one, two; and fire at the three."

"Now," said Daly, "just one word: we are met here to answer the call of Mr. Gurney; no opportunity has been afforded me of explaining to him the circumstances which——"

"Sir," said Lieutenant O'Brady, "I have no doubt you mean extremely well; but we are here to fight, sir, and not to talk."

"But," said I, "Lieutenant O'Brady——"

"Mr. Gurney," said the lieutenant, "you are not in a position to speak: we are not to be trifled with, sir."

"Oh, well," said Daly, "no more are we; therefore to business, and the sooner the better."

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" said the major: "yes," was the reply

"One, two——;" and before the gallant officer could get any farther my pistol, which had the hair-trigger set, went off; and the ball having grazed the calf of my leg, and ripped up the side of my pantaloons, lodged in the ground immediately at my foot. I was never more mortified in my life—the thing was so awkward—not to speak of a stinging sort of feeling, which the scraping off of the flesh inflicted.

"That comes of hair-triggers," said Daly, coolly.

"Why don't you fire, Mr. Daly?" said the major.

"I?" said Daly.

"To be sure," said the major; "the other gentleman has had his shot."

"Faith, it is so," said the lieutenant; "go on, sir; go on."

"Not I, by Jove!" said Daly; "unless Mr. Gurney takes his other pistol, and fires at me."

"He can do no such thing," said both the gentlemen.

"Very well, then," said Daly, "if I am to fire, I suppose I may choose my own direction:" saying which, he raised his pistol perpendicularly, and fired in the air.

"The devil, sir!" said his major; "what are you about?"

"Do you mean to affront my friend, sir?" said my lieutenant.

"Not I, by heaven!" said Daly; "no more than I ever meant to injure him. You had better, in the first instance, call your surgeon, and see that he is not more hurt than you fancy. I came here at his call, and will stay here as long as he likes; but I will not take advantage of an accident."

"Mighty handsome," said the lieutenant; "that I must say; but we want no doctor yet; so let us proceed; and now mind, Mr. Gurney, mind and be more careful the next time."

What might have happened had the combat continued, it is impossible to say; it was destined to terminate without any other bloodshed than that which, by my *gaucherie*, I had caused; for scarcely had the words "next time" escaped the lips of the gallant lieutenant, before five or six men, three or four boys, and two or three constables, bounced over a stile, which gave, or rather hindered, entrance to the field. Two of the fellows rushed at me, and seized me by the collar. The doctor took to his heels in the direction of the instrument-case; and Daly, who was a dab at everything, took a hedge and ditch with a run like that of a Leicestershire hunter equal to sixteen stone.

Major M'Guffin, in an endeavour to follow his leader, stuck in a hawthorn bush, but was eventually lugged out by his principal, who, taking advantage of the peculiar care and attention with which the Bow-street patrols—as they turned out to be—favoured me and the lieutenant, was over the hills and “far away” before any of the heavy-heeled Christians could touch him. Of one they were secure; although my self-inflicted wound was “neither as deep as a well, nor as wide as a church door,” it prevented my following the example of the gallant fugitives, whose departure, I honestly confess, was one of the most agreeable sights I ever saw, convinced as I was, that Daly had no more desire to hit me, than I had to touch him.

The sequel was unpleasant—the Philistine would by no means let us go; and the consequence was, that, although the gallant Galen declared he would not be answerable for what might happen if I were suddenly transported to the police office to enter into sureties to keep the peace, they unmercifully bundled me and my gallant second into our own hackney-coach, which had been, at their suggestion, brought up the lane. The indignation of my fiery friend, O'Brady, at this interference of the law with our arrangement, was beyond description great; but whatever this interruption might have cost him, it was nothing compared with his fury when one of the myrmidons insisted upon keeping his pistols. I never saw a man in such a rage in my life: however, as I anticipated, I had sufficient influence at Bow-street (the smouldering remnant of my early acquaintance with the chief magistrate) to get the matter arranged much to his satisfaction. I entered into the required recognisances; and by the intervention of Mr. Stafford, the chief clerk, who seemed to me to manage the whole business of the office,

“Ride on the whirlwind, and direct the storm,”

obtained the restoration of O'Brady's “barking irons,” as he called them; to the peculiarly delicate touch of whose *double detente* I was specially indebted for a wound in my leg, which, although by no means serious, was not by any means agreeable.—*Gilbert Gurney*, vol. ii. ch. 3.

#### THE VALLEY AND CITY OF MEXICO.

[W. H. PRESCOTT, 1796—1859.]

[WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT was born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 4, 1796. He entered Harvard University in 1811, and his father being possessed of ample means, he resolved to devote his attention to literature. A selection of his contributions to various American periodicals was published in 1843. He visited Europe, spent



much time at Madrid, and in 1838 published "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella the Catholic of Spain." This was followed by "The History of the Conquest of Mexico," in 1843; and "The History of the Conquest of Peru," in 1847. The first two volumes of "The History of Philip the Second" appeared in 1855, and his edition of Robertson's "History of Charles V.," in 1856. This was followed by other literary productions. Prescott's works have been republished in England, and translated into many modern languages. He died Jan. 28, 1859. His life, by George Ticknor, was published in 1864.]

THE troops refreshed by a night's rest, succeeded, early on the following day, in gaining the crest of the sierra of Ahualco, which stretches like a curtain between the two great mountains on the north and south. Their progress was now comparatively easy, and they marched forward with a buoyant step as they felt they were treading the soil of Montezuma.

They had not advanced far, when, turning an angle of the sierra, they suddenly came on a view which more than compensated the toils of the preceding day. It was that of the Valley of Mexico, or Tenochtitlan, as more commonly called by the natives; which with its picturesque assemblage of water, woodland, and cultivated plains, its shining cities, and shadowy hills, was spread out like some gay and gorgeous panorama before them. In the highly rarefied atmosphere of these upper regions, even remote objects have a brilliancy of colouring and a distinctness of outline which seem to annihilate distance. Stretching far away at their feet, were seen noble forests of oak, sycamore, and cedar, and beyond, yellow fields of maize and the towering maguey, intermingled with orchards and blooming gardens; for flowers, in such demand for their religious festivals, were even more abundant in this populous valley than in other parts of Anahuac. In the centre of the great basin were beheld the lakes, occupying then a much larger portion of its surface than at present; their borders thickly studded with towns and hamlets, and, in the midst, like some Indian empress with her coronal of pearls,—the fair city of Mexico, with her white towers and pyramidal temples, reposing, as it were, on the bosom of the waters,—the far-famed "Venice of the Aztecs." High over all rose the royal hill of Chapultepec, the residence of the Mexican monarchs, crowned with the same grove of gigantic cypresses which at this day fling their broad shadows over the land. In the distance beyond the blue waters of the lake, and nearly screened by intervening foliage, was seen a shining speck, the rival capital of Tezcuco, and still further on, the dark belt of porphyry, girdling the valley around, like a rich setting which nature had devised for the fairest of her jewels.

Such was the beautiful vision which broke on the eyes of the Conquerors. And even now, when so sad a change has come over the

scene, when the stately forests have been laid low, and the soil, unsheltered from the fierce radiance of a tropical sun, is in many places abandoned to sterility; when the waters have retired, leaving a broad and ghastly margin white with the incrustation of salts, while the cities and hamlets on their borders have mouldered into ruins, even now that desolation broods over the landscape, so indestructible are the lines of beauty which Nature has traced on its features, that no traveller, however cold, can gaze on them with any other emotions than those of astonishment and rapture.

What, then, must have been the emotions of the Spaniards, when, after working their toilsome way into the upper air, the cloudy tabernacle parted before their eyes, and they beheld these fair scenes in 'all their pristine magnificence and beauty? It was like the spectacle which greeted the eyes of Moses from the summit of Pisgah, and, in the warm glow of their feelings, they cried out, "It is the promised land!"

But these feelings of admiration were soon followed by others of a very different complexion; as they saw in all this the evidences of a civilization and power far superior to anything they had yet encountered. The more timid, disheartened by the prospect, shrunk from a contest so unequal, and demanded, as they had done on some former occasions, to be led back again to Vera Cruz. Such was not the effect produced on the sanguine spirit of the general. His avarice was sharpened by the display of the dazzling spoil at his feet; and, if he felt a natural anxiety at the formidable odds, his confidence was renewed, as he gazed on the lines of his veterans, whose weather-beaten visages and battered armour told of battles won and difficulties surmounted, while his bold barbarians, with appetites whetted by the view of their enemies' country, seemed like eagles on the mountains, ready to pounce upon their prey. By argument, entreaty, and menace, he endeavoured to restore the faltering courage of the soldiers, urging them not to think of retreat, now that they had reached the goal for which they had panted, and the golden gates were opened to receive them. In these efforts he was well seconded by the brave cavaliers, who held honour as dear to them as fortune; until the dullest spirits caught somewhat of the enthusiasm of their leaders, and the general had the satisfaction to see his hesitating columns, with their usual buoyant step, once more on their march down the slopes of the sierra.—*History of the Conquest of Mexico*, b. iii. ch. 8.

### THE BUTTERFLY TRICK.

[S. OSBORN, 1820—1875.]

[SHERARD OSBORN, born in 1820, entered the Royal Navy at an early age, and was present at the attack upon Canton in 1841. He became lieutenant in 1846, com-

mander in 1852, and captain in 1855, and served with distinction in both China and Japan. His "Stray Leaves from an Arctic Journal" appeared in 1852; "Waters" in 1857; "A Voyage, and Fate of Sir  
tish Relations in China"

also in 1860. Captain Osborn contributed largely to periodical literature. He died a Rear-Admiral in 1875.]

On the 25th August, Lord Elgin invited all the Commissioners to dinner, and they came an hour before time, bringing a Japanese conjuror to enable his Excellency to judge of their skill in tricks of legerdemain. An impromptu theatre was soon formed of an apartment, one side of which opened out upon the temple garden; chairs and benches were ranged on the well-kept lawn, and the Ambassador, Commissioners, the suite, and a large body of officers, formed the audience. The conjuror was a gentlemanly-looking venerable man, clad in ample silk robes. He had as an assistant a wretch who tapped incessantly upon a small drum, and by his remarks, unintelligible, of course, to ourselves, he served to amuse the Japanese who crowded behind us. The old man performed many tricks of legerdemain, in a manner that equalled anything we had ever before seen; but when he proceeded to show the far-famed butterfly trick, all were fairly wonder-stricken.

Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross-legged about ten yards from us, upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-coloured screen, with a painting of the peak of Fushihama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation, he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter-draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this. He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of his fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness! One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the con-

juror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose and played about the old man's fan, varying their attentions between flirting with one another and flirting along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by gentle movements of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstasies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight. The exhibition ended, when the old man advanced to the front of his stage, within arm's length of us all, accompanied by his magic butterflies, that even in the open air continued to play round the magician and his fan! As a feat of legerdemain, it was by far the most beautiful trick we had ever heard of, and one that must require an immense amount of practice.—*A Cruise in Japanese Waters* chap. x.

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#### NIGHT AND DAY.

[MRS. GATTY, 1809—1873.

[MARGARET, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Scott, formerly Chaplain to Lord Nelson, was born at Burnham Parsonage, Essex, in 1809, and married in 1839 the Rev. A. Gatty, D.D., Vicar of Ecclesfield, near Sheffield. Her first work, "The Fairy Godmothers, and other Tales," appeared in 1851. This was followed by "Parables from Nature" in 1855. Of this work three series have appeared. This authoress also wrote "Proverbs Illustrated," and edited "Aunt Judy's Magazine." Died 1873.

"The city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof."—Rev. xxi. 23.

IN old times, long, long ago, when Night and Day were young and foolish, and had not discovered how necessary they were to each other's happiness and well-being, they chased each other round the world in a state of angry disdain; each thinking that he alone was doing good, and that therefore the other, so totally unlike himself in all respects, must be doing harm, and ought to be got rid of altogether, if possible.

Old northern tales say that they rode, each of them, in a car with a horse to it; but the horse of Night had a frosty mane, while that of Day had a shiny one. Moreover, foam fell from Frosty-mane's bit as he went along, which dropped on the earth as dew; and Shiny-mane's mane was so radiant that it scattered light through the air at every step. And thus they drove on, bringing darkness and light over the earth in turn—

each pursuing and pursued ; but knowing so little of this simple fact, that one of their chief causes of dispute was, which was going first. For, of course, if they had been able to settle that, it would have been known which was the more important of the two ; but as they drove in a circle the point could not be decided, since what was first on the one side was sure to be last on the other, as anybody may see who tries to draw their journey. They never gave this a thought, however, and there were no schoolmasters about just then to teach them. So round and round the world they went, without even knowing that it was round, still less that there was no such thing as first and last in a circle. And they never succeeded in overtaking, so as to pass each other, though they sometimes came up very close, and then there was twilight.

Of the two, one grumbled and the other scolded the most, and it is easy to guess which did which. Night was gloomy by nature, especially when clouds hid the moon and the stars, so her complaints took a serious and melancholy tone. She was really broken-hearted at the exhaustion produced all over the world by the labours and pleasures which were carried on under the light of Day, and used to receive the earth back as if it was a sick child, and she a nurse, who had a right to be angry with what had been done to it. Day, on the contrary, was amazingly cheerful, particularly when the sun shone ; never troubled his head about what was to happen when his fun was over : on the contrary, thought his fun ought to last for ever, because it was pleasant, was quite vexed when it was put a stop to, and had no scruple in railing at his rival ; whose only object, as it seemed to him, was to overshadow and put an end to all the happiness that was to be found.

"Cruel Night," he exclaimed, "what a life you lead me ! How you thwart me at every turn ! What trouble I have to take to keep your mischief in check. Look at the mists and shadows I must drive on one side before I can make the world bright with my beautiful light ! And, no sooner have I done so, than I feel your cold unwholesome breath trying to come up to me behind ! But you shall never overtake me if I can help it, though I know that is what you want. You want to throw your hateful black shadow over my bright and pleasant world."

"I doing mischief which you have to keep in check !" groaned Night, quite confused by the accusation. "I, whose whole time is spent in trying to repair the mischief other people do : *your* mischief, in fact, you wasteful consumer of life and power ! Every twelve hours I get back from you a half worn-out world, and this I am expected to restore and make as good as new again, but how is it

possible? Something I can do, I know. Some wear and tear I can renew and refresh, but some alas! I cannot; and thus creep in destruction and death."

"Hear her," cried Day, in contempt, "taunting me with the damage I do, and the death and destruction I cause! I, the Life-giver, at whose word the whole world awakes, which else might lie asleep for ever. She, the grim likeness of the death she talks about, and bringing death's twin sister in her bosom."

"You are Day the destroyer, I, Night the restorer," persisted Night, evading the argument.

"I am Day the life-giver, you, Night the desolator," replied Day, bitterly.

"I am Night the restorer, you, Day the destroyer," repeated Night.

"You are to me what death is to life," shouted Day.

"Then death is a restorer as I am," exclaimed Night.

And so they went on, like all other ignorant and obstinate arguers; each full of his own one idea, and taking no heed of what the other might say. How could the truth be got at by such means? Of course it could not, and of course, therefore, they persisted in their rudeness. And there were certain seasons, particularly, when they became more impertinent to each other than ever. For instance, whenever it was summer, Day's horse, Shiny-mane, got so strong and frisky that Night had much ado to keep her place at all, so closely was she pressed in the chase. Indeed, sometimes there was so little of her to be seen, that people might have doubted whether she had passed by at all, had it not been for the dew Frosty-mane scattered, and which those saw who got up early enough in the morning.

Oh, the boasting of Day at these times! And really he believed what he said. He really thought that it would be the greatest possible blessing if he were to go on for ever, and there were to be no Night. Perhaps he had the excuse of having heard a whisper of some old tradition to that effect; but the principal cause of the mistake was, that he thought too much about himself and too little about his neighbour. "Fortunate world," cried he; "it must be clear to every one, now, who it is that brings blessings and does good to you and your inhabitants. Good old earth, you become more and more lovely and fruitful, the more and more I shorten the hours of Night and lengthen my own. We can do tolerably well without her restoring power, it would seem! If we could be rid of her altogether, therefore, what a Paradise there would be! Then the foliage, the flowers, the fruits, the precious crops of this my special season, would last for ever. Would that it could remain uninterrupted!"—*Parables from Nature. Third and Fourth Series. Night and Day.*

## GREECE, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

[LORD BYRON, 1788—1824.]

[GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON, born in Holles-street, London, Jan. 22, 1788, was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1807, "Hours of Idleness, by Lord Byron, a Minor," appeared at Newark. This youthful production was ruthlessly assailed in No 22 of "The Edinburgh Review" for January, 1808, which had only then been recently established. Such unfriendly criticism excited the ire of the young author, who retaliated in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," published in 1809. This production, in which most of the leading literary men of the time were satirised, at once rendered its author famous. Byron then travelled in Greece, Turkey, and the East, and the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared in March, 1812. "The Giaour" and "The Bride of Abydos" appeared in 1813; the "Corsair" and "Lara" in 1814, the third canto of "Childe Harold" in 1816, and the fourth canto, which completed the poem, April 28, 1818. Byron wrote, in addition to other poems, several dramatic works, the most celebrated of which are "Marino Faliero" and "Sardanapalus," both published in 1821, and "Werner" in 1822. The first two cantos of "Don Juan" appeared in 1819, and the last two in 1824. Lord Byron was not happy in his domestic relations. His parents separated soon after his birth, and the young poet lived at Aberdeen with his mother, who was in very reduced circumstances until, in his eleventh year, he inherited from his grand-uncle a title and Newstead Abbey. Here, at fifteen, he fell in love with Mary Chaworth, whose father had been killed in a duel by the poet's grand-uncle. This early attachment forms the subject of a small poem, "The Dream." He married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbanke in Oct., 1814. A separation ensued in Jan., 1816. One child, Ada, born Dec. 10, 1815, afterwards Countess of Lovelace, was the sole fruit of this marriage. She died Nov. 27, 1852. Byron repaired to Greece to assist in the struggle for independence, and reached Missolonghi in Jan., 1824. His exertions in the cause brought on a severe attack of rheumatic fever, under which the poet succumbed at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824. Several editions of his collected works have been published, and his life has been written by numerous authors. His papers were entrusted to his friend, the poet Moore, who edited an edition of his "Life, Letters, and Journals," published in 1830.]

No breath of air to break the wave  
That rolls below the Athenian's grave,  
That tomb\* which, gleaming o'er the cliff,  
First greets the homeward-veering skiff,  
High o'er the land he saved in vain;  
When shall such hero live again?

Fair clime! where every season smiles  
Benignant o'er those blessed isles,

\* Above the rocks on the promontory, and supposed by some to be the tomb of Thermistocles.

Which, seen from far Colonna's height,  
Make glad the heart that hails the sight,  
And lend to loneliness delight.  
There mildly dimpling, Ocean's cheek  
Reflects the tints of many a peak  
Caught by the laughing waves that lave  
These Edens of the Eastern wave :  
And if at times a transient breeze  
Break the blue crystal of the seas,  
Or sweep one blossom from the trees,  
How welcome is each gentle air  
That wakes and wafts the odours there !  
For there—the Rose o'er crag or vale,  
Sultana of the Nightingale,\*

The maid for whom his melody,  
His thousand songs, are heard on high,  
Blossoms, blushing to her lover's tale :  
His queen, the garden queen, his Rose,  
Unbent by winds, unchill'd by snows,  
Far from the winters of the west,  
By every breeze and season blest,  
Returns the sweets by nature given  
In softest incense back to heaven ;  
And grateful yields that smiling sky  
Her fairest hue and fragrant sigh.  
And many a summer flower is there,  
And many a shade that love might share,  
And many a grotto, meant for rest,  
That holds the pirate for a guest ;  
Whose bark in sheltering cove below  
Lurks for the passing peaceful prow,  
Till the gay mariner's guitar†  
Is heard, and seen the evening star ;  
Then stealing with the muffled oar,  
Far shaded by the rocky shore,  
Rush the night-prowlers on the prey,  
And turn to groans his roundelay.  
Strange—that where nature loved to trace,  
As if for gods, a dwelling place,

\* The attachment of the nightingale to the rose is a well known Persian tale.

† The constant amusement of the Greek sailor by night.



And every charm and grace hath mix'd  
Within the paradise she fix'd,  
There man, enamour'd of distress,  
Should mar it into wilderness,  
And trample, brute-like, o'er each flower  
That tasks not one laborious hour ;  
Nor claims the culture of his hand  
To bloom along the fairy land,  
But springs as to preclude his care,  
And sweetly woos him—but to spare !  
Strange—that where all is peace beside,  
There passion riots in her pride,  
And lust and rapine wildly reign  
To darken o'er the fair domain.  
It is as though the fiends prevail'd  
Against the seraphs they assail'd,  
And, fix'd on heavenly thrones, should dwell  
The freed inheritors of hell ;  
So soft the scene, so form'd for joy,  
So curst the tyrants that destroy !

He who hath bent him o'er the dead  
Ere the first day of death is fled,  
The first dark day of nothingness,  
The last of danger and distress,  
(Before Decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,)  
And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
The rapture of repose that's there,  
The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
The languor of the pallid cheek,  
And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
That fires not, wins not, weeps not, now,  
And but for that chill, changeless brow,  
Where cold Obstruction's apathy  
Appals the gazing mourner's heart,  
As if to him it could impart  
The doom he dreads, yet dwells upon ;  
Yes, but for these and these alone,  
Some moments, ay, one treacherous hour,  
He still might doubt the tyrant's power ;  
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,  
The first, last look by death reveal'd !

Such is the aspect of this shore !  
'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more !  
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Hers is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
That hue which haunts it to the tomb,  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
The farewell beam of Feeling pass'd away !  
Spark of that flame, perchance of heavenly birth,  
Which gleams, but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

Clime of the unforgotten brave !  
Whose land, from plain to mountain-cave,  
Was Freedom's home or Glory's grave !  
Shrine of the mighty ! can it be,  
That this is all remains of thee ?  
Approach, thou craven crouching slave :  
Say, is not this Thermopylæ ?  
These waters blue that round you lave,  
Oh servile offspring of the free—  
Pronounce what sea, what shore is this ?  
The gulf, the rock of Salamis !  
These scenes, their story not unknown,  
Arise, and make again your own :  
Snatch from the ashes of your sires  
The embers of their former fires ;  
And he who in the strife expires  
Will add to theirs a name of fear  
That Tyranny shall quake to hear,  
And leave his sons a hope, a fame,  
They too will rather die than shame :  
For Freedom's battle once begun,  
Bequeath'd by bleeding Sire to Son,  
Though baffled oft is ever won.  
Bear witness, Greece, thy living page !  
Attest it many a deathless age !  
While kings, in dusty darkness hid,  
Have left a nameless pyramid,  
Thy heroes, though the general doom  
Hath swept the column from their tomb.

A mightier monument command,  
 The mountains of thy native land !  
 There points thy muse to stranger's eye  
 The graves of those that cannot die !

*The Giaour.*

### HOME INFLUENCES.

[REV. G. TOWNSEND, 1788—1857.

[GEORGE TOWNSEND, son of the Rev. G. Townsend, of Ramsgate, and nephew of the Rev. J. Townsend, founder of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, London, was born at Ramsgate, Sept. 12, 1788. He was educated at Christ's Hospital and Trinity College, Cambridge, and published some poems at an early age. His "Chronological Arrangement of the Old Testament" appeared in 1821, and of the New Testament in 1825. Both works have since gone through several editions. In 1825 he was appointed Prebendary of Durham. His "Accusations of History against the Church of Rome" appeared in 1826; his "Ecclesiastical and Civil History, Philosophically considered with Reference to the future Reunion of Christians," in 1847, and his "Scriptural Communion with God," &c., between the years 1845 and 1849. His "Journal of a Tour in Italy in 1850, with an Account of an Interview with the Pope at the Vatican," appeared in 1850. Dr. Townsend died Nov. 23, 1857.]

THE biography of the most illustrious men of all ages, proves the truth of one remarkable fact, that those who have been eminent for goodness, greatness, or virtue, have generally owed the excellence which has been the basis of their reputation to the teaching, the example, or the influence of their mothers at home. The mother is the chief biasser for good or evil of the mind of the child. Before the tutor, the master, or the clergyman, can impart one lesson, either of a secular or of a religious nature, the soul of the child has received its earliest, and, very frequently, its most indelible impressions. That Christian mother, therefore, neglects her first, and most bounden duty, who permits the earlier years of infancy to pass away, without elevating the primal thoughts of her child to God. If the Christian mother do not teach her beloved offspring to pray as soon as it can clasp its hands, bend its knee, or lisp its first stammering words: if, when her child is born into the world, the mother do not hear, as it were, a voice from heaven, saying to her, with more than mortal eloquence, "Take this child, and nurse it for God: take this child and train it up to live here as the spiritual member of Christ's Holy Catholic Apostolic Church on earth, and to live hereafter as a member of Christ's Holy Church, triumphant over evil in heaven," she is the enemy of the soul of her child. The day must come when death shall part the mother from her children. At that hour, when all the gold, and wealth, and fame, and honour in the world, which children are so often taught to regard as the only

things needful, shall appear as the toys of forgotten infancy, or as a heap of sand to the traveller who is dying for a drop of water in the desert—how bitter will be the remembrance of the mother who has seen her children depart from the ways of peace and true happiness, into folly, worldliness, or wickedness; if she is compelled to check her dying remonstrances to her children, and to say, “I am to blame; I dedicated my children to God by holy baptism in their infancy, but I taught them no prayer. I neglected religion in the nursery. Their early days began and ended, without my attempting to direct their hearts to God. I taught them to please man, and not God; to adorn the body and neglect the soul. I feel—I see—I know the vanity of all things but the religion which should speak peace to the dying; yet now my words mock me, when I would pronounce a blessing, or utter my words of parting advice to my children. Oh! that I had practised as well as known my duty. Oh! that I had valued the best happiness of a Christian mother, and enabled them to thank their dying parent for the care she had bestowed on their souls. Oh! that I had endeavoured to bias the minds of my dear children, as I now wish that I had done, when the hour of my death is before me!”

The same reflections are applicable to fathers as well as to mothers. If remorse and self-reproach will attend a dying mother, who reflects on the neglect of the souls of her children, when they are committed to her more peculiar charge; no less will the Christian father mourn at the last, if he be guilty of the same crime. The children descend from the nursery, to the parlour, the drawing-room, the fireside. If the religious mother has consecrated the nursery to God in such manner that every day has been begun and ended with the lisped and broken prayer, it becomes the duty of a religious father to go on with the good work that is begun—to make the domestic hearth the first Church, and to bring back, as it were, the days of the pristine Paradise to an united religious Christian family. *The first Church upon earth was a family*; the first priest was a father; the first congregation were the elder and the younger children; the first altar was the domestic spot around which they assembled to worship. So it may still be. *Every family may be regarded as a Church*; every father as a priest to offer prayers; every child and servant as the member of a domestic congregation; every spot in the house set apart for worship, as the altar at home, to which the lambs of Christ's fold should be duly brought, as living sacrifices to the God of all the families of the earth, “holy, acceptable to God, a reasonable service.” The impressions of the nursery must continue in the household, and the further preparation thus be made at home for the public reception of the baptized child into the communion of the visible church. The stoner

of the temple which Solomon built and dedicated, and which the God of Israel accepted and possessed, were prepared at a distance from Jerusalem; they were squared and polished on the spot where they were found, until the "great stones, and the costly stones, and the hewn stones," were ready for their removal. They were all, one by one, gradually taken away from their native home, to be placed in their destined positions in the temple, without any sound of the axe or the hammer within the sacred precincts of the holy city; till "like some tall palm the noiseless fabric grew," and the temple of Jerusalem was completed. Just so it must be in these latter days; and just so it will be, if the parents of families will do their duty to their children and their servants. If we desire the building up of the Holy Catholic Apostolic Church on earth; if we seek for the extension of the Church of Christ among ourselves; if we pray for the peace of our Jerusalem; if we would say to Jerusalem, "Thou shalt be built;" and to the temple, "Thy foundations shall be laid;"—we must prepare in our domestic circles the polished stones of the temple, for their places in the House of the Lord. If parents of families would thus do their duty to their baptized children; if the Christian father would but proceed with the domestic religion which the Christian mother has begun; then the temples of Christ would silently and slowly, but surely and certainly, spring up among us. The fountains of infidelity, and of indifference to religion, would be stopped at their source. The general demoralization would be suspended. The impure literature which curses our age would become distasteful even to the young, for whom it is especially written; and one generation would not pass away before a national reformation would follow the prevalence of domestic religion.—*Scriptural Communion with God*, vol. i.; Dedication, B. 1.

#### READING.

[JOHN LOCKE, 1632—1704.

[JOHN LOCKE, born at Wrington, near Bristol, Aug. 29, 1632, and educated at Westminster, and Christchurch, Oxford, went to Berlin as secretary to Sir W. Swan, Envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg, in 1664. He afterwards took up his residence with Lord Ashley, created Earl of Shaftesbury in 1672. To the varied fortunes of this nobleman Locke adhered. He held several public appointments, was Commissioner of Appeals in 1689, and one of the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in 1695. His "Essay Concerning the Human Understanding," in four books, appeared in 1690, an epitome of the same having been published anonymously in 1688, and his "Vindication of the Reasonableness of Christianity" in 1695. He was the author of several other works, amongst which may be mentioned the "Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding," published in 1706, after his death, which took place at the house

of his friend, with whom he had long resided, Sir Francis Masham, at Oates, Essex, Oct. 28, 1704. Locke's works were republished in 1714, and several editions have since appeared. An account of his life and writings, by Le Clerc, appeared in 1713, memoirs by Bishop Law in 1742, and Lord King's Life in 1829.]

THIS is that which I think great readers are apt to be mistaken in. Those who have read of everything, are thought to understand everything too; but it is not always so. Reading furnishes the mind only with materials of knowledge, it is thinking makes what we read ours. We are of the ruminating kind, and it is not enough to cram ourselves with a great load of collections, unless we chew them over again, they will not give us strength and nourishment. There are, indeed, in some writers visible instances of deep thoughts, close and acute reasoning, and ideas well pursued. The light these would give would be of great use, if their reader would observe and imitate them, all the rest at best are but particulars fit to be turned into knowledge, but that can be done only by our own meditation, and examining the reach, force, and coherence of what is said, and then, as far as we apprehend and see the connection of ideas, so far it is ours; without that, it is but so much loose matter floating in our brain. The memory may be stored, but the judgment is little better, and the stock of knowledge not increased, by being able to repeat what others have said, or produce the arguments we have found in them. Such a knowledge as this is but knowledge by hearsay, and the ostentation of it is at best but talking by rote, and very often upon weak and wrong principles. For all that is to be found in books is not built upon true foundations, nor always rightly deduced from the principles it is pretended to be built on. Such an examen as is requisite to discover that, every reader's mind is not forward to make, especially in those who have given themselves up to a party, and only hunt for what they can scrape together, that may favour and support the tenets of it. Such men wilfully exclude themselves from truth, and from all true benefit to be received by reading. Others of more indifferency often want attention and industry. The mind is backward in itself to be at the pains to trace every argument to its original, and to see upon what basis it stands, and how firmly, but yet it is this that gives so much the advantage to one man more than another in reading. The mind should by severe rules be tied down to this, at first, uneasy task, use and exercise will give it facility. So that those who are accustomed to it, readily, as it were with one cast of the eye, take a view of the argument, and presently, in most cases, see where it bottoms. Those who have got this faculty, one may say, have got the true key of books, and the clue to lead them through the mizmaze of variety of opinions and authors to truth and certainty. This young beginners

should be entered in, and shown the use of, that they might profit by their reading. Those who are strangers to it will be apt to think it too great a clog in the way of men's studies and they will suspect they shall make but small progress, if, in the books they read, they must stand to examine and unravel every argument, and follow it step by step up to its original.

I answer, this is a good objection, and ought to weigh with those whose reading is designed for much talk and little knowledge, and I have nothing to say to it. But I am here enquiring into the conduct of the understanding in its progress towards knowledge; and to those who aim at that, I may say, that he who fair and softly goes steadily forward in a course that points right, will sooner be at his journey's end than he that runs after every one he meets, though he gallop all day full-speed.

To which let me add, that this way of thinking on, and profiting by, what we read, will be a clog and rub to any one only in the beginning: when custom and exercise have made it familiar, it will be dispatched, on most occasions, without resting or interruption in the course of our reading. The motions and views of a mind exercised that way are wonderfully quick; and a man used to such sort of reflections sees as much at one glimpse as would require a long discourse to lay before another, and make out in an entire and gradual deduction. Besides that, when the first difficulties are over, the delight and sensible advantage it brings mightily encourages and enlivens the mind in reading, which, without this is very improperly called study.

#### THE STARLING, OR, THE BLESSINGS OF LIBERTY.

[REV. L. STERNE, 1713—1768.]

[LAURENCE STERNE was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, November 24, 1713. He was educated at a school near Halifax, and Jesus College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in January, 1736. Soon after quitting the university he obtained the living of Sutton, in Yorkshire. Having married in 1741, he obtained the living of Stillington from a friend of his wife. The first two volumes of "Tristram Shandy," published anonymously at York in 1759, were reprinted in London 1760. The success of the work was great, and the secret of the authorship was quickly divulged. Sterne published two volumes of sermons in 1760, the third and fourth volumes of "Tristram Shandy" in 1761, the fifth and sixth volumes in 1762, and the seventh and eighth volumes in 1765. Two additional volumes of sermons appeared in 1766, the ninth volume of "Tristram Shandy" in 1767, and "A Sentimental Journey in France and Italy" early in 1768. The author died in Bond Street, March 18, 1768, soon after the publication of the "Sentimental Journey." Some sermons and letters were published after his death. Sir Walter Scott says, "Sterne may be recorded as at once one of the most affected, and one of the most simple of writers—as one of

the greatest plagiarists, and one of the most original geniuses that England has produced." Memoirs of his life and family, written by himself and published by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle, appeared in 1775. The "Quarterly Review," vol. xciv., contains an article on Sterne, and a new life by Percy Fitzgerald, reprinted from the "Dublin University Magazine," was published in 1863.]

AND as for the Bastile,—the terror is in the word.—Make the most of it you can, said I to myself, the Bastile is but another word for a tower;—and a tower is but another word for a house you can't get out of.—Mercy on the gouty! for they are in it twice a year. But with nine livres a day, and pen and ink and paper and patience, albeit a man can't get out, he may do very well within,—at least for a month or six weeks; at the end of which, if he is a harmless fellow, his innocence appears, and he comes out a better and wiser man than he went in.

I had some occasion (I forget what) to step into the court-yard, as I settled this account; and remember I walk'd down stairs in no small triumph at the conceit of my reasoning.—Beshrew the *sombre* pencil, said I, vauntingly,—for I envy not its power, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself, and blackened: reduce them to their proper size, she overlooks them.—'Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition,—the Bastile is not an evil to be despised.—But strip it of its towers,—fill up the fosse,—unbarricade the doors,—call it simply a confinement, and suppose 'tis some tyrant of a distemper,—and not of a man, which holds you in in it,—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice which I took to be that of a child, which complained "it could not get out." I look'd up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw it was a starling hung in a little cage;—"I can't get out,—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage, it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity.—"I can't get out," said the starling.—God help thee!—said I,—but I'll let thee out, cost what it will; so I turned about the cage to get the door: it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open without pulling the cage to pieces.—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and, thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it. as if impatient.—I fear, poor creature, said I, I cannot set thee at



liberty.—“No,” said the starling; “I can’t get out,—I can’t get out,” said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened; nor do I remember an incident in my life where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly call’d home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the Bastile; and I heavily walk’d up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! said I,—still thou art a bitter draught! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—’Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess, addressing myself to *Liberty*, whom all in public or in private worship, whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change.—No *tint* of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron;—with thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent, grant me but health, thou great Bestower of it, and give me but this fair goddess as my companion,—and shower down thy mitres, if it seems good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

#### THE CAPTIVE. PARIS.

The bird in his cage pursued me into my room. I sat down close to my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me,

—I took a single captive; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish: in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood;—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time;—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice!—His chil-

But here my heart began to bleed ;—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there :—he had one of these little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door,—then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul !—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.—*A Sentimental Journey.*

#### THE CHARACTER OF LUCIUS CARY FALKLAND.

[LORD CLARENDON, 1608—1674.

[EDWARD HYDE, third son of Henry Hyde, was born at Dinton, near Salisbury, Feb. 18, 1608, and educated by the clergyman of the parish and at Magdalen College, Oxford. He studied the law at the Middle Temple, and was returned as member for Wootton Bassett in 1640. In the Long Parliament he sat for Saltash, and soon became a great favourite with Charles I. He was made Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1643, when he received the honour of knighthood. In 1646 he escaped to Jersey, and having been the constant adviser of Charles II., when in exile, he returned with him in 1660, and was made Lord-Chancellor, with the title of Baron Hyde. At the coronation in April, 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred upon him, with a gift of 20,000*l.* Lord Clarendon fell a victim to court intrigues, and was compelled to surrender the Great Seal Aug. 30, 1667. Articles of impeachment were drawn up against him, and he quitted the kingdom Nov. 29, 1667. A bill for punishing him passed the Upper House Dec. 12, and the Lower House Dec. 18. After going to several places, Lord Clarendon settled at Rouen, where he died Dec. 9, 1674. His body was brought to England, and interred in Westminster Abbey. The first edition of his great work, "The History of the Rebellion," appeared at Oxford in 1702, 1703, and 1704. His life, written by himself, was published at Oxford in 1759. Both works have gone through numerous editions. "The Life and Administration of Edward, first Earl of Clarendon, with original Correspondence," &c., by T. H. Lister, published in 1838, contains a full account of this extraordinary man. A writer in the *Edinburgh Review* speaks of Clarendon's "History" as "one of the noblest historical works of the English language;" and Southey remarks: "For an Englishman, there is no single historical work with which it can be so necessary for him to be well and thoroughly acquainted as with Lord Clarendon."]

If the celebrating the memory of eminent and extraordinary persons, and transmitting their great virtues, for the imitation of posterity, be one of the principal ends and duties of history, it will not be thought

impertinent, in this place, to remember a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good fortune could repair. In this unhappy battle (Newbury, Sept. 20, 1643), was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland,\* a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war, than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity.

*Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.*

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord-deputy, so that when he returned to England, to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship, for the most part, was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity, and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit and fancy, and good parts in any man, and, if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune, of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser as if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And therefore having once resolved not to see London, which

\* Lucius Cary Falkland, son of Henry Cary, first Viscount Falkland, was born in 1610, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and St John's College, Cambridge. The peerage—a Scotch one—did not confer the right of sitting in the House of Lords. Viscount Falkland was returned member for Newport in the Isle of Wight, in 1640. He fell in the battle of Newbury, Sep. 20, 1643.

he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted, and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume; whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions, which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation.

\* \* \* \* \*

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs.

\* \* \* \* \*

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops, which he thought, by the forwardness of the commanders, to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them, in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not, by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, (Oct. 23, 1642,) when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away: so that a man might think, he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it, from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer: so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned

before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side, that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor, (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages, that might then have been laid hold of,) he resisted those indispositions, *et in luctu, bellum inter remedia erat*. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two Houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions, which had before touched him, grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he, who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present, and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness, and less pleasantness of the visage, a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden, less communicable; and thence, very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men, (strangers to his nature and disposition,) who believed him proud and imperious, from which no mortal man was ever more free.

\* \* \* \* \*

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often, after a deep silence and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word *peace, peace*; and would passionately profess, "that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart." This made some think, or pretend to think, "that he was so much enamoured on peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;" which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man, that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have

committed a trespass against either. And yet this senseless scandal made some impression upon him, or at least he used it for an excuse of the daringness of his spirit; for at the leaguer before Gloucester, when his friend passionately reprehended him for exposing his person unnecessarily to danger, (for he delighted to visit the trenches, and nearest approaches, and to discover what the enemy did,) as being so much beside the duty of his place, that it might be understood rather to be against it, he would say merrily, "that his office could not take away the privilege of his age; and that a secretary in war might be present at the greatest secret of danger;" but withal alleged seriously, "that it concerned him to be more active in enterprises of hazard, than other men, that all might see, that his impatience for peace proceeded not from pusillanimity, or fear to adventure his own person."

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner; though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four and thirtieth year of his age, having so much dispatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.—*The History of the Rebellion*, Book vii.

### THE PAMBOO-KALOO, OR SNAKE-STONE.

[J. E. TENNENT, 1804—1869.

[JAMES EMERSON, son of William Emerson, a Belfast merchant, was born April 7, 1804, and assumed the name of his wife in 1832. Educated at Trinity College, Dublin, he was called to the English bar in 1831. He was returned for Belfast in Dec. 1832, and represented that city until July, 1845, when he was appointed Civil Secretary to the Colonial Government of Ceylon, having been secretary to the India Board from Sept. 1841, and received the honour of knighthood. Having left Ceylon Dec. 11, 1850, he was elected member for Lisburn in Dec. 1851; in Feb. 1852, he was appointed Secretary to the Poor Law Board, and in Nov. 1852, one of the joint secretaries to the Board of Trade. Sir J. E. Tennent was the author of several works, his first publication being "Travels in Greece," which appeared in 1825; "Letters from the Ægean" appeared in 1829; "A History of Modern Greece" in

1830; his "Christianity in Ceylon" in 1850; and his principal work on Ceylon was published in 1859. He was created a Knight of the Greek Order of the Saviour in 1842. Died 1869.]

THE use of the Pamboo-Kaloo, or snake-stone, as a remedy in cases of wounds by venomous serpents, has probably been communicated to the Cingalese by the itinerant snake-charmers, who resort to the island from the coast of Coromandel; and more than one well-authenticated instance of its successful application has been told to me by persons who had been eye-witnesses to what they described. On one occasion, in March, 1854, a friend of mine was riding, with some of the civil officers of the Government, along a jungle path in the vicinity of Bintenne, when they saw one of two Tamils,\* who were approaching them, suddenly dart into the forest and return, holding in both hands a *cobra de capello*, which he had seized by the head and tail. He called to his companion for assistance to place it in their covered basket, but in doing this he handled it so inexpertly, that it seized him by the finger, and retained its hold for a few seconds, as if unable to retract its fangs. The blood flowed, and intense pain appeared to follow almost immediately; but, with all expedition, the friend of the sufferer undid his waist-cloth, and took from it two snake-stones, each of the size of a small almond, intensely black and highly polished, though of an extremely light substance. These he applied—one to each wound inflicted by the teeth of the serpent—to which the stones attached themselves closely, the blood that oozed from the bites being rapidly imbibed by the porous texture of the article applied. The stones adhered tenaciously for three or four minutes, the wounded man's companion in the meanwhile rubbing his arm downwards from the shoulder towards the fingers. At length the snake-stones dropped off of their own accord; the suffering appeared to have subsided; he twisted his fingers till the joints cracked, and went on his way without concern. Whilst this had been going on, another Indian of the party who had come up, took from his bag a small piece of white wood, which resembled a root, and passed it gently near the head of the cobra, which the latter immediately inclined close to the ground; he then lifted the snake without hesitation, and coiled it into a circle at the bottom of his basket. The root by which he professed to be enabled to perform this operation with safety he called the *Naya-*

\* Tamils, or Tamulians, the name given to the inhabitants of the Eastern coast of Ceylon, from Battakolo northward to Jaffua, and thence along the Western coast to Putlam. They are supposed to have come over from the opposite shores of India, and are more active and industrious than the Cingalese, or natives of the interior of the island.

*thalee Kalinga* (the root of the snake-plant), protected by which he professed his ability to approach any reptile with impunity.

In another instance, in 1853, Mr. Lavalliere, the District Judge of Kandy, informed me that he saw a snake-charmer in the jungle, close by the town, search for a *cobra de capello*, and, after disturbing it in its retreat, the man tried to secure it, but in the attempt he was bitten in the thigh till the blood trickled from the wound. He instantly applied the *Pamboo Kaloo*, which adhered closely for about ten minutes, during which time he passed the root which he held in his hand backwards and forwards above the stone, till the latter dropped to the ground. He assured Mr. Lavalliere that all danger was then past. That gentleman obtained from him the snake-stone he had relied on, and saw him repeatedly afterwards in perfect health.

The substances which were used on both the occasions are now in my possession. The roots employed by the several parties are not identical. One appears to be the bit of the stem of an *Aristolochia*; the other is so dried as to render it difficult to identify it, but it resembles the quadrangular stem of a jungle vine. Some species of *Aristolochia*, such as the *A. serpentaria* of North America, are supposed to act as a specific in the cure of snake-bites; and the *A. indica* is the plant to which the ichneumon is popularly believed to resort as an antidote when bitten; but it is probable that the use of any particular plant by the snake-charmers is a pretence, or rather a delusion, the reptile being overpowered by the resolute action of the operator, and not by the influence of any secondary appliance, the confidence inspired by the supposed talisman enabling the possessor to address himself fearlessly to his task, and thus to effect by determination and will what is popularly believed to be the result of charms and stupefaction. Still it is curious that, amongst the natives of Northern Africa, who lay hold of the *Cerastes* without fear or hesitation, their impunity is ascribed to the use of a plant with which they anoint themselves before touching the reptile.\* And Bruce says of the people of Sennaar that they acquire exemption from the fatal consequences of the bite by chewing a particular root, and washing themselves with an infusion of certain plants. He adds that a portion of this root was given him, with a view to test its efficacy in his own person, but that he had not sufficient resolution to undergo the experiment. As to the snake-stone itself, I submitted one, the application of which I have been describing, to Mr. Faraday,

\* See "Hasselquist's (F.) Voyages and Travels in the Levant, 1749—52," published in 1766. This Swedish naturalist and traveller, the pupil of Linnæus, was born Jan. 3 (O.S.), 1722, and died Feb. 9, 1752.



and he has communicated to me, as the result of his analysis, his belief that it is "a piece of charred bone which has been filled with blood perhaps several times, and then carefully charred again. Evidence of this is afforded, as well by the apertures of cells or tubes on its surface as by the fact that it yields and breaks under pressure, and exhibits an organic structure within. When heated slightly, water rises from it, and also a little ammonia; and if heated still more highly in the air, carbon burns away, and a bulky white ash is left, retaining the shape and size of the stone." This ash, as is evident from inspection, cannot have belonged to any vegetable substance, for it is almost entirely composed of phosphate of lime. Mr. Faraday adds that "if the piece of matter has ever been employed as a spongy absorbent, it seems hardly fit for that purpose in its present state; but who can say to what treatment it has been subjected since it was fit for use, or to what treatment the natives may submit it when expecting to have occasion to use it?"

The probability is that the animal charcoal, when instantaneously applied, may be sufficiently porous and absorbent to extract the venom from the recent wound, together with a portion of the blood, before it has had time to be carried into the system; and that the blood which Mr. Faraday detected in the specimen submitted to him was that of the Indian on whose person the effect was exhibited on the occasion to which my informant was an eye-witness.—*Ceylon*, vol. i., Part ii., ch. 3.

### THE AMPHITHEATRE AT NISMES.

[D. T. ANSTED, 1814.

[DAVID THOMAS ANSTED, born in London in 1814, was educated at a private school and at Jesus College, Cambridge. He was appointed Professor of Geology at King's College in 1840; Lecturer on Geology at Addiscombe in 1845; and Professor of Geology at the College of Civil Engineers, Putney, in 1845. His first work, "Geology, Introductory, Descriptive, and Practical," appeared in 1844. This has been followed by a variety of interesting publications; amongst which "Scenery, Science, and Art," which appeared in 1854, may be mentioned. Ansted has also contributed largely to several scientific periodicals.]

THE amphitheatre of Nismes\* is really in itself a noble building, and a highly picturesque ruin. Its state of preservation, in spite of the numerous accidents to which it has been exposed in the course of seventeen or eighteen centuries, and the more injurious barbarisms of

\* Erected by Antoninus Pius, Emperor of Rome, A.D. 138—161.

those who have used this, as well as others of the noblest works of ancient art as mere quarries, conveniently supplying materials for the construction of houses, palaces, or churches, is still extremely good. Its external preservation is even more perfect than that of the great Coliseum of Rome.\* Whole ranges of seats yet remain, rising in regular tiers one above another. Each range is constructed of a number of enormous square blocks of stone, some of which retain marks and notches, indicating the amount of space allotted to each spectator. We may still see the noble galleries, varied in their style of architecture, but all good, and many of them uninjured by time or violence—the magnificent stairs and passages admitting of the free access and egress, of the vast multitude, and the complete division of different classes distinctly and unchangeably preserved. So perfect are many parts of this building, that one may sit down, and without much indulgence of the fancy, carry back one's thoughts to the time when the charm of novelty was added to those intrinsic beauties we can now recognise, and when the old Roman spectator, occupying the same seat, was waiting with anxiety and intense interest to see the cruel and ferocious sports then thought manly, and considered absolutely essential to keep up the national character. Seated near the centre of the lower range of seats, not far from the imperial throne—part of the iron-work enclosing which is still to be seen—some proud senator looks around him on all that is noble and distinguished in the ancient city of Nemausus, and watches the representative of majesty, or majesty itself, clothed in purple, mounting to the imperial throne. Above him, on the next tier are the knights; above them the Roman citizen—Roman, at least, by law, though few, if any, had ever seen Rome—and above them again the bondsmen and slaves, who, in those days, were not only allowed to partake in the amusements of their masters, but had their allotted places with the rest. More than 20,000 human beings are seated quietly around awaiting a signal. Soon a small door opens—the place of that door is now visible—and there rush out wild beasts to combat either with each other, or with those gladiators whose gloomy chambers are also preserved, and who, one must imagine, were scarcely more civilized or domesticated than their victims in the arena. These fights would, however, soon be succeeded by others more terrible. Men against men—the condemned criminal and the innocent Christian, led out of other dungeons, are cruelly tortured and put to death for the amusement of their fellow-men. Such are the

\* Commenced by the Emperor Vespasian A.D. 75, and completed by the Emperor Titus A.D. 80.

(I.)

scenes that suggest themselves as we occupy the seats, traverse the galleries, or visit the small chambers, that remain so perfectly preserved in this noble structure. We almost expect to see the marks of blood still staining the ground. We listen to hear the shouts of the multitude, and when we recall our wandering thoughts, and watch the existing population of the vicinity, one cannot but feel that if these things have passed away, we have lost also the indomitable courage and constantly advancing progress which once belonged to the inhabitants of Southern Europe, but which has now changed into a tame and debasing superstition, involving a total want even of the power of union, and the most degrading subjection to tyranny. The Roman spirit of proud independence has either passed away or has become mingled with many other less valuable and less hopeful ingredients, but the tendency to cruel and bloody amusements is apparently still in existence, and may at any time reappear when the passions are excited and circumstances are favourable for its development. These reflections can hardly appear out of place, as they suggest themselves but too readily to any one acquainted with the former history and present condition of the French, Spanish, and Italian people, especially as illustrated in Provence within the last half century.—*Scenery, Science, and Art being Extracts from the Note Book of a Geologist and Mining Engineer. France. Ch. II.*

#### MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN

[R BURNS, 1759—1796]

[ROBERT BURNS was born in the country, near Ayr, Jan 25, 1759. His parents being poor he received but little education. His first attempt at rhyme was made when he was in his sixteenth year. An edition of his poems, published at Kilmarnock in the autumn of 1786, met with such a reception, that the author was induced to repair to Edinburgh, instead of emigrating, as he at that time purposed. The poet returned to Ayrshire in the spring of 1788, and settled at Ellisland, in Dumfriesshire, in June of the same year. He obtained an appointment in the excise soon after, and removed to Dumfries in 1791, where he died July 21, 1796. The first collected edition of his poems and letters, with memoirs by James Currie, was published for the benefit of the poet's widow and children, at Liverpool, in 1800. A life, by J. G. Lockhart, appeared in 1828, another, prefixed to an edition of his works, was published in 1834, another, in the Aldine edition of his poems, by Sir H Nicolas, appeared in 1839, and another, with works, by R. Chambers, in 1851-2.]

WHEN chill November's surly blast  
 Made fields and forests bare,  
 One evening, as I wandered forth  
 Along the banks of Ayr,

I spied a man whose aged step  
Seemed weary, worn with care ;  
His face was furrowed o'er with years,  
And hoary was his hair.

" Young stranger, whither wanderest thou ?"  
Began the reverend sage :

" Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,  
" Or youthful pleasure's rage ?

" Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,  
" Too soon thou hast began

" To wander forth, with me, to mourn  
" The miseries of man.

" The sun that overhangs yon moors,  
" Out-spreading far and wide,

" Where hundreds labour to support  
" A haughty lordling's pride :

" I've seen yon weary winter sun  
" Twice forty times return,

" And every time has added proofs  
" That man was made to mourn.

" Oh man ! while in thy early years,  
" How prodigal of time :

" Misspending all thy precious hours,  
" Thy glorious youthful prime !

" Alternate follies take the sway ;  
" Licentious passions burn ;

" Which tenfold force gives nature's law,  
" That man was made to mourn.

" Look not alone on youthful prime,  
" On manhood's active might ;

" Man then is useful to his kind,  
" Supported in his right :

" But see him on the edge of life,  
" With cares and sorrows worn ;

" Then age and want—O ill-matched pair !—  
" Show man was made to mourn.

" A few seem favourites of fate,  
" In pleasure's lap carest ;

" Yet think not all the rich and great  
" Are likewise truly blest.

- " But, oh ! what crowds in every land,  
 " All wretched and forlorn !  
 " Through weary life this lesson learn—  
 " That man was made to mourn.
- " Many and sharp the numerous ills  
 " Inwoven with our frame !  
 " More pointed still we make ourselves  
 " Regret, remorse, and shame ,  
 " And man, whose heaven-erected face  
 " The smiles of love adorn,  
 " Man's inhumanity to man  
 " Makes countless thousands mourn
- " See yonder poor, o'erlaboured wight  
 " So abject, mean, and vile,  
 " Who begs a brother of the earth  
 " To give him leave to toil ,  
 " And see his lordly fellow-worm  
 " The poor petition spurn,  
 " Unmindful though a weeping wife  
 " And helpless offspring mourn
- " If I m designed yon lordling's slave—  
 " By nature's law designed—  
 " Why was an independent wish  
 " E'er planted in my mind ?  
 " If not, why am I subject to  
 " His cruelty or scorn ?  
 Or why has man the will and power  
 " To make his fellow mourn ?
- Yet let not this too much, my son,  
 " Disturb thy youthful breast ,  
 This partial view of human-kind  
 " Is surely not the last ?
- " The poor, oppressed, honest man,  
 " Had never, sure, been born,  
 " Had there not been some recompense  
 " To comfort those that mourn !
- " O Death ! the poor man's dearest friend—  
 " The kindest and the best !  
 " Welcome the hour, my aged limbs  
 " Are laid with thee at rest !

"The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,  
 "From pomp and pleasure torn!  
 "But, oh! a blest relief to those  
 "That weary-laden mourn!"

## A HEAVENLY MIND.

[REV. R. BAXTER, 1615—1691.]

[RICHARD BAXTER, born at Rowdon in Shropshire, Nov. 12, 1615, received but little education. He applied his mind to study, was ordained, and soon after acted as curate at Bridgenorth. He removed to Kidderminster in 1640, and during part of the Civil War filled the office of chaplain to one of the Parliamentary regiments. His influence was always exerted to restrain excess. Having refused a bishopric, he left the Church on the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, and retired to Acton, where he devoted his time to literary labours. According to the list given in Orme's memoir, prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1827—30, he wrote no less than 168 distinct works. The best known are: "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," published in 1653; "A Call to the Unconverted," which appeared in 1669; and "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ" in 1681. In 1672 Baxter returned to London, and resumed his preaching. He was, however, subjected to legal proceedings in 1682 and 1684, and on the latter occasion suffered an imprisonment which lasted eighteen months. He died Dec. 8, 1691. He left an autobiography, which was published in 1696 by Matthew Sylvester, under the title of "Reliquiæ Baxterianæ," called by Coleridge "an inestimable work." Dr. G. Callaway published an abridgment in 1713. His practical works were published in 1707, and numerous editions have appeared. Orme's edition of his works (1827—30) is in 23 vols. Dr. Barrow says: "Baxter's practical writings were never mended; his controversial, seldom refuted."]

A HEART in heaven is the highest excellency of your spirits here, and the noblest part of your Christian disposition; as there is not only a difference between men and beasts, but also among men between the noble and the base; so there is not only a common excellency, whereby a Christian differs from the world, but also a peculiar nobleness of spirit, whereby the more excellent differ from the rest; and this lies especially in a higher and more heavenly frame of spirit. Only man, of all inferior creatures, is made with a face directed heavenward; but other creatures have their faces to the earth. As the noblest of creatures, so the noblest of Christians are they that are set most direct for heaven.\* As Saul is called a choice and goodly man, higher by the head than all the company; so is he the most choice and goodly Christian whose head and heart is thus the highest.† Men of noble birth and spirits do mind high and great affairs, and not the smaller things of low poverty. Their discourse is of councils and matters of state, of the government, of the

commonwealth, and public things: and not of the country-man's petty employments. Oh! to hear such a heavenly saint, who hath fetched a journey into heaven by faith, and hath been raised up to God in his contemplations, and is newly come down from the views of Christ, what discoveries will he make of those superior regions! What ravishing expressions drop from his lips! How high and sacred is his discourse! Enough to make the ignorant world astonished, and perhaps say, "Much study hath made them mad;"\* and enough to convince an understanding hearer that they have seen the Lord: and to make one say, "No man could speak such words as these except he had been with God." This, this is the noble Christian; as Bucholcer's† hearers concluded, when he had preached his last sermon, being carried between two into the church, because of his weakness, and there most admirably discoursed of the blessedness of souls departed this life, "that Bucholcer did ever excel other preachers, but that day he excelled himself:" so may I conclude of the heavenly Christian, he ever excelleth the rest of men, but when he is nearest heaven he excelleth himself. As those are the most famous mountains that are the highest; and those the fairest trees that are the tallest; and those the most glorious pyramids and buildings whose tops do reach nearest to heaven; so is he the choicest Christian, whose heart is most frequently and most delightfully there. If a man have lived near the king, or have travelled to see the Sultan of Persia, or the great Turk, he will make this a matter of boasting, and thinks himself one step higher than his private neighbours, that live at home. What shall we then judge of him that daily travels as far as heaven, and there hath seen the King of Kings? That hath frequent admittance unto the Divine presence, and feasted his soul upon the tree of life? For my part, I value this man before the ablest, the richest, the most learned in the world.

A heavenly mind is a joyful mind; this is the nearest and the truest way to live a life of comfort.‡ And without this you must needs be uncomfortable. Can a man be at the fire and not be warm; or in the sunshine and not have light? Can your heart be in heaven and not have comfort? The countries of Norway, Iceland, and all the northward, are cold and frozen because they are farther from the power of the sun; but in Egypt, Arabia, and the southern parts it is far otherwise, where they live more near its powerful rays. What could make such frozen, uncomfortable Christians, but living so far as they do from

\* Acts xxvi. 24.

† Abraham, or Bucholtzer, a German divine, born 1529, died June 14, 1584.

‡ Bishop Hall. Soliloquy xiii.

heaven? And what makes some few others so warm in comforts, but their living higher than others do, and their frequent access so near to God? When the sun in the spring draws near our part of the earth, how do all things congratulate its approach! The earth looks green, and casteth off her mourning habit; the trees shoot forth; the plants revive; the pretty birds, how sweetly do they sing! The face of all things smiles upon us, and all the creatures below rejoice. Beloved friends, if we would but try this life with God, and would but keep these hearts above, what a spring of joy would be within us; and all our graces be fresh and green! How would the face of our souls be changed, and all that is within us rejoice! How should we forget our winter sorrows; and withdraw our souls from our sad retirements! How early should we rise (as those birds in the spring) to sing the praise of our great Creator! O Christian, get above: believe it, that region is warmer than this below. Those that have been there, have found it so, and those that have come thence have told us so: and I doubt not but that thou hast sometime tried it thyself. I dare appeal to thy own experience, or to the experience of any soul that knows what the true joys of a Christian are: when is it that you have largest comforts? Is it not after such an exercise as this, when thou hast got up thy heart, and conversed with God, and talked with the inhabitants of the higher world, and viewed the mansions of the saints and angels, and filled thy soul with the fore-thoughts of glory? If thou know by experience what this practice is, I dare say thou knowest what spiritual joy is. David professeth that the light of God's countenance would make his heart more glad than theirs that have corn, and wine, and oil. "Thou shalt fill me full of joy with thy countenance."\* If it be the countenance of God that fills us with joy, then surely they that draw nearest, and most behold it, must needs be fullest of these joys. If you never tried this art, nor lived this life of heavenly contemplation, I never wonder that you walk uncomfortably, that you are all complaining, and live in sorrow, and know not what the joy of the saints means. Can you have comforts from God, and never think of him? Can heaven rejoice you, when you do not remember it? Doth anything in the world glad you, when you think not on it? Must not everything first enter your judgment and consideration before it can delight your heart and affection? If you were possessed of all the treasures of the earth; if you had title to the highest dignities and dominions, and never think on it, surely it would never rejoice you.† Whom should we blame then, that we are so void of consolation, but

\* Psalm iv. 6, 7, and Acts ii. 28, referring to Psalm xvi.

† Burroughs (Sect. xvii.) on Hosea ii. 14.



our own negligent, unskilful hearts? God hath provided us a crown of glory, and promised to set it shortly on our heads, and we will not so much as think of it; he holdeth it out in the Gospel to us, and biddeth us behold and rejoice, and we will not so much as look at it; and yet we complain for want of comfort. What a perverse course is this, both against God and our own joys!—*The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, pt. iv., ch. iii., §§ 4 and 5.

### SUNRISE IN THE FOREST.

[REV. W. GILPIN, 1724—1804.

[WILLIAM GILPIN, born in 1724, after taking orders, conducted a school at Chream, in Surrey. His first publication, a "Life of Bernard Gilpin," was followed by several biographical works. This author is most celebrated for his admirable criticisms on landscape and forest scenery. The first of this series of works, "Observations on the river Wye, and several parts of South Wales, and relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty: made in the summer of the year 1770," was published at London in 1782. A complete series of his picturesque works is published in eleven volumes. He is the author of "An Exposition of the New Testament," published in 1790, and several sermons and lectures. He was presented by a pupil to the living of Boldre, on the borders of the New Forest, where he died April 5, 1804. A memoir, said to be written by the Rev. Richard Warner, appears in a periodical work, entitled "The Omnium Gatherum," published at Bath.]

THE first dawn of day exhibits a beautiful obscurity, when the east begins just to brighten with the reflections only of effulgence; a pleasing, progressive light, dubious and amusing, is thrown over the face of things. A single ray is able to assist the picturesque eye, which, by such slender aid creates a thousand imaginary forms, if the scene be unknown; and as the light steals gradually on, is amused by correcting its vague ideas by the real objects. What in the confusion of twilight perhaps seemed a stretch of rising ground, broken into various parts, becomes now vast masses of wood, and an extent of forest.

As the sun begins to appear above the horizon, another change takes place. What was before only form, being now enlightened, begins to receive effect. This effect depends on two circumstances, the catching lights, which touch the summits of every object; and the mistiness in which the rising orb is commonly enveloped.

The effect is often pleasing, when the sun rises in unsullied brightness, diffusing its ruddy light over the upper parts of objects, which is contrasted by the deeper shadows below: yet the effect is then only transcendent when he rises, accompanied by a train of vapours, in a misty atmosphere. Among lakes and mountains, this happy accompaniment often forms the most astonishing visions: and yet in the

forest it is nearly as great. With what delightful effect do we sometimes see the sun's disc just appear above a woody hill; or in Shakespeare's language,

"Stand tip-toe on the misty mountain top,"

and dart his diverging rays through the rising vapour. The radiance, catching the tops of the trees, as they hang midway upon the shaggy steep; and touching here and there a few other prominent objects, imperceptibly mixes its ruddy tint with the surrounding mists, setting on fire, as it were, their upper parts; while their lower skirts are lost in a dark mass of varied confusion; in which trees, and ground, and radiance, and obscurity are all blended together. When the eye is fortunate enough to catch the glowing instant (for it is always a vanishing scene), it furnishes an idea worth treasuring among the choicest appearances of nature. Mistiness alone, we have observed, occasions a confusion in objects, which is often picturesque; but the glory of the vision depends on the glowing lights which are mingled with it.

Landscape painters, in general, pay too little attention to the discriminations of morning and evening. We are often at a loss to distinguish in pictures the rising from the setting sun; though their characters are very different both in the lights and shadows. The ruddy lights, indeed, of the evening are more easily distinguished; but it is not perhaps always sufficiently observed, that the shadows of the evening are much less opaque than those of the morning. They may be brightened perhaps by the numberless rays floating in the atmosphere, which are incessantly reverberated in every direction; and may continue in action after the sun is set. Whereas in the morning, the rays of the preceding day having subsided, no object receives any light but from the immediate lustre of the sun. Whatever becomes of the theory, the fact, I believe, is well ascertained.—*Remarks on Forest Scenery*, B. ii. § 6.

#### ANASTASIUS AND THE WIZARD.

[HOPE, 1770—1831.

[THOMAS HOPE, descended from a wealthy Amsterdam family, born in 1770, devoted himself to the study of architecture, for which purpose he travelled for several years in different parts of the world. His first publication on "Household Furniture," appeared in 1807, his "Costume of the Ancients" in 1809. His "Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek, written at the close of the Eighteenth Century," published anonymously in 1819, was at first attributed to Lord Byron. His "Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man" appeared in 1831, and his historical essay on the "History of Architecture" in 1837. Both of these works were published posthumously, as their author died Feb. 3, 1831.]

THE Sidi Malek's stationary oracle was a soothsayer of established repute, residing in one of the remotest suburbs of Dgedda, and who seldom condescended to go from home, but waited to be worshipped in his own cave or temple. For the sake of peace, I promised not to neglect the opportunity of being enlightened, and only bargained to find my own way to this celebrated personage, the odour of whose fame I was told extended all the world over. It might be so; for it affected me almost to suffocation on entering his den;—a sanctuary which, to say the truth, smelt more of things below than of the stars above. I groped on, nevertheless, with the most undaunted bravery, till I reached the farthest end of the unsavory abode.

There the wizard sat in all his state. A stuffed crocodile canopied his head; a serpent's skin of large dimensions was spread under his feet, and an old clothes-chest afforded support to the parts between. Potent charms and powerful spells entirely covered the wall. They had their names written over them for the information of the beholder; and hair of unborn Dives,\* heart of maiden vipers, liver of the bird Roc,† fat of dromedary's hunch, and bladders filled with the wind Simoon,‡ were among the least rare and curious. Of the wizard's own features, so little was discernible that I almost doubted whether he had any. An immense pair of spectacles filled up the whole space between his cloak and turban. These spectacles veered incessantly, like a weather-cock, from left to right and from right to left, between a celestial globe robbed of half its constellations by the worms, and a Venice almanack despoiled of half its pages by the wear and tear of fingers. Before the astrologer lay expanded his table of nativities.

Opposite the master shone—but only with a reflected light—his little apprentice, crouched, like a marmoset, on a low stool. The round, sparkling face of this youth—immovably fixed on the face of his principal—seemed to watch all his gestures; and never did he stir from his station, except to hand him his compasses, to turn his globe, or to pick up his spectacles—which, from want of the proper support from underneath, came off every moment. After each of these evolutions, the little imp immediately ran back to his pedestal, and resumed his immovable attitude till the next call for his activity. So complete a silence was maintained all the time on both sides, that one would have sworn every motion of this pantomime must have been preconcerted.

Fearful of disturbing the influence of some planet, or confusing the

\* Celebrated magicians.

† A fabulous bird of prodigious size.

‡ The poisonous wind of the desert.

calculations of some nativity, I myself remained a while silent and motionless at the entrance of the sanctuary; but finding that I might stay there till doomsday if I waited for an invitation to advance, I at last grew impatient, marched up to the wizard, put my mouth to his ear, and roared out as loud as I could, "I suppose I am addressing the learned Schaich Aly?"

Upon this the astrologer gave a start, like one suddenly moved from some profound meditation, turned his head slowly round, as if moving by clock-work, and after first leisurely surveying me several times from head to foot, and again from foot to head, at last said in a snuffling but emphatic tone—drawing every word, in order to make what in itself was not short longer still—"If you mean the celebrated Schaich Abou Salech, Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Dyeddawee Schafeï\* Schaich, of the flowery mosque, and the cream of the astrologers of the age, who holds familiar converse with the stars, and to whom the moon herself imparts all her secrets, I am he!"

"And if you should happen to want the best-beloved of the pupils of this luminary of the world—the young bud of the science of which he is the full-blown pride, the nascent dawn of his meridian splendour," added from his pedestal the worshipful apprentice—"I am he."

"Hail," answered I, "to the full-blown pride of astrology, and hail to its nascent bud! May they be pleased to inform me what I am, whence I come, whither I am going, and whether or not I may hope to recover what I have lately lost?"

"Young man," replied the wizard, "you lump together a heap of questions, each of which singly would take a twelvemonth to answer at length. Besides, it is not in my own person that I disclose such matters. You cannot be ignorant that the voice of prophecy has ceased with the holy one of Mekkah. I am but the humble interpreter of the stars. It is true," added he—lest this exordium should deter me from giving him my custom—"that my vast knowledge of the celestial oracles which glitter in the firmament enables me to understand their language as clearly as my mother tongue; and that I thence know to a tittle all that was, and is, and is to be. I may therefore forthwith, if you please, ascertain from the chance opening of the Holy Book in what way the heavenly bodies choose, on this occasion, to be addressed."

I agreed. The doctor performed his ablutions, and the dawn of his

\* It is customary with men of letters in Arabia to assume a number of surnames borrowed from different circumstances.

meridian splendour shook the dust from off his gown. Thus cleansed—at least externally—he mumbled a prayer or two, and then with great solemnity opened the Koran.

"Child!" said he, after having inspected the page displayed before him, "the admirable and important chapter on which Providence has willed the eye of its servant to fall, treats of the balance Wézn.\* This proves incontestably;—but ere I proceed further, what do you mean to pay me?"

"Two piastres," was my answer; thinking this a liberal remuneration. Not so the wizard. The most grievous of insults could not have put him into a greater rage.

"Two piastres!" exclaimed he; "why, in the quietest of times, and when a man's fortune might almost be told him blindfold, this would scarce have been an aspre each adventure; and now that the world has all turned topsy turvy, that men do not know whether they stand on their heads or their heels; now that women wage war, kings turn philosophers, and high priests stroll about the country; now that the Grand Lama of Tibet takes a turn to Peking, and the Pope of Rome travels post to Vienna—to offer such a fee! Insolent—absurd—preposterous!"

I let the astrologer's passion cool a little first, and then resumed the negotiation. After a good deal of altercation, it ended in Ibn-Mohammed, Ibn-Aly el Schafer, undertaking to reveal my destiny in two days, for the important sum of as many sequins.

At the appointed time I returned, but found not Schaich Aly, as before, in solitary meditation. He stood surrounded by a whole circle of customers, and was abusing one poor fellow so tremendously as to terrify all the rest, and make them tremble lest their own fortunes should fare the worse for the incident. "Wretch!" he cried;—"to apply to me for charms to rid your house of vermin; as if I was in league with vipers and with scorpions! Go to the wandering santons that ply in the cross ways, and presume not again to appear in the presence of one whom the very skies treat with deference."

The frightened peasant retired, and the remainder of the party received the devout and wonderful sentences, which only required being kept carefully sealed up, to procure the bearer every species of bliss.

The levee thus despatched, the wizard turned to me. "I have completed your business," cried he, handing me a dirty scrawl, "but it has been with incredible toil. I cannot conceive what you have

\* In which, according to the Koran, are weighed man's good and evil actions.

done to the stars. At the bare mention of your name they all began to laugh. It has cost me a whole night's labour to bring them to their senses. Instead of two sequins, I ought to have two dozen."

"Not one single aspre," replied I, glancing over the paper, and then throwing it in the wizard's face. "The beginning informs me that I shall certainly die young, provided I do not grow old; and cannot fail to marry, unless I die single; and as to the end, it has not meaning at all."

"It has a great deal of meaning," replied the now infuriated stargazer, grinning like an afrite; "for it means, evil spirit,—demon,—that you certainly will be hanged."

"It then also means," replied I, "that I need not pay a farthing; for, if I am not hanged, you have written a parcel of lies undeserving of a fee; and, if I am equally to swing whether I pay or not, I may as well save my money, and give you a drubbing to boot." So saying, I laid on; and the young bud of science, who tried to protect his master, came in for his share of my bounty. All intercourse with the constellations now being broken off, I walked away, alternately threatened with the justice of the stars, and with that of the Cadee. —*Anastasius, or Memoirs of a Greek*, vol. II. ch. vi.

#### BOSWELL'S INTRODUCTION TO DR. JOHNSON.

[BOSWELL, 1740—1795.

[JAMES BOSWELL, born at Edinburgh, Oct. 29, 1740, was the son of Alexander Boswell, who in 1754 was made a Lord of the Session, and assumed the title of Lord Auchinleck. Having studied law at the universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, he repaired to London in 1760. He contributed some verses to a miscellany that appeared in Edinburgh in 1760, and published a volume of Letters, written by him to the Hon. A. Erskine in 1763. Boswell was introduced to Dr. Johnson in the shop of Mr. Davies, the bookseller, Russell Street, Covent Garden, May 16, 1763. His intimacy with Dr. Johnson was drawn closer by several visits to London, where he settled in 1782. Dr. Johnson died Dec. 13, 1784, and in 1785 Boswell published at Edinburgh his "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides," on which journey he had accompanied Dr. Johnson in 1773—the year of his admission to the Literary Club. In 1790 Boswell contested Ayrshire without success; and his "Life of Johnson" appeared towards the end of that year. His death occurred in London June 19, 1795. His "Life of Johnson," which has gone through a large number of editions, was carefully edited, with notes by J. W. Croker, in 1831. A volume entitled "Letters of James Boswell, addressed to the Rev. W. J. Temple, from the original MS.," appeared in Dec. 1856. Macaulay says, "Boswell's 'Life of Johnson' is one of the best books in the world. It is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets; Shakspeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists; Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers."]

At last on Monday, 16th of May, when I was sitting in Mr. Davies's back parlour, after having drank tea with him and Mrs. Davies, Johnson unexpectedly came into the shop:\* and Mr. Davies having perceived him, through the glass door in the room in which we were sitting, advancing towards us, he announced his awful approach to me somewhat in the manner of an actor in the part of Horatio, when he addresses Hamlet on the appearance of his father's ghost, "Look, my lord, it comes!" I found that I had a very perfect idea of Johnson's figure, from the portrait of him painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds soon after he had published his Dictionary, in the attitude of sitting in his easy-chair in deep meditation; which was the first picture his friend did for him, which Sir Joshua Reynolds kindly presented to me, and from which an engraving has been made for this work. Mr. Davies mentioned my name, and respectfully introduced me to him. I was much agitated; and recollecting his prejudice against the Scotch, of which I had heard much, I said to Davies, "Don't tell where I come from." "From Scotland!" cried Davies, roguishly. "Mr. Johnson," said I, "I do indeed come from Scotland; but I cannot help it." I am willing to flatter myself that I meant this as light pleasantry, to soothe and conciliate him, and not as an humiliating abasement at the expense of my country. But however that might be, this speech was somewhat unlucky; for with that quickness of wit for which he was so remarkable, he seized the expression, "Come from Scotland"—which I used in the sense of being of that country; and, as if I had said that I had come away from it, or left it, retorted, "That, sir, I find, is what a very great many of your countrymen cannot help." This stroke stunned me a good deal; and when we had sat down, I felt myself not a little embarrassed, and apprehensive of what might come next. He then addressed himself to Davies: "What do you think of Garrick? He has refused me an order for the play for Miss Williams, because he knows the house will be full, and that an order would be worth three shillings." Eager to take any opening to get into conversation with him, I ventured to say, "Oh, sir, I cannot think Mr. Garrick would grudge such a trifle to you." "Sir!" said he, with a stern look, "I have known David Garrick longer than you have done, and I know no right you have to talk to me on the subject." Perhaps I deserved this check; for it was rather presumptuous in me, an entire stranger, to express any doubt of the justice of his animadversion upon his old acquaintance and pupil.†

\* Murphy, in his "Essay on the Life and Genius of Dr. Johnson," gives a different account of this interview.

† That this was a momentary sally against Garrick there can be no doubt; for at

I now felt myself much mortified, and began to think that the hope which I had long indulged, of obtaining his acquaintance, was blasted. And, in truth, had not my ardour been uncommonly strong, and my resolution uncommonly persevering, so rough a reception might have deterred me from making any further attempts. Fortunately, however, I remained upon the field not wholly discomfited, and was soon rewarded by hearing some of his conversation, of which I preserved the following short minute, without marking the questions and observations by which it was produced —

"People," he remarked, "may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than other men. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertion."

"In barbarous society, superiority of parts is of real consequence. Great strength, or great wisdom, is of much value to an individual. But in more polished times there are people to do everything for money, and then there are a number of other superiorities—such as those of birth and fortune, and rank, that dissipate men's attentions, and leave no extraordinary share of respect for personal and intellectual superiority. This is wisely ordered by Providence, to preserve some equality among mankind."

"Sir, this book ('The Elements of Criticism' \* which he had taken up), is a pretty essay, and deserves to be held in some estimation, though much of it is chimerical."

Speaking of one,† who, with more than ordinary boldness, attacked public measures and the royal family, he said, "I think he is safe from the law, but he is an abusive scoundrel, and instead of applying to my Lord Chief Justice to punish him, I would send half-a-dozen footmen, and have him well ducked."

"The notion of liberty amuses the people of England, and helps to keep off the *tædium vitæ*. When a butcher tells you that *his heart bleeds for his country*, he has, in fact, no uneasy feeling."

"Sheridan will not succeed at Bath with his oratory. Ridicule has gone down before him, and, I doubt Derrick is his enemy."‡

Johnson's desire he had, some years before, given a benefit night at this theatre to this very person, by which she had got two hundred pounds. Johnson, indeed, upon all other occasions, when I was in his company, praised the very liberal charity of Garrick. I once mentioned to him, "It is observed, sir, that you attack Garrick yourself, but you will suffer nobody else to do it." Johnson (smiling), "Why, sir, that is true."  
—BOSWELL.

\* By Henry Home, Lord Kames, published in 1762.—CROKER.

† Mr. Wilkes, no doubt.—CROKER.

‡ Mr. Sheridan was then reading lectures upon Oratory at Bath, where Derrick was Master of the Ceremonies or as the phrase is, *king*.—BOSWELL.



"Derrick may do very well, as long as he can outrun his character; but the moment his character gets up with him, it is all over."

It is, however, but just to record, that some years afterwards, when I reminded him of this sarcasm, he said, "Well, but Derrick has now got a character that he need not run away from."

I was highly pleased with the extraordinary vigour of his conversation, and regretted that I was drawn away from it by an engagement at another place. I had, for a part of the evening been left alone with him, and had ventured to make an observation now and then, which he received very civilly; so that I was satisfied that, though there was a roughness in his manner, there was no ill-nature in his disposition. Davies followed me to the door, and when I complained to him a little of the hard blows which the great man had given me, he kindly took upon him to console me by saying, "Don't be uneasy. I can see he likes you very well."—*Life of Johnson*, anno 1763.

#### THE RIVER JORDAN.

[DE LAMARTINE, 1790—1869.

[MARIE LOUIS ALPHONSE DE PRAT, who assumed the name of De Lamartine after his maternal uncle, was born at Macon, October 21, 1790, and educated at Milly, and at the College of the Peres de la Foi, Belly. He joined the army in 1814, but left it the following year and turned journalist. His first work, "*Meditations Poétiques*," appeared in 1820, and 45,000 copies are said to have been sold in four years. Having obtained a diplomatic appointment, he was made Secretary of Legation at Florence in 1824. His "*Harmonies Poétiques et Religieuses*" appeared in 1829, in which year he was elected member of the French Academy. Lamartine, who had married Miss Birch, an English lady of fortune, resigned his diplomatic appointment in 1830, and set out on a tour in Greece in May, 1832. During his absence in the East he was elected to the Chamber of Deputies, and spoke for the first time January 4, 1834. His "*Voyage en Orient*" was published in 1835, and, with many other works, has been translated into English. His "*Histoire des Girondins*" appeared in 1847. During the revolution of February, 1848, Lamartine was made a Member of the Provisional Government, and acted as Minister for Foreign Affairs. He soon, however, became unpopular, and, although nominated for the Presidency, obtained only a few votes. Since his retirement from political life Lamartine has produced a succession of historical works. He died 1869.]

THE Jordan winds, as it issues from the lake, gliding into the low and marshy plain of Esdraelon, about fifty paces from the lake; it passes under the ruined arches of a bridge of Roman architecture, foaming a little, and making its first murmur heard. We directed our steps towards it by a rapid and rocky descent. We were eager to salute its waters, hallowed in the recollections of two religions. In a few minutes we were on its banks; we jump from our horses, and bathe our heads, feet, and hands in its stream, fresh, tepid, and blue as the

waters of the Rhone where it leaves the Lake of Geneva. The Jordan at this point, which must be nearly the middle of its course, would not be worthy of the name of a river in a country of larger extent; but it, however, far exceeds the Eurotas and Cephissus, and all those rivers whose fabulous or historical names are early echoed in our memory, and are conceived in a likeness of magnitude, rapidity, and abundance, which the view of reality destroys. The Jordan, even here, is more than a torrent, although at the end of a rainless autumn it gently flows in a bed about a hundred feet broad, as a stream of water two or three feet deep, so clear, limpid, and transparent, that the pebbles in its bed can be told; and of that ravishing colour which returns the full depth of tint of an Asiatic sky—more blue even than the sky, like a picture more beautiful than the reality, like a mirror which embellishes what it reflects. Twenty or thirty paces from its waters, the strand, which it leaves at present dry, is scattered with loose stones, rushes, and tufts of laurel roses yet in flower. This strand is five or six feet below the level of the plain, and marks the dimensions of the river in the ordinary season of fullness. These dimensions, in my opinion, must be a depth of eight or ten feet, and a breadth of a hundred or hundred and twenty. It is narrower both above and below in the plain, but there it is more confined and deep, the spot at which we contemplated it being one of the four fords which the river has in its course. I drank, in the hollow of my hand, of the water of Jordan, of the water which so many divine poets had drunk before me, of that water which flowed over the innocent head of the voluntary Victim! I found it perfectly fresh, of an agreeable taste, and of great clearness. The custom which we contract in eastern journeys of drinking nothing but water, and of drinking it repeatedly, renders the palate an excellent judge of the qualities of a new stream. The water of the Jordan failed only in one quality—coolness. It was warm, and though my lips and hands were inflamed by a march of eleven hours without shade, under a scorching sun, my lips and forehead experienced a sensation of heat on touching the water of this river.

Like all the travellers who come through so many fatigues, routes, and dangers, to visit in its abandonment this once royal stream, I filled several bottles with its waters to carry to friends less fortunate than myself, and I crammed the barrels of my pistols with pebbles which I gathered on its shores. Might I not thus bear with me the holy and prophetic inspiration with which of old it invested the bards of its sacred precincts, and especially a small portion of that sanctity, and of that purity of spirit and heart, it contracted doubtless when laving the purest and holiest of the children of men! I then mounted on horseback, and went round some of those ruined piles, which bore the

bridge or aqueduct of which I spoke above. I saw nothing but the inferior masonry of all the Roman constructions of that period—neither marble, sculpture, nor inscription; no arch was yet subsisting, but ten pillars were standing, and we distinguished the foundations of four or five others, with a space of about ten feet for each arch; which agrees pretty well with the breadth of 120 feet, which, at an eye's view, I believe the Jordan would have.

But what I say here of the dimensions of the Jordan is only intended to satisfy the curiosity of persons who are anxious to have just and exact measures of the very creations of their thoughts, and not to lend arms to the enemies or champions of the Christian faith—arms despicable on both sides. What matters it whether the Jordan be a torrent or a river?—whether Judea be a heap of barren rocks or a delicious garden?—whether this mountain be but a hill, and this kingdom be but a province? The men who rage and fight upon such questions are as insane as those who think they upset a creed of two thousand years when they laboriously strive to give the lie to the bible, and an objection to the prophecies! Would one not believe, on seeing these grand combats on a word ill understood, or wrongly interpreted by both sides, that religions are geometrical problems, which are proved by figures, or destroyed by an argument, and that generations of believers or infidels are quite ready to await the end of the discussion, and immediately to pass over to the side of the best logician, and of the most erudite and ingenious antiquary? Profitless disputes, which neither pervert nor convert! Religions are not proved, are not demonstrated, are not established, are not overthrown, by logic! They are, of all the mysteries of nature and the human mind, the most mysterious and the most inexplicable; they are of instinct, and not of reason! Like the winds which blow from the east and from the west, of which no one knows the cause or the point of departure, they blow God alone knows whence, God alone knows wherefore, God alone knows for how many ages, and over what countries of the globe! They are, because they are; they are not taken up or laid down at will, on the word of such or such a tongue; they are parcel of the heart, even more than of the understanding of men.—*Travels in the East, including a Journey in the Holy Land*, vol. i.

#### THE LARGE DOSE OF OPIUM.

[DE QUINCEY, 1786—1859.

[THOMAS DE QUINCEY, second son of a wealthy merchant, born in Manchester, August 15, 1786, was educated at the grammar-school at Bath, and at the university of Oxford. In 1808 he joined the well-known circle at the Lakes, where he remained

till 1819. After residing in London and different parts of England, he settled at Lasswade, near Edinburgh, in 1843, and died at Edinburgh, December 8, 1859. At Oxford De Quincey contracted the habit from which he received the name of "the English opium-eater." His "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater," containing an account of his early history, appeared in the "London Magazine," and was re-published in 1822; and "The Logic of Political Economy" was published at Edinburgh in 1844. His other writings, which consisted of contributions to various periodicals, were first collected, and republished in America. An English edition, entitled "Selections, Grave and Gay," with a preface by the author, appeared at Edinburgh, in fourteen volumes, 1853—61.]

ONE day a Malay knocked at my door. What business a Malay could have to transact amongst the recesses of English mountains, it is not my business to conjecture; but possibly he was on his road to a seaport—viz., Whitehaven, Workington, &c., about forty miles distant.

The servant who opened the door to him was a young girl, born and bred amongst the mountains, who had never seen an Asiatic dress of any sort; his turban, therefore, confounded her not a little: and, as it turned out that his knowledge of English was exactly commensurate with *hers* of Malay, there seemed to be an impassable gulf fixed between all communication of ideas, if either party had happened to possess any. In this dilemma the girl, recollecting the reputed learning of her master, (and, doubtless, giving me credit for a knowledge of all the languages of the earth, besides, perhaps, a few of the lunar ones,) came, and gave me to understand that there was a sort of demon below, whom she clearly imagined that my art could exorcise from the house. The group which presented itself, arranged as it was by accident, though not very elaborate, took hold of my fancy and my eye more powerfully than any of the statuesque attitudes or groups exhibited in the ballets at the opera house, though so ostentatiously complex. In a cottage kitchen, but not looking so much like that as a rustic hall of entrance, being panelled on the wall with dark wood that from age and rubbing resembled oak, stood the Malay, his turban and loose trousers of dingy white relieved upon the dark panelling. He had placed himself nearer to the girl than she seemed to relish, though her native spirit of mountain intrepidity contended with the feeling of simple awe, which her countenance expressed as she gazed upon the tiger-cat before her. A more striking picture there could not be imagined than the beautiful English face of the girl,\* and its exquisite

\* Wordsworth, in a small pastoral poem, speaks of her when about six years old:—

"'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite,  
A child of beauty rare!"

bloom, together with her erect and independent attitude, contrasted with the sallow and bilious skin of the Malay, veneered with mahogany tints by climate and marine air, his small, fierce, restless eyes, thin lips, slavish gestures and adorations. Half hidden by the ferocious-looking Malay, was a little child from a neighbouring cottage, who had crept in after him, and was now in the act of reverting its head and gazing upwards at the turban and the fiery eyes beneath it, whilst with one hand he caught at the dress of the lovely girl for protection.

My knowledge of the Oriental tongues is not remarkably extensive, being, indeed, confined to two words—the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish for opium (*madjoon*), which I have learnt from “Anastasius;” \* and as I had neither a Malay dictionary, nor even Adelung’s “Mithridates,” which might have helped me to a few words, I addressed him in some lines from the “Iliad,” considering that, of such languages as I possessed, the Greek, in point of longitude, came geographically nearest to an oriental one. He worshipped me in a devout manner, and replied in what I suppose to have been Malay. In this way I saved my reputation as a linguist with my neighbours, for the Malay had no means of betraying the secret. He lay down upon the floor for about an hour, and then pursued his journey. On his departure I presented him, *inter alia*, with a piece of opium. To him, as a native of the East, I could have no doubt that opium was not less familiar than his daily bread; and the expression of his face convinced me that it was. Nevertheless, I was struck with some little consternation when I saw him suddenly raise his hand to his mouth, and bolt the whole, divided into three pieces, at one mouthful. The quantity was enough to kill some half dozen dragoons, together with their horses, supposing neither bipeds nor quadrupeds to be regularly trained opium-eaters. I felt some alarm for the poor creature; but what could be done? I had given him the opium in pure compassion for his solitary life, since, if he had travelled on foot from London, it must be nearly three weeks since he could have exchanged a thought with any human being. Ought I to have violated the laws of hospitality by having him seized and drenched with an emetic, thus frightening him into a notion that we were going to sacrifice him to some English idol? No; there was clearly no help for it. The mischief, if any, was done. He took his leave, and for some days I felt anxious; but, as I never heard of any Malay, or of any man in a turban being found dead on any part of the very slenderly peopled road between Grasmere and Whitehaven, I became satisfied that he was familiar

\* A novel, by Thomas Hope. See pp. 135—139.

with opium, and that I must doubtless have done him the service I designed, by giving him one night of respite from the pains of wandering.—*Confessions of an English Opium-Eater.*

#### ADAM AND EVE IN EDEN.

[MILTON, 1608—1674.

[JOHN MILTON, born in Bread Street, London, Dec. 9, 1608, was educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge. In 1637 he left England for Italy, and returned in 1639. In 1641, his first political treatise, "Of Reformation," appeared, and for many years Milton took a very prominent part in public affairs. He was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State, and he became totally blind in 1654. Milton, who was three times married, died Nov. 8, 1674. Though he wrote numerous prose works, it is by his poetry that he is best known. "The Masque of Comus" was first published in 1637, and "Lycidas" in 1638. "Paradise Lost," for which the author received five pounds, appeared in 1667. It consisted only of ten books. In the second edition, published in 1674, it was divided into twelve books. The "Paradise Regained," in four books, and "Samson Agonistes," appeared in 1671. Various editions of his prose and poetical works have appeared, and they have been translated into most modern languages. Numerous translations of Milton have been published the best known are by I. Bland in

1858, and by J. N. Morris in 1862. The first volume of Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" contains a biography of Milton. The following was written by Dryden

"UNDER MR. MILTON'S PICTURE, BEFORE HIS 'PARADISE LOST.'"

"Three poets in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed;  
The next in majesty; in both the last.  
The force of nature could no further go;  
To make a third, she joined the former two."]

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray  
Had in her sober livery all things clad,  
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,  
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests  
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;  
She all night long her amorous descant sung;  
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led  
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon  
Rising in clouded majesty, at length  
Apparent queen unveiled her peerless light,  
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve:—"Fair consort! the hour  
Of night, and all things now retired to rest

Mind us of like repose, since God hath set  
Labour and rest, as day and night to men  
Successive, and the timely dew of sleep  
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight inclines  
Our eyelids other creatures all day long  
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;  
Man hath his daily work of body or mind  
Appointed, which declares his dignity,  
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways,  
While other animals unactive range,  
And of their doings God takes no account  
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east  
With first approach of light, we must be risen,  
And at our pleasant labour, to reform  
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,  
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,  
That mock our scant manuring, and require  
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth  
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,  
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,  
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease,  
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty adorned  
"My author and disposer, what thou bidd'st  
Unargued I obey, so God ordains —  
God is thy law, thou, mine to know no more  
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.  
With thee conversing, I forget all time,  
All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds, pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew, fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers, and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild, then silent night  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train —  
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun  
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew, nor fragrance after showers;  
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,

With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet.  
 But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom  
 This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?"

To whom our general ancestor replied:—  
 "Daughter of God and man, accomplished Eve,  
 These have their course to finish round the earth,  
 By morrow evening, and from land to land  
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,  
 Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;  
 Lest total darkness should by night regain  
 Her old possession, and extinguish life  
 In nature and in all things, which these soft fires  
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat  
 Of various influence foment and warm,  
 Temper or nourish, or in part shed down  
 Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow  
 On earth, made hereby apter to receive  
 Perfection from the sun's more potent rays.  
 These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,  
 Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,  
 That heaven would want spectators, God want praise:  
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
 Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:  
 All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
 Both day and night: how often from the steep  
 Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
 Celestial voices to the midnight air,  
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
 Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands  
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk  
 With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds  
 In full harmonic number joined, their songs  
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven."

*Paradise Lost*, Book iv.

### THE KNOWLEDGE OF TRUTH.

[à KEMPIS, 1380—1471.

[THOMAS à KEMPIS, or Von Kempen, born at Kempen, near Cologne, in 1380, was educated at Deventer, and entered the Augustinian monastery of Agnetenberg, near Zwoll, of which his brother John was Prior, in 1400. He took the vows in 1406, entered into priest's orders in 1413, and passed his whole life in the monastery.



where he died July 25, 1471. "The Imitation of Jesus Christ," though attributed to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris, and to John Gerson, abbot of a monastery at Vercelli, is now generally believed to have been written by a Kempis. The first Latin edition appeared at Augsburg about 1471; the first French translation in 1488; the first English edition, consisting of three books only, translated by Dr. R. Atkinson, was published by W. De Worde in 1502; the fourth book (translated by Margaret, mother to Henry VII.) appeared in 1504. The work has been translated by various hands. Thomas a Kempis compiled a Chronicle of the monastery and some other works. A "Life of Kempis," by Brewer, appeared in 1636; another, by Charles Butler, in 1814. Several biographies have been written. Fontenelle says of his book, "It is the finest work that hath proceeded from the pen of man, the Gospel being of divine origin." Hallam (*Lit. Hist.*, p. i. ch. i. § 63), remarks: "The book itself is said to have gone through 1800 editions, and has probably been more read than any other work after the Scriptures." Milman (*Lat. Christianity*, b. xiv. ch. 3), says: "No book has been so often reprinted, no book has been so often translated, or into so many languages. \* \* \* The style is ecclesiastical Latin, but the perfection of ecclesiastical Latin—brief, pregnant, picturesque; expressing profound thoughts in the fewest words, and those words, if compared with the scholastics, of purer Latin sound or construction. The facility with which it passed into all other languages, those especially of Roman descent, bears witness to its perspicuity, vivacity, and energy.]"

HAPPY the man whom Truth teacheth, not by obscure figures and transient sounds, but by showing herself to be such as she really is. The perceptions of our senses are narrow and dull, and our reasoning on those perceptions frequently misleads us. To what purpose are our disputations on hidden and obscure subjects, for our ignorance of which we shall not be brought into judgment at the latter day? How extravagant the folly to neglect the study of the "one thing needful," and wholly devote our time and faculties to that which is not only vainly curious, but sinful, and dangerous as the state of "those that have eyes, and see not!"\*

And what have redeemed souls to do with the distinctions and subtleties of logic? He whom the Eternal Word condescendeth to teach, is disengaged at once from the labyrinth of human opinions. For of "One Word are all things;"† and all things, without voice or language, speak Him alone. He is that divine principle which speaketh in our hearts, and without which, there can be neither just apprehension, nor right judgment. Now he to whom all things are but this One, who comprehendeth all things in His Will, and beholdeth all things in His light, hath "his heart fixed," and "abideth in peace of God."

"O, God! who art the Truth,"‡ make me one with Thee in everlasting love! I am often weary of reading, and of hearing many things.

\* Psalm cxv. 5.

† John i. 3.

‡ John xiv. 6.

In Thee alone, is the sum of all my desires. Let all teachers be silent ; let the whole creation be dumb before Thee ; and do Thou only speak unto my soul !

The more any one is united to God in himself, and advanced in singleness and simplicity of heart, the more readily will he comprehend numerous and loftier things without the effort of study ; because he receives the light of understanding from above. A spirit pure, simple, and constant, is not, like Martha, distracted and troubled "about many things ;" because, inwardly at rest, it seeketh not its own glory in what it does, but "doth all to the glory of God : " for there is no other cause of perplexity and disquiet, but an unsubdued will and unmortified affections. A holy and spiritual man, by reducing these to the rule and standard of his own mind, becomes the master of all his outward acts ; he does not suffer himself to be led by them to the indulgence of any inordinate affections that terminate in self, but subjects them to the unalterable judgment of an inspired and sanctified spirit.

Who hath a harder conflict to endure, than he who labours to subdue himself ? But in this we must be continually engaged, if we would be more strengthened in the INNER MAN, and make real progress towards perfection. Indeed, the highest perfection we can attain to in the present state, is alloyed with much imperfection ; and our best knowledge is obscured by the shades of ignorance. "We see thro' a glass darkly." An humble knowledge of thyself, therefore, is a more certain way of leading thee to God, than the most profound investigations of science. Science, however, or a proper knowledge of the things that belong to the present life, is so far from being blameable in itself, that it is good, and ordained of God ; but purity of conscience, and holiness of life, must ever be preferred before it. And because men are more solicitous to learn much, than to live well, they fall into error, and receive little or no benefit from their studies. O, that the same diligence were exerted to eradicate vice, and implant virtue, as are applied to the discussion of unprofitable questions, and the "vain strife of words !"—so much daring wickedness would not be found among the common ranks of men, nor so much licentiousness disgrace those who live in monasteries. Assuredly, in the approaching day of judgment, it will not be inquired of us what we have read, but what we have done ; not how eloquently we have spoken, but how holily we have lived.

Tell me, where are now those learned DOCTORS and PROFESSORS, who, while the honours of literature were blooming around them, you so well knew and so highly revered ? Their benefices are possessed by others, who scarcely nave them in remembrance. While living they

seemed to be something ; but dead, the tongue is utterly silent about them. O how suddenly passeth away the glory of this world ! Had these men been as solicitous to be holy, as they were to be learned, their studies might have been blessed with that honour which cannot be sullied, and with that happiness which cannot be interrupted. How many perish in this life through a love of false science, and by a neglect of God's service ! And because they choose to be counted great, rather than humble, they are consumed, as it were, in their vain imaginations.\*

He is truly great who has a great charity ; he is truly great who is small in his own account ; and who considers the height of worldly honours as nothing. He is truly wise, who "counts all earthly things but as dung, that he may win Christ ;"† and he is truly learned, who abandons his own will, and does the will of God.—*Of the Imitation of Christ*, Book 1. ch. iii.

#### OF HEROIC VIRTUE.

[SIR W. TEMPLE, 1628—1699.

[WILLIAM TEMPLE, eldest son of Sir John Temple, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, was born in London in 1628, and educated at Bishop-Stortford and Emanuel College, Cambridge, where he did not remain long enough to take his degree. Having travelled on the Continent, he spent some years in Ireland, and was elected member for the county of Carlow. His first diplomatic appointment was a secret mission in 1665 to the Bishop of Munster, and he was afterwards resident at the vice-regal court of Spain at Brussels. He received a baronetcy in 1666, negotiated the Triple Alliance, concluded January 23, 1668, was appointed ambassador at Aix, and afterwards at the Hague. Dismissed in 1671, he retired to Sheen, where he wrote several works. "Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands" was published in 1672, "Miscellanea, consisting of Ten Essays on Various Subjects" in 1680—90, and "Memoirs of what passed in Christendom from 1672 to 1679" in 1693. He was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the Hague in 1677, and at Nimeguen in 1678, and drew up the plan of a council adopted, with modifications, by Charles II. Sir William Temple refused office from William III., and died January 27, 1699. His life, by Abel Roger, appeared in 1715, another, by Lady Giffard, in 1731, and another, by T. P. Courtenay, in 1836. Dr. Johnson says:—"Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded." And Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 7) says:—"His style, to which we should particularly refer, will be found, in comparison with his contemporaries, highly polished, and sustained with more equability than they preserve, remote from anything either pedantic or humble. The periods are studiously rhythmical, yet they want the variety and peculiar charm that we admire in those of Dryden."

\* Romans 1. 21.

† Phil. iii. 8.

AMONG all the endowments of nature, or improvements of art, wherein men have excelled and distinguished themselves most in the world, there are two only that have had the honour of being called divine, and of giving that esteem or appellation to such as possessed them in very eminent degrees, which are heroic virtue and poetry; for prophecy cannot be esteemed any excellency of nature or of art, but, wherever it is true, is an immediate gift of God, and bestowed according to His pleasure, and upon subjects of the meanest capacity—upon women and children, or even things inanimate—as the stones placed in the high priest's breast-plate, which were a sacred oracle among the Jews.

I will leave poetry to an essay by itself, and dedicate this only to that antiquated shrine of heroic virtue, which, however forgotten or unknown in latter ages, must yet be allowed to have produced in the world the advantages most valued among men, and which most distinguished their understandings and their lives from the rest of their fellow-creatures.

Though it be easier to describe heroic virtue by the effects and examples than by causes or definitions, yet it may be said to arise from some great and native excellency of temper or genius transcending the common race of mankind in wisdom, goodness, and fortitude. These ingredients, advantaged by birth, improved by education, and assisted by fortune, seem to make that noble composition which gives such a lustre to those who have possessed it, as made them appear to common eyes something more than mortals, and to have been born of some mixture between divine and human race; to have been honoured and obeyed in their lives, and after their deaths bewailed and adored.

The greatness of their wisdom appeared in the excellency of their inventions; and these, by the goodness of their nature, were turned and exercised upon such subjects as were of general good to mankind in the common uses of life, or to their own countries in the institution of such laws, orders, or governments, as were of most ease, safety, and advantage to civil society. Their valour was employed in defending their own countries from the violence of ill men at home or enemies abroad; in reducing their barbarous neighbours to the same forms and orders of civil lines and institutions; or in relieving others from the cruelties and oppressions of tyranny and violence.

Those are all comprehended in three verses of Virgil, describing the blessed seats in Elysium, and those that enjoyed them:—

“Here, such as for their country wounds received,  
Or who by arts invented life improved,  
Or by deserving, made themselves remembered.”

And, indeed, the character of heroic virtue seems to be, in short, the

deserving well of mankind. Where this is chief in design, and great in success, the pretence to a hero lies very fair, and can never be allowed without it.

I have said that this excellency of genius must be native, because it can never grow to any great height if it be only acquired or affected; but it must be ennobled by birth to give it more lustre, esteem, and authority; it must be cultivated by education and instruction, to improve its growth, and direct its end and application; and it must be assisted by fortune to preserve it to maturity, because the noblest spirit or genius in the world, if it fails—though never so bravely—in its first enterprises, cannot deserve enough of mankind to pretend to so great a reward as the esteem of heroic virtue. And yet, perhaps, many a person has died in the first battle or adventure he achieved, and lies buried in silence and oblivion, who, had he outlived as many dangers as Alexander did, might have shined as bright in honours and fame. Now, since so many stars go to the making up of this constellation, it is no wonder it has so seldom appeared in the world; nor that, when it does, it is received and followed with so much gazing, and so much veneration.—*Essays: Of Heroic Virtue.*

#### A SCENE AT HALLORAN CASTLE.

[MISS EDGEWORTH, 1767—1849.]

[MARIA EDGEWORTH, the daughter of R. L. Edgeworth, was born at Hare Hatch, near Reading, January 1, 1767. In 1782 her father removed, with his family, to his paternal estate at Edgeworth Town, in Ireland, where he devoted himself to the education of his daughter, who afterwards assisted him in his literary labours. Their first joint production, a series of "Essays on Practical Education," appeared in 1798. The "Essay on Irish Bulls" was published in 1803. Miss Edgeworth's first novel, "Castle Rackrent," was published in 1801. This was followed by various series of Popular Tales, Moral Tales, and Tales of Fashionable Life, as well as educational works. Lord Macaulay believes that Miss Edgeworth in "The Absentee," and Miss Austen in "Mansfield Park," surpassed the founder of the modern school of female novelists. Miss Edgeworth died May 21, 1849.]

ONE morning Lady Dashfort had formed an ingenious scheme for leaving Lady Isabel and Lord Colambre *tête-à-tête*; but the sudden entrance of Heathcock disconcerted her intentions. He came to beg Lady Dashfort's interest with Count O'Halloran for permission to hunt and shoot on his grounds next season.—"Not for myself, 'pon honour, but for two officers who are quartered at the next town here, who will indubitably hang or drown themselves if they are debarred from sporting."

"Who is this Count O'Halloran?" said Lord Colambre.

Miss White, Lady Killpatrick's companion, said "he was a great

oddity;" Lady Dashfort "that he was singular;" and the clergyman of the parish, who was at breakfast, declared "that he was a man of uncommon knowledge, merit, and politeness."

"All I know of him," said Heathcock, "is that he is a great sportsman, with a large queue, a gold-laced hat, and long skirts to a laced waistcoat."

Lord Colambre expressed a wish to see this extraordinary personage; and Lady Dashfort, to cover her former design, and, perhaps, thinking absence might be as effectual as too much propinquity, immediately offered to call upon the officers in their way, and carry them with Heathcock and Lord Colambre to Halloran Castle.

Lady Isabel retired with much mortification, but with becoming grace; and Major Benson and Captain Williamson were taken to the Count's. Major Benson, who was a famous *whip*, took his seat on the box of the barouche; and the rest of the party had the pleasure of her ladyship's conversation for three or four miles: of her ladyship's conversation—for Lord Colambre's thoughts were far distant, Captain Williamson had not anything to say, and Heathcock nothing but "Eh! re'lly now! 'pon honour!"

They arrived at Halloran Castle—a fine old building, part of it in ruins, and part repaired with great judgment and taste. When the carriage stopped a respectable-looking man-servant appeared on the steps at the open hall door.

Count O'Halloran was out fishing, but his servant said that he would be at home immediately if Lady Dashfort and the gentlemen would be pleased to walk in.

On one side of the lofty and spacious hall stood the skeleton of an elk; on the other side the perfect skeleton of a moose deer, which as the servant said, his master had made out with great care, from the different bones of many of this curious species of deer, found in the lakes in the neighbourhood. The leash of officers witnessed their wonder with sundry strange oaths and exclamations. "Eh! 'pon honour—re'lly now!" said Heathcock; and, too genteel to wonder at or admire anything in the creation, dragged out his watch with some difficulty, saying, "I wonder now whether they are likely to think of giving us anything to eat in this place?" And, turning his back upon the moose deer, he straight walked out again upon the steps, called to his groom, and began to make some inquiry about his led horse. Lord Colambre surveyed the prodigious skeletons with rational curiosity, and with that sense of awe and admiration by which a superior mind is always struck on beholding any of the great works of Providence.

"Come, my dear lord!" said Lady Dashfort; "with our sublime

sensations, we are keeping my old friend, Mr. Ulick Brady, this venerable person, waiting to show us into the reception room."

The servant bowed respectfully—more respectfully than servants of modern date.

"My lady, the reception-room has been lately painted—the smell of paint may be disagreeable—with your leave, I will take the liberty of showing you into my master's study."

He opened the door, went in before her, and stood holding up his finger, as if making a signal of silence to some one within. Her ladyship entered, and found herself in the midst of an odd assembly: an eagle, a goat, a dog, an otter, several gold and silver fish in a glass globe, and a white mouse in a cage. The eagle, quick of eye but quiet of demeanour, was perched upon his stand; the otter lay under the table perfectly harmless; the Angora goat, a beautiful and remarkably little creature of its kind, with long, curling, silky hair, was walking about the room with the air of a beauty and a favourite; the dog, a tall Irish greyhound—one of the few of that fine race which is now almost extinct—had been given to Count O'Halloran by an Irish nobleman, a relation of Lady Dashfort's. This dog, who had formerly known her ladyship, looked at her with ears erect, recognised her, and went to meet her the moment she entered. The servant answered for the peaceable behaviour of all the rest of the company of animals, and retired. Lady Dashfort began to feed the eagle from a silver plate on his stand; Lord Colambre examined the inscription on his collar; the other men stood in amaze. Heathcock, who came in last, astonished out of his constant "Eh! re'lly now!" the moment he put himself in at the door, exclaimed "Zounds! what's all this live lumber?" and he stumbled over the goat, who was at that moment crossing the way. The Colonel's spur caught in the goat's curly beard; the Colonel shook his foot, and entangled the spur worse and worse; the goat struggled and butted; the Colonel skated forward on the polished oak floor, balancing himself with outstretched arms.

The indignant eagle screamed, and passing by perched on Heathcock's shoulders. Too well bred to have recourse to the terrors of his beak, he scrupled not to scream, and flap his wings about the Colonel's ears. Lady Dashfort, the while, threw herself back in her chair laughing, and begging Heathcock's pardon. "Oh, take care of the dog, my dear Colonel!" cried she; "for this kind of dog seizes his enemy by the back, and shakes him to death." The officers, holding their sides, laughed and begged—no pardon; while Lord Colambre, the only person who was not absolutely incapacitated, tried to disentangle the spur, and to liberate the Colonel from the goat, and the goat from the Colonel; an attempt in which he at last succeeded.

at the expense of a considerable portion of the goat's beard. The eagle, however, still kept his place, and, yet mindful of the wrongs of his insulted friend the goat, had stretched his wings to give another buffet. Count O'Halloran entered, and the bird, quitting his prey, flew down to greet his master. The Count was a fine old military-looking gentleman, fresh from fishing, his fishing accoutrements hanging carelessly about him, he advanced, unembarrassed, to Lady Dashfort, and received his other guests with a mixture of military ease and gentlemanlike dignity.

Without adverting to the awkward and ridiculous situation in which he had found poor Heathcock, he apologized in general for his troublesome favourites "For one of them," said he, patting the head of the dog, which lay quiet at Lady Dashfort's feet, "I see I have no need to apologize, he is where he ought to be. Poor fellow! he has never lost his taste for the good company to which he was early accustomed. As to the rest," said he, turning to Lady Dashfort, "a mouse, a bird, and a fish, are, you know, tribute from earth, air, and water, to a conqueror——"

"But from no barbarous Scythian!" said Lord Colambre, smiling. The Count looked at Lord Colambre as at a person worthy his attention, but his first care was to keep the peace between his loving subjects and his foreign visitors. It was difficult to dislodge the old settlers to make room for the new comers, but he adjusted these things with admirable facility, and, with a master's hand and master's eye, compelled each favourite to retreat into the back settlements. With becoming attention he stroked and kept quiet old Victory, his eagle, who eyed Colonel Heathcock still, as if he did not like him, and whom the Colonel eyed as if he wished his neck fairly wrung off. The little goat had nestled himself close up to his liberator, Lord Colambre, and lay perfectly quiet, with his eyes closed, going very wisely to sleep, and submitting philosophically to the loss of one half of his beard — *The Absentee*, ch. viii.

#### CHARACTER OF PUBLIUS SCIPIO

[MOMMSEN, 1817.

[THEODOR MOMMSEN, son of a Lutheran minister, born at Garding, in Schleswig, in 1817, was educated at Altona and the University of Kiel, in which he took his degree in 1843. Having spent three years in investigating Roman inscriptions in France and Italy, he published treatises on these subjects in various scientific periodicals. He was editor of a Schleswig-Holstein newspaper in 1848, and soon after obtained a professorship at Berlin, but the appointment was cancelled in 1850 on account of his extreme political views. He obtained a similar appointment at



Zurich, and has published several archaeological and historical works. His principal work, "The History of Rome," translated into English, with the author's sanction, and additions by the Rev. W. P. Dickson, appeared in 1862-3.]

THE senate, which formed a correct judgment as to the importance and the peculiar character of the Spanish war, and had learned from the Uticensis brought in as prisoners by the Roman fleet the great exertions which were making in Carthage to send Hasdrubal and Masinissa with a numerous army over the Pyrenees, resolved to dispatch to Spain new reinforcements, and an extraordinary general of higher rank, the nomination of whom they deemed it expedient to leave to the people. For long (so runs the story) nobody announced himself as a candidate for the perilous and complicated office; but at last a young officer of twenty-seven, Publius Scipio (son of the general of the same name who had fallen in Spain), who had held the offices of military tribune and ædile, came forward to solicit it. It is incredible that the Roman senate should have left to accident an election of such importance in an assembly which it had itself suggested, and equally incredible that ambition and patriotism should have so died out in Rome that no tried officer presented himself for the important post. If, on the other hand, the eyes of the senate turned to the young, talented, and experienced officer, who had brilliantly distinguished himself in the hotly contested days on the Trebia and at Cannæ, but who still had not the rank requisite for his coming forward as the successor of men who had been prætors and consuls, it was very natural to adopt this course, which as it were in courtesy, constrained the people to admit the only candidate, notwithstanding his defective qualification, and which could not but bring both him and the Spanish expedition, that was doubtless very unpopular, into favour with the multitude. If such was the object of this ostensibly unpremeditated candidature, it was perfectly successful. The son, who went to avenge the death of a father whose life he had saved nine years before at the Trebia, the young man of manly beauty and long locks, who with modest blushes offered himself in the absence of a better for the post of danger, the mere military tribune, whom the votes of the centuries now raised at once to the roll of the highest magistracies—all these circumstances made a wonderful and indelible impression on the citizens and farmers of Rome. And in truth Publius Scipio was one who was himself enthusiastic, and who inspired enthusiasm. He was not one of the few who by their energy and iron will constrain the world to adopt and to move in new paths for centuries, or who grasp the reins of destiny for years till its wheels roll over them. Publius Scipio gained battles and conquered countries under the instructions of the senate; with the aid of his military laurels, he took also a

prominent position in Rome as a statesman; but a wide interval separates such a man from an Alexander or a Cæsar. As an officer, he rendered at least no greater service to his country than Marcus Marcellus; and as a politician, although not perhaps himself fully conscious of the unpatriotic and personal character of his policy, he injured his country at least as much as he benefited it by his military skill. Yet a special charm lingers around the form of that graceful hero; it is surrounded, as with a dazzling halo, by the atmosphere of serene and confident inspiration, in which Scipio with mingled credulity and adroitness always moved, with quite enough of enthusiasm to warm men's hearts, and enough of calculation to follow in every case the dictates of intelligence, while not leaving out of account the vulgar: not naive enough to share the belief of the multitude in his divine inspirations, nor straightforward enough to set it aside, and yet in secret thoroughly persuaded that he was a man specially favoured of the gods—in a word, a genuine prophetic nature; raised above the people, and not less aloof from them; a man steadfast to his word and kingly in his bearing, who thought that he would humble himself by adopting the ordinary title of a king, but could never understand how the constitution of the Republic should in his case be binding; so confident in his own greatness that he knew nothing of envy or of hatred, courteously acknowledged other men's merits, and compassionately forgave other men's faults; an excellent officer and a refined diplomatist, without presenting the offensive special stamp of either calling, uniting Hellenic culture with the fullest national feeling of a Roman, an accomplished speaker, and of graceful manners—Publius Scipio won the hearts of soldiers and of women, of his countrymen and of the Spaniards, of his rivals in the senate and of his greater Carthaginian antagonist. Soon his name was on every one's lips, and his was the star which seemed destined to bring victory and peace to his country.—*The History of Rome*, B. iii. ch. vi.

#### DISCOVERY OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

[HELPS, 1817—1875.

**ARTHUR HELPS**, born in 1817, and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, held several official appointments, and was made Clerk of the Privy Council in 1859. His first work, "Essays written in the Intervals of Business," published anonymously, appeared in 1841. The first series of "Friends in Council" was published in May, 1847, and the second series in July, 1849. "Companions of my Solitude" appeared in 1851, and the "Spanish Conquest of America" in 1855. Mr. Helps was the author of several other works. Died 1875.

**VASCO NUNEZ** resolved, therefore, to be the discoverer of that sea,  
(1.) M

and of those rich lands to which Comogre's son had pointed, when, after rebuking the Spaniards for their "brabbling"\* about the division of the gold, he turned his face towards the south. In the peril which so closely impended over Vasco Nunez, there was no use in waiting for reinforcements from Spain: when those reinforcements should come, his dismissal would come too. Accordingly, early in September, 1513, he set out on his renowned expedition for finding "the other sea," accompanied by a hundred and ninety men well armed, and by dogs, which were of more avail than men, and by Indian slaves to carry the burthens.

Following Poncha's guide, Vasco Nunez and his men commenced the ascent of the mountains, until he entered the country of an Indian chief called Quarequa, whom they found fully prepared to resist them. The brave Indian advanced at the head of his troops, intending to make a vigorous attack; but they could not withstand the discharge of the fire-arms. Indeed, they believed the Spaniards to have thunder and lightning in their hands—not an unreasonable fancy—and, flying in the utmost terror from the place of battle, a total rout ensued. The rout was a bloody one, and is described by an author, who gained his information from those who were present at it, as a scene to remind one of the shambles. The king and his principal men were slain, to the number of six hundred. Speaking of these people, Peter Martyr makes mention of the sweetness of their language, saying that all the words in it might be written in Latin letters, as was also to be remarked in that of the inhabitants of Hispaniola. This writer also mentions, and there is reason for thinking that he was correctly informed, that there was a region, not two days' journey from Quarequa's territory, in which Vasco Nunez found a race of black men, who were conjectured to have come from Africa, and to have been shipwrecked on this coast. Leaving several of his men who were ill, or over-weary, in Quarequa's chief town, and taking with him guides from this country, the Spanish commander pursued his way up the most lofty sierras there, until, on the 25th of September, 1513, he came near to the top of a mountain, from whence the South Sea was visible. The distance from Poncha's chief town to this point was forty leagues, reckoned then six days' journey, but Vasco Nunez and his men took twenty-five days to accomplish it, as they suffered much from the roughness of the ways and from the want of provisions.

A little before Vasco Nunez reached the height, Quarequa's Indians informed him of his near approach to the sea. It was a sight in

\* i.e., quarrelling.

beholding which for the first time any man would wish to be alone. Vasco Nunez bade his men sit down while he ascended, and then, in solitude, looked down upon the vast Pacific—the first man of the Old World, so far as we know, who had done so. Falling on his knees, he gave thanks to God for the favour shown to him, in his being permitted to discover the sea of the South. Then with his hand he beckoned to his men to come up. When they had come, both he and they knelt down, and poured forth their thanks to God. He then addressed them in these words “You see here, gentlemen and children mine, how our desires are being accomplished, and the end of our labours. Of that we ought to be certain; for, as it has turned out true, what King Comogre's son told of this sea to us, who never thought to see it, so I hold for certain that what he told us of there being incomparable treasures in it will be fulfilled. God and his blessed mother, who have assisted us, so that we should arrive here and behold this sea, will favour us, that we may enjoy all that there is in it.”

Afterwards, they all devoutly sang the “Te Deum Laudamus;” and a list was drawn up, by a notary, of those who were present at this discovery, which was made upon St Martin's day.

Every great and original action has a prospective greatness—not alone from the thought of the man who achieves it, but from the various aspects and high thoughts which the same action will continue to present and call up in the minds of others to the end, it may be, of all time. And so a remarkable event may go on acquiring more and more significance. In this case, our knowledge that the Pacific, which Vasco Nunez then beheld, occupies more than one half of the earth's surface, is an element of thought which in our minds lightens up and gives an awe to this first gaze of his upon those mighty waters. To him the scene might not at that moment have suggested much more than it would have done to a mere conqueror; indeed Peter Martyr likens Vasco Nunez to Hannibal showing Italy to his soldiers.

Having thus addressed his men, Vasco Nunez proceeded to take formal possession, on behalf of the kings of Castille, of the sea, and of all that was in it, and, in order to make memorials of the event, he cut down trees, formed crosses, and heaped up stones. He also inscribed the names of the monarchs of Castille upon great trees in the vicinity.—*The Spanish Conquest in America, and its Relation to the History of Slavery and to the Government of Colonies*, vol. i. Book vi ch. i.

## DIFFERENT MINDS.

[EMERSON, 1803.]

[RALPH WALDO EMERSON, son of a Unitarian Minister at Boston, was born in 1803, graduated at Harvard College in 1821, and was ordained Minister of the second Unitarian Church at Boston. He published "Literary Ethics, an Oration," in 1838, and "Nature, an Essay," in 1839. The first series of his essays appeared in 1841, and the second series in 1844. He visited England in 1825 and in 1849, and on the latter occasion delivered a series of lectures on "Representative Men," which have since been published both in England and America. His "English Traits" appeared in 1856, and "The Conduct of Life" in 1860. Mr. Emerson published a volume of poems in 1846, and has contributed largely to American periodicals. Many of his works have been republished in England.]

IN every man's mind some images, words, and facts remain, without effort on his part to imprint them, which others forget, and afterwards these illustrate to him important laws. All our progress is an unfolding, like the vegetable bud. You have first an instinct, then an opinion, then a knowledge, as the plant has root, bud, and fruit. Trust the instinct to the end, though you can render no reason. It is vain to hurry it. By trusting it to the end it shall ripen into truth, and you shall know why you believe.

Each mind has its own method! A true man never acquires after college rules. What you have aggregated in a natural manner surprises and delights when it is produced. For we cannot oversee each other's secret! And hence the differences between men in natural endowment are insignificant in comparison with their common wealth. Do you think the porter and the cook have no anecdotes, no experiences, no wonder for you? Everybody knows as much as the servants. The walls of rude minds are scrawled all over with facts, with thoughts. They shall one day bring a lantern and read the inscriptions. Every man, in the degree in which he has wit and culture, finds his curiosity inflamed concerning the modes of living and thinking of other men, and especially those classess whose minds have not been subdued by the drill of school education.

This instinctive action never ceases in a healthy mind, but becomes richer and more frequent in its information through all states of culture. At last comes the æra of reflection, when we not only observe, but take pains to observe; when we of set purpose sit down to consider an abstract truth; when we keep the mind's eye open, whilst we converse, whilst we read, whilst we act, intent to learn the secret law of some class of facts.

What is the hardest task in the world? To think. I would put myself in the attitude to look in the eye an abstract truth, and I cannot. I blench and withdraw on this side and on that. I seem to know what he meant, who said, "No man can see God face to face and live."

For example, a man explores the basis of civil government. Let him intend his mind without respite, without rest, in one direction. His best heed long time avails him nothing. Yet thoughts are flitting before him. We all but apprehend, we dimly forebode the truth. We say, I will walk abroad, and the truth will take form and clearness to me. We go forth, but cannot find it. It seems as if we needed only the stillness and composed attitude of the library, to seize the thought. But we come in, and are as far from it as at first. Then, in a moment, and unannounced, the truth appears. A certain wandering light appears, and is the distinction, the principle we wanted. But the oracle comes, because we had previously laid siege to the shrine. It seems as if the law of the intellect resembles that law of nature by which we now inspire, now expire, the breath by which the heart now draws in, then hurls out the blood—the law of undulation. So now you must labour with your brains, and now you must forbear your activity, and see what the great soul showeth.—*Twelve Essays*. No. xi.

#### THE CHARACTER OF ABSALOM.\*

[DRYDEN, 1631—1701.

[JOHN DRYDEN, born at Aldwinkle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631, was descended from Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in that county, and was educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. At an early age he wrote several small poems. His first dramatic effort, "The Wild Gallant," appeared in 1663. In 1670 he was appointed poet laureate, which office was, on account of his being a Roman Catholic, transferred to Thomas Shadwell in 1689. Dryden was a most prolific writer. The productions by which he is best known are the "Essay on Dramatic Poesy," published in 1668, the satire of "Absalom and Achitophel," in 1681, "The Hind and the Panther," in 1687, his translation of Virgil, which appeared in 1697, and his Fables in 1699. The well known "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day" was included in the last mentioned volume. Dryden died in Gerard Street, London, May 1, 1701, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His works were published in four volumes in 1695, and in eighteen volumes in 1808. The latter, with notes and Life of Dryden by Sir Walter Scott, was republished in 1821. A "Life of Dryden" was prefixed to Samuel Derrick's edition of his Miscellaneous Works, in 1760, and one by Mitford to the Aldine edition of his Poetical Works, published in 1832. Dr. Johnson in his "Lives of the Poets" remarks—"Of Dryden's works it was said by Pope that 'he could select from them better specimens of every mode of poetry than any other English writer could supply.' Perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion, of our metre, the refine-

\* Intended for the Duke of Monmouth.

ment of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments. By him we were taught *sapere et fieri*, to think naturally and express forcibly. Though Davis has reasoned in rhyme before him, it may be perhaps maintained that he was the first who joined argument with poetry. He showed us the true bounds of a translator's liberty. What was said of Rome, adorned by Augustus, may be applied by an easy metaphor to English poetry embellished by Dryden, *lateritiam inuenit, marmoream reliquit*. 'He found it brick, and left it marble.'"]

ACHITOPHEL still wants a chief, and none  
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.  
Not that he wished his greatness to create,  
For politicians neither love nor hate  
But, for he knew his title not allowed,  
Would keep him still depending on the crowd.  
That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might be  
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy  
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,  
And sheds his venom in such words as these.  
Auspicious prince, at whose nativity  
Some royal planet ruled the southern sky,  
Thy longing country's darling and desire,  
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire  
Their second Moses, whose extended wand  
Divides the seas, and shows the promised land;  
Whose dawning day in every distant age  
Has exercised the sacred prophet's rage  
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,  
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!  
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,  
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless  
Swift unspoken pomps thy steps proclaim,  
And stammering babes are taught to hush thy name,  
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,  
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign!  
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,  
Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise,  
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,  
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight!  
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be,  
Or gathered ripe, or eat upon the tree.  
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,  
Some lucky revolution of their fate  
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill,  
(For human good depends on human will),

Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,  
And from the first impression takes the bent  
But, if unseized, she glides away like wind,  
And leaves repenting folly far behind.  
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,  
And spreads her locks before her as she flies  
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,  
Not dared when fortune called him to be king,  
At Gath an exile he might still remain,  
And Heaven's anointing oil had been in vain  
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,  
But shun the example of declining age  
Behold him setting in his western skies,  
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise  
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand  
The joyful people thronged to see him land,  
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand,  
But like the Prince of Angels, from his height  
Comes tumbling downward with diminished light  
Betrayed by one poor plot to public scorn  
(Our only blessing since his cursed return)  
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,  
Blown off and scattered by a puff of wind  
What strength can he to your designs oppose,  
Naked of friends and round beset with foes?  
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,  
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews  
Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring,  
Foment the war, but not support the king  
Nor would the royal party ever unite  
With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite,  
Or, if they should, their interest soon would break  
And with such odious aid make David weak.  
All sorts of men by my successful arts,  
Abhorring kings, estrange their altered hearts  
From David's rule and 'tis their general cry,  
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.  
If you, as champion of the public good,  
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,  
What may not Israel hope, and what applause  
Might such a general gain by such a cause?  
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower  
Fair only to the sight, but solid power :



And nobler is a limited command,  
 Given by the love of all your native land,  
 Than a successive title, long and dark,  
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

*Absalom and Achitophel*, pt. i.

#### ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

[TILLOTSON, 1630—1694.

[JOHN TILLOTSON, the son of a clothier, born at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, in 1630, was educated at Clare Hall, Cambridge, and obtained a fellowship in 1651. He was ordained in 1660, and appointed preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and lecturer at St. Laurence's Church, Jewry, in 1664. From this time his rise was rapid, having been appointed prebendary of Canterbury in 1669, dean in 1672, prebendary of St. Paul's in 1675, and canon residentiary of St. Paul's in 1677; clerk of the closet to William III. in April, 1689, dean of St. Paul's in 1690, and archbishop of Canterbury in April, 1691. Tillotson, who married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, and step-daughter of Bishop Wilkins, died November 22, 1694. The first volume of his Sermons, many of which were published separately, appeared in 1671, the second in 1678, the third in 1682, the fourth in 1694, and the remaining ten volumes were brought out after his death. "The Rule of Faith," a reply to Sergeant's "Sure Footing in Christianity," &c., appeared in 1666. Several editions of his collected works have been published. An account of his life appeared in 1717, and another, by T. Birch, was prefixed to a folio edition of his works published in 1752. Hallam (Lit. Hist., part iv. chap. 2) remarks:—"The sermons of Tillotson were for half a century more read than any in our language. They are now bought almost as waste paper, and hardly read at all. Such is the fickleness of religious taste, as abundantly numerous instances would prove."]

PHILOSOPHY hath given us several plausible rules for the attaining of peace and tranquillity of mind, but they fall very much short of bringing men to it. The very best of them fail us upon the greatest occasions. But the Christian religion hath effectually done all that which philosophy pretended to and aimed at. The precepts and promises of the Holy Scriptures are every way sufficient for our comfort, and for our instruction in righteousness, to correct all the errors, and to bear us up under all the evils and adversities of human life; especially that holy and heavenly doctrine which is contained in the admirable sermons of our Saviour, whose excellent discourses when we read, what philosopher do we not despise? None of the philosophers could, upon sure grounds, give that encouragement to their scholars which our Saviour does to his disciples:—"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

This is the advantage of the Christian religion sincerely believed and

practised, that it gives perfect rest and tranquillity to the mind of man ; it frees us from the guilt of an evil conscience, and from the power of our lusts, and from the slavish fear of death and of the vengeance of another world. It builds our comfort upon a rock, which will abide all storms, and remain unshaken in every condition, will last and hold out for ever. "He that heareth these sayings of mine and doeth them, (saith our Lord,) I will liken him to a wise man who built his house upon a rock."

In short, religion makes the life of man a wise design, regular and constant to itself, because it unites all our resolutions and actions in one great end ; whereas without religion, the life of man is a wild, and fluttering, and inconstant thing, without any certain scope and design. The vicious man lives at random, and acts by chance ; for he that walks by no rule can carry on no settled and steady design. It would pity a man's heart to see how hard such men are put to it for diversion, and what a burden time is to them ; and how solicitous they are to devise ways not to spend it but to squander it away ; for their great grievance is consideration, and to be obliged to be intent upon anything that is serious. They hurry from one vanity and folly to another ; and plunge themselves into drink, not to quench their thirst, but their guilt ; and are beholden to every vain man, and to every trifling occasion that can but help to take time off their hands. Wretched and inconsiderate men !—who have so vast a work before them, the happiness of all eternity to take care of and provide for, and yet are at a loss how to employ their time : so that irreligion and vice makes life an extravagant and unnatural thing, because it perverts and overthrows the natural course and order of things. For instance, according to nature men labour to get an estate, to free themselves from temptations to rapine and injury ; and that they may have wherewithal to supply their own wants, and to relieve the needs of others. But now the covetous man heaps up riches, not to enjoy them, but to have them ; and starves himself in the midst of plenty, and most unnaturally cheats and robs himself of that which is his own ; and makes a hard shift to be as poor and miserable with a great estate as any man can be without it. According to the design of nature, men should eat and drink that they may live ; but the voluptuous man only lives that he may eat and drink. Nature, in all sensual enjoyments, designs pleasure, which may certainly be had within the limits of virtue : but vice rashly pursues pleasure into the enemies' quarters, and never stops till the sinner be surrounded, and seized upon by pain and torment.

So that, take away God and religion, and men live to no purpose—without proposing any worthy and considerable end of life to themselves. Whereas the fear of God, and the care of our immortal souls,

fixeth us upon one great design, to which our whole life, and all the actions of it, are ultimately referred. "When we acknowledge God," says Lactantius, "as the author of our being, as our sovereign, and our judge, our end and our happiness is then fixed;" and we can have but one reasonable design, and that is, by endeavouring to please God, to gain his favour and protection in this world, and to arrive at the blissful enjoyment of Him in the other, "In whose presence is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore."—*Sermons on several Subjects and Occasions*. Sermon 28—Joshua xxiv. 15—*Objections against the True Religion Answered*.

### OF OBSCURITY.

[COWLEY, 1618—1667.]

[ABRAHAM COWLEY, the son of a grocer, born in London in 1618, was educated at Westminster, and Trinity College, Cambridge. His first volume of poems, entitled "Poetic Blossoms," published in 1633, contained "The Tragical History of Pyramus and Thisbe," said to have been written when he was only ten years old. Ejected from Cambridge on account of his royalist opinions in 1643, he settled in St. John's College, Oxford. Cowley, who was employed by the royal family, accompanied the Queen to Paris in 1646. He returned in 1656, when he published an edition of his poems, and took the degree of M.D. in Dec. 1657, but did not practise. In 1665 he retired to Chertsey, where he died July 28, 1667, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, near Chaucer and Spenser. A monument was erected to his memory by the Duke of Buckingham in 1675. An edition of his works, with a "Life of Cowley," by Bishop Sprat, was published in 1688. Dr. Johnson (*Lives of Poets*) says: "Cowley, Milton, and Pope might be said to 'lisp in numbers,' and have given such early proofs, not only of powers of language, but of comprehension of things, as to more tardy minds seems scarcely credible." And in another part of his memoir, Dr. Johnson remarks: "He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence." Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him; and Milton is said to have declared that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley. With respect to his prose, Dr. Johnson says: "His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation." Hallam (*Lit. Hist.*, pt. iv. ch. 7), remarks: "His few essays may even be reckoned among the earliest models of good writing."]

WHAT a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying, or being envied; from receiving or paying all kinds of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields of Carthage; Venus herself

A veil of thickened air around them cast,  
That none might know, or see them, as they passed.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, "This is that Demosthenes," is wonderful ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any), but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him, and Epicurus lived there very well—that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus after whose death, making in one of his letters a kind of commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of, and yet, within a very few years afterwards, there were never two names of men more known, or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctors, and the hangman, more than the Lord Chief Justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, "This is that Bucephalus," \* or, "This is that Incitatus," † when they were led prancing through the streets, as "This is that Alexander," or "This is that Domitian," and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue, not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and, like that of St. Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides, but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives. What it is to him after his death, I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back

\* The name of one of Alexander's horses. † The name of one of Domitian's horses.

to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit); this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this "muta persona," I take to have been more happy in his part than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise—nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked with his last breath whether he had not played his farce very well.—*Several Discourses, by way of Essays, in Verse and Prose*, Book iii.

#### THE BARBER OF BAGDAD.

[MORIER, 1780—1849.]

[JAMES MORIER, born in 1780, published an account of a tour in the East, entitled "A Journey through Persia, Armenia, and Asia Minor to Constantinople in 1808-9," in 1812. Appointed Secretary to Sir Gore Ouseley, Bart., the British Ambassador to Persia in 1810, he published "A Second Journey through Persia to Constantinople between the years 1810-6," &c., in 1818. His first work of fiction, "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan," published in 1824, was followed by "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan in England" in 1828. Morier, who wrote some other novels, amongst which "Zohrab, the Hostage," published in 1832, and "Ayesha, the Maid of Kars," published in 1834, are the best known, died at Brighton March 30, 1849.]

IN the reign of the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, of happy memory, lived in the city of Bagdad a celebrated barber, of the name of Ali Sakal. He was so famous for a steady hand, and dexterity in his profession, that he could shave a head, and trim a beard and whiskers, with his eyes blind-folded, without once drawing blood. There was not a man of any fashion at Bagdad who did not employ him; and such a run of business had he, that at length he became proud and insolent, and would scarcely ever touch a head whose master was not at least a *Beg* or an *Aga*. Wood for fuel was always scarce and dear at Bagdad; and, as his shop consumed a great deal, the wood-cutters brought their loads to him in preference, almost sure of meeting with a ready sale. It happened one day, that a poor wood-cutter, new in his profession, and ignorant of the character of Ali Sakal, went to his shop, and offered him for sale a load of wood, which he had just brought from a considerable distance in the country, on his ass. Ali immediately offered him a price, making use of these words, "*For all the wood that was upon the ass.*" The wood-cutter agreed, unloaded

his beast, and asked for the money. "You have not given me all the wood yet," said the barber; "I must have the pack-saddle (which is chiefly made of wood) into the bargain: that was our agreement." "How!" said the other, in great amazement; "who ever heard of such a bargain? It is impossible." In short, after many words and much altercation, the overbearing barber seized the pack-saddle, wood and all, and sent away the poor peasant in great distress. He immediately ran to the *cadi*, and stated his griefs: the *cadi* was one of the barber's customers, and refused to hear the case. The wood-cutter went to a higher judge; he also patronized Ali Sakal, and made light of the complaint. The poor man then appealed to the mufti himself; who, having pondered over the question, at length settled, that it was too difficult a case for him to decide, no provision being made for it in the Koran; and therefore he must put up with his loss. The wood-cutter was not disheartened; but forthwith got a scribe to write a petition to the caliph himself, which he duly presented on Friday, the day when he went in state to the mosque. The caliph's punctuality in reading petitions is well-known, and it was not long before the wood-cutter was called to his presence. When he had approached the caliph, he kneeled and kissed the ground; and then placing his arms straight before him, his hands covered with the sleeves of his cloak, and his feet close together, he awaited the decision of his case. "Friend," said the caliph, "the barber has words on his side—you have equity on yours. The law must be defined by words, and agreements must be made by words: the former must have its course, or it is nothing; and agreements must be kept, or there would be no faith between man and man; therefore the barber must keep all his wood; but——" Then calling the wood-cutter close to him, the caliph whispered something in his ear, which none but he could hear, and then sent him away quite satisfied.

Here then I made a pause in my narrative, and said (whilst I extended a small tin cup which I held in my hand), "Now, my noble audience, if you will give me something, I will tell you what the caliph said to the wood-cutter." I had excited great curiosity, and there was scarcely one of my hearers who did not give me a piece of money.

"Well then," said I, "the caliph whispered to the wood-cutter what he was to do, in order to get satisfaction from the barber, and what that was I will now relate. The wood-cutter having made his obeisances, returned to his ass, which was tied without, took it by the halter, and proceeded to his home. A few days after, he applied to the barber, as if nothing had happened between them, requesting that he, and a companion of his from the country, might enjoy the dexterity

of his hand; and the price at which both operations were to be performed was settled. When the wood-cutter's crown had been properly shorn, Ali Sakal asked where his companion was. "He is just standing without here," said the other, "and he shall come in presently." Accordingly he went out, and returned, leading his ass after him by the halter. "This is my companion," said he, "and you must shave him." "Shave him!" exclaimed the barber, in the greatest surprise, "it is enough that I have consented to demean myself by touching you, and do you insult me by asking me to do as much to your ass? Away with you, or I'll send you both to *Jehanum*," and forthwith drove them out of his shop.

The wood-cutter immediately went to the caliph, was admitted to his presence, and related his case. "'Tis well," said the commander of the faithful "bring Ali Sakal and his razors to me this instant," he exclaimed to one of his officers, and in the course of ten minutes the barber stood before him. "Why do you refuse to shave this man's companion?" said the caliph to the barber, "was not that your agreement?" Ali, kissing the ground, answered, "'Tis true, O caliph, that such was our agreement, but who ever made a companion of an ass before? or who ever before thought of treating it like a true believer?" "You may say right," said the caliph, "but, at the same time, who ever thought of insisting upon a pack-saddle being included in a load of wood? No, no, it is the wood-cutter's turn now. To the ass immediately, or you know the consequences." The barber was then obliged to prepare a great quantity of soap, to lather the beast from head to foot, and to shave him in the presence of the caliph, and of the whole court, whilst he was jeered and mocked by the taunts and laughing of all the bystanders. The poor wood-cutter was then dismissed with an appropriate present of money, and all Bagdad resounded with the story, and celebrated the justice of the commander of the faithful.—*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan*, vol. 1. ch. xiii.

### THE CHARACTER OF WALLENSTEIN.

[SCHILLER, 1759—1805.

[FRIEDRICH SCHILLER, born at Marbach, on the banks of the Neckar, November 10, 1759, was enrolled as a student of law at Stuttgart in 1773. This profession he exchanged for that of medicine in 1775, and took his degree in 1780. His mind was, however, directed to literature, and he published "The Robbers" in 1781. The drama was produced with great success at Mannheim in 1782. He wrote numerous dramas and poems, and was appointed Professor of History at Jena in 1789, where he composed "The History of the Thirty Years' War." The tragedy of "Wallenstein" was published in 1799; "Maria Stuart" appeared in 1800, and "William

Tell" in 1804. A collected edition of his prose and poetical works, translated into English, appeared in the Standard Library of Mr. Bohn, who remarks in the preface "Schiller undoubtedly ranks as the greatest genius of Germany. Equally celebrated as a poet, philosopher, and historian, he essayed every species of literary composition, and excelled in all. His works bear the unequivocal impress of a master mind" He died May 9, 1805, at Weimar, to which place he had retired on quitting Jena in 1799. His life, by Thomas Carlyle, appeared in 1825, and Palleske's Memoir, translated by Lady Wallace, in 1859.]

THUS did Wallenstein,\* at the age of fifty, terminate his active and extraordinary life. To ambition he owed both his greatness and his ruin, with all his failings, he possessed great and admirable qualities, and, had he kept himself within due bounds, he would have lived and died without an equal. The virtues of the ruler and the hero, prudence, justice, firmness, and courage, are strikingly prominent features in his character, but he wanted the gentler virtues of the man, which adorn the hero, and make the ruler beloved. Terror was the talisman with which he worked, extreme in his punishments as in his rewards, he knew how to keep alive the zeal of his followers, while no general of ancient or modern times could boast of being obeyed with equal alacrity. Submission to his will was more prized by him than bravery, for, if the soldiers work by the latter, it is on the former that the general depends. He continually kept up the obedience of his troops by capricious orders, and profusely rewarded the readiness to obey even in trifles, because he looked rather to the act itself than its object. He once issued a decree, with the penalty of death on disobedience, that none but red sashes should be worn in the army. A captain of horse no sooner heard the order, than pulling off his gold-embroidered sash, he trampled it under foot, Wallenstein, on being informed of the circumstance, promoted him on the spot to the rank of colonel. His comprehensive glance was always directed to the whole, and in all his apparent caprice, he steadily kept in view some general scope or bearing. The robberies committed by the soldiers in a friendly country, had led to the severest orders against marauders; and all who should be caught thieving were threatened with the halter. Wallenstein himself having met a straggler in the open country upon the field, commanded him to be seized without trial, as a transgressor of the law, and in his usual voice of thunder, exclaimed, "Hang the

\* Albrecht Wensel Eusebius, Duke of Mecklenburg and Count of Waldstein, commonly called Wallenstein, was put to death at the Castle of Eger, February 25, 1634, by a band of soldiers, ordered by the Emperor Ferdinand II. to take him dead or alive. This great general, who distinguished himself against Gustavus Adolphus during the Thirty Years' War, fell a victim to the treachery of Piccolomini and others, who represented to the Emperor that he had conspired against him.



fellow," against which no opposition ever availed. The soldier pleaded and proved his innocence, but the irrevocable sentence had gone forth. "Hang then innocent," cried the inexorable Wallenstein, "the guilty will have then more reason to tremble." Preparations were already making to execute the sentence, when the soldier, who gave himself up for lost, formed the desperate resolution of not dying without revenge. He fell furiously upon his judge, but was overpowered by numbers, and disarmed before he could fulfil his design. "Now let him go," said the Duke, "it will excite sufficient terror."

His munificence was supported by an immense income, which was estimated at three millions of florins yearly, without reckoning the enormous sums which he raised under the name of contributions. His liberality and clearness of understanding raised him above the religious prejudices of his age: and the Jesuits never forgave him for having seen through their system, and for regarding the Pope as nothing more than a Bishop of Rome.

But as no one ever yet came to a fortunate end who quarrelled with the church, Wallenstein also must augment the number of its victims. Through the intrigues of the monks he lost, at Ratisbon, the command of the army, and at Egra his life; by the same arts, perhaps, he lost what was of more consequence, his honourable name and good repute with posterity.

For in justice it must be admitted that the pens which have traced the history of this extraordinary man are not untinged with partiality, and that the treachery of the Duke, and his designs upon the throne of Bohemia, rest not so much upon proven facts as upon probable conjecture. No documents have yet been brought to light which disclose with historical certainty the secret motives of his conduct; and among all his public and well-attested actions there is, perhaps, not one which could not have had an innocent end. Many of his most obnoxious measures proved nothing but the earnest wish he entertained for peace; most of the others are explained and justified by the well-founded distrust he entertained of the Emperor, and the excusable wish of maintaining his own importance. It is true, that his conduct towards the Elector of Bavaria, and the dictates of an implacable spirit, look too like an unworthy revenge; but still, none of his actions perhaps warrant us in holding his treason proved. If necessity and despair at last forced him to deserve the sentence which had been pronounced against him while innocent, still this, if true, will not justify that sentence. Thus Wallenstein fell, not because he was a rebel, but he became a rebel because he fell. Unfortunate in life, that he made a victorious party his enemy, and still more unfortunate in death, that the same party survived him and wrote his history.—*History of the Thirty Years' War*, Book iv.

## THE PYRAMIDS.

[BELZONI, 1778—1823.]

[GIOVANNI BATTISTA BELZONI, the son of a barber, was born at Padua in 1778, and educated at Rome for the priesthood. Showing little inclination for the sacred calling, he quitted Rome in 1800, and visited other parts of Europe, arriving in England in 1803. In this country, where he took a wife and resided some years, he obtained a livelihood by exhibiting feats of strength at the theatres. He repaired to Egypt in 1815 for the purpose of constructing an hydraulic machine for Mehemet Ali, but was compelled to abandon the work on account of the opposition of the people. At the suggestion of Mr. Burckhardt, Mr. Salt employed Belzoni to remove the colossal bust then recently discovered at Thebes. This task he accomplished, and, under the auspices of Mr. Salt, he made a second journey into Egypt and Nubia in 1817, and discovered some important ruins at Carnac. Belzoni quitted Egypt in 1819, having explored in various directions, and, on his arrival in England in 1820, published a narrative of his discoveries. He opened an exhibition of his Egyptian antiquities in London in 1821, and set off for Africa in 1823, intending to proceed to Timbuctoo, but fell a victim to dysentery at Gato, in Benin, December 3, 1823.]

So much has been already said about the pyramids, that very little is left to observe respecting them. Their great appearance of antiquity certainly leads us to suppose, that they must have been constructed at an earlier period than any other edifices to be seen in Egypt. It is somewhat singular that Homer does not mention them; but this is no proof that they did not exist in his time: on the contrary, it may be supposed they were so generally known that he thought it useless to speak of them. It appears that in the time of Herodotus, as little was known of the second pyramid as before the late opening,\* with this exception, that in his time the second pyramid was nearly in the state in which it was left when closed by the builders, who must have covered the entrance with the coating so that it might not be perceived. But at the time I was fortunate enough to find my way into it, the entrance was concealed by the rubbish of the coating, which must have been nearly perfect at the time of Herodotus: notwithstanding this, we were as much in the dark in this present age as he was in his. We know, however, now, that it has been opened by some of the rulers or chiefs of Egypt—a fact that affords no small satisfaction to the inquirer on the subject of these monuments. Some persons, who would rather let this circumstance remain in obscurity, regretted that I should have found the inscription on the wall, which proved it to have been opened at so late a period as very little more than a thousand years ago; but I beg them to recollect that the present opening has

\* Belzoni, in 1817, succeeded in opening the Pyramid of Cephren. With the Chevalier Friaani, he explored the interior, and discovered the sarcophagus in the great chamber.

not only made known this very interesting circumstance, but has thrown much light on the manner in which these enormous masses were erected, as well as explained the purposes for which they were made.

The circumstance of having chambers and a sarcophagus (which undoubtedly contained the remains of some great personage), so uniform with those in the other pyramid, I think leaves very little question but that they were erected as sepulchres, and I really wonder that any doubt has ever existed, considering what could be learned from the first pyramid, which has been so long open. This contains a spacious chamber with a sarcophagus, the passages are of such dimensions as to admit nothing larger than the sarcophagus, they had been closely shut up by large blocks of granite from within, evidently to prevent the removal of that relic. Ancient authors are pretty well agreed in asserting that these monuments were erected to contain the remains of two brothers, Cheops and Cephren, kings of Egypt. They are surrounded by other smaller pyramids, intermixed with mausoleums on burial grounds. Many mummy-pits have been continually found there, yet with all these proofs, it has been asserted that they were erected for many other purposes than the true one, and nearly as absurd as that they served for granaries.

Some consider them as built for astronomical purposes, but there is nothing in their construction to favour this supposition. Others maintain that they were meant for the performance of holy ceremonies by the Egyptian priests. Anything, in short, for the sake of contradiction, or to have something new to say, finds its advocate. If the ancient authors had advanced that they were erected for treasures, the moderns would have agreed perhaps more in conformity with the truth, that they were made for sepulchres, and they would not have failed to see plainly these circumstances, which clearly prove the facts, and which are not noticed as they ought to be. I will agree with others thus far, that the Egyptians, in erecting these enormous masses, did not fail to make their sides due north and south, and consequently, as they are square, due east and west. Their inclination, too, is such as to give light to the north side at the time of the solstice. But even all this does not prove in the least that they were erected for astronomical purposes, though it is to be observed that the Egyptians connected astronomy with their religious ceremonies, as we found various zodiacs not only among the temples, but in their tombs also.—*Narrative of the Operations and Recent Researches in Egypt and Nubia. Second Journey.*

## A LOVER'S HEART SERVED UP AS A DISH.

[HOWELL, 1594—1666.

[JAMES HOWELL, born near Brecknock about 1594, was educated at Jesus College Oxford. He was appointed manager of a patent glass manufactory in London, and travelled on the continent from 1619 to 1621, in which year he was elected a fellow of Jesus College. He became secretary to Lord Scrope in 1626, secretary to an extraordinary embassy to Denmark in 1632, and having filled various appointments, obtained the clerkship of the Council at Whitehall in 1640. Howell, sent to the Fleet in 1643, was liberated soon after the execution of Charles I., and at the Restoration was appointed historiographer royal. He died Nov. 1666, and was buried in the Temple Church. Howell was a prolific writer. His best known works are "Dendrologia, Dodona's Grove, or the Vocal Forest," a poem published in 1640, and the "Epistolæ Ho-Elizianæ Familiar Letters, Domestic and Foreign, &c." of which the first volume appeared in 1645, and the second in 1655.]

BEING\* lately in France, and returning in a coach from Paris to Rouen, I lighted upon the society of a knowing gentleman, who related to me a choice story, which, peradventure, you may make some use of in your way.

Some hundred and odd years since, there was in France one Captain Coucy, a gallant gentleman of an ancient extraction, and keeper of Coucy Castle, which is yet standing, and in good repair. He fell in love with a young gentlewoman, and courted her for his wife. There was reciprocal love between them, but her parents understanding of it, by way of prevention, they shuffled up a forced match 'twixt her and one Monsieur Fayel, who was a great heir. Captain Coucy hereupon quitted France in discontent, and went to the wars in Hungary against the Turks, where he received a mortal wound, not far from Buda. Being carried to his lodgings, he languished some days, but a little before his death he spoke to an ancient servant of his, that he had many proofs of his fidelity and truth, but now he had a great business to entrust him with, which he conjured him by all means to do, which was, that after his death he should get his body to be opened, and then to take his heart out of his breast, and put it in an earthen pot to be baked to powder, then to put the powder into a handsome box, with that bracelet of hair he had worn long about his wrist, which was a lock of Mademoiselle Fayel's hair, and put it among the powder, together with a little note he had written with his own blood to her, and after he had given him the rites of burial, to make all the speed he could to France, and deliver the said box to Mademoiselle Fayel. The old servant did as

\* This letter, addressed to Ben Jonson, is dated Westminster, May 3, 1635.

his master had commanded him, and so went to France, and coming one day to Mons. Fayel's house, he suddenly met him with one of his servants, and examined him, because he knew he was Captain Coucy's servant; and, finding him timorous and faltering in his speech, he searched him and found the said box in his pocket, with the note which expressed what was therein he dismissed the bearer with menaces that he should come no more near his house. Mons. Fayel going in, sent for his cook, and delivered him the powder, charging him to make a little well-relished dish of it, without losing a jot of it, for it was a very costly thing, and commanded him to bring it in himself after the last course at supper. The cook bringing in the dish accordingly, Mons. Fayel commanded all to avoid the room, and began a serious discourse with his wife, however, since he had married her, he observed she was always melancholy, and he feared she was inclining to a consumption, therefore he had provided her with a very precious cordial, which he was well assured would cure her thereupon he made her eat up the whole dish, and afterwards much importuning him to know what it was, he told her at last, she had eaten Coucy's heart, and so drew the box out of his pocket and showed her the note and the bracelet. In a sudden exultation of joy she, with a far-fetched sigh, said, this is a precious cordial indeed, and so licked the dish, saying, it is so precious, that tis pity to put ever any meat upon it. So she went to bed, and in the morning she was found stone dead.

This gentleman told me that this sad story is painted in Coucy Castle, and remains fresh to this day.—*Familiar Letters*, Book 1, lect. 6, letter 20.

## THE MUSICAL CONTEST

[FORD, 1586—1639]

JOHN FORD, born at Ilstington, Devon, in 1586, became a member of the Middle Temple November 16, 1602, and attained certain success in his profession. "Fame's Memorial," an elegy on the death of the Earl of Devonshire, his first poetical production, appeared in 1606. According to the practice of that time, Ford assisted Webster, Decker, and others in the composition of plays. His first dramatic production, "The Lover's Melancholy," was acted Nov. 24, 1628, and printed in 1629. "The Broken Heart" and "Love's Sacrifice," appeared in 1633, "The Chronicle History of Perkin Warbeck" in 1634, the comedy of "The Fancies Chaste and Noble" in 1638, and the comedy of "The Ladies' Trial" in 1639. In conjunction with Decker, he wrote "The Sun's Darling," a moral masque, printed in 1657. His dramatic works, with explanatory notes, were edited by Gifford in 1827. Another edition, with a biography, by Hartley Coleridge, appeared in 1840. It is supposed that about 1639 Ford retired to his native place, where he soon after died. Gifford says, "The style of Ford is altogether original, and his own. Without the majestic march which distinguishes the poetry of Massinger, and with little or none of that light and playful humour which characterises the dialogue of

Fletcher, or even of Shirley, he is yet elegant, and easy, and harmonious, and though rarely sublime, yet sufficiently elevated for the most pathetic tones of that passion on whose romantic energies he chiefly delighted to dwell.”]

SCENE.—THE PALACE AT FAMAGOSTA. *Amethus and Menaphon*  
*discoursing.*

*Men.* : A jewel, my Amethus, a fair youth ;  
A youth, whom, if I were but superstitious,  
I should repute an excellence more high,  
Than mere creations are : to add delight,  
I'll tell you how I found him.

*Amet.* : Prithee do.

*Men.* : Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales  
Which poets of an elder time have feigned  
To glorify their Temple, bred in me,  
Desire of visiting that paradise.  
To Thessaly I came ; and living private,  
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions,  
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,  
I day by day frequented silent groves,  
And solitary walks. One morning early  
This accident encountered me : I heard  
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,  
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.

*Amet.* : I cannot yet conceive, what you infer  
By art and nature.

*Men.* : I shall soon resolve you.  
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather  
Indeed, entranced my soul : as I stole nearer,  
Invited by the melody, I saw  
This youth, this fair faced youth, upon his lute,  
With strains of strange variety and harmony,  
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge  
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,  
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,  
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wondered too.

*Amet.* : And so do I ; good ! on——

*Men.* : A nightingale,  
Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes  
The challenge, and for every several strain  
The well shaped youth could touch, she sung her own ;  
He could not run division with more art  
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,  
The nightingale, did with her various notes

Reply to : for a voice, and for a sound,  
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe  
That such they were, than hope to hear again.

*Amet.* : How did the rivals part ?

*Men.* : You term them rightly ;

For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.—  
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last  
Into a pretty anger, that a bird  
Whom art had never taught cliffs,\* moods, or notes,  
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study  
Had busied many hours to perfect practice :  
To end the controversy, in a rapture  
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

*Amet.* : Now for the bird.

*Men.* : The bird, ordained to be

Music's first martyr, strove to imitate  
These several sounds : which, when her warbling throat  
Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,  
And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness,  
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,  
To weep a funeral elegy of tears ;  
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide  
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me  
A fellow-mourner with him.

*Amet.* . I believe thee.

*Men* He looked upon the trophies of his art,

Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried :  
" Alas poor creature ! I will soon revenge  
" This cruelty upon the author of it ;  
" Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,  
" Shall never more betray a harmless peace  
" To an untimely end : " and in that sorrow,  
As he was pushing it against† a tree,  
I suddenly stept in.

*Amet.* . Thou hast discoursed

A truth of mirth and pity.

—*The Lover's Melancholy*, Act i. Scene i.

\* A term in music.

† i.e., dashing in pieces.

## GOD'S LAW MANIFESTED BY CREATION.

[HOOKER, 1553—1600.

[RICHARD HOOKER was born at Heavytree, near Exeter, in 1553, and was educated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford. He was appointed Lecturer on Hebrew in the University in 1579, and Master of the Temple in 1585. Anxious to obtain leisure to complete his great work on "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity," he applied to Whitgift, who conferred upon him the living of Boscombe, in Wiltshire, in 1591, and he was made a prebendary of Salisbury in the same year. The first four books of "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity" appeared in 1594, the fifth, in 1597; and the sixth, seventh, and eighth books did not appear until 1647, nearly half a century after his death, which took place Nov 2, 1600, at Bishopsbourne, Kent, to which living he had been presented by Queen Elizabeth, July 7, 1595. Hallam ("Lit. Hist.," pt. II., ch. 14) speaks of the Ecclesiastical Polity as "A monument of real learning, in profane as well as theological antiquity." In the seventeenth century Hooker received the surname of Judicious. His life, written by Isaac Walton, was published in 1670.]

WHEREFORE to come to the law of nature albeit thereby we sometimes mean that manner of working which God hath set for each created thing to keep, yet forasmuch as those things are termed most properly natural agents, which keep the law of their kind unwittingly, as the heavens and elements of the world, which can do no otherwise than they do, and forasmuch as we give unto intellectual natures the name of Voluntary Agents, that so we may distinguish them from the other, expedient it will be, that we sever the law of nature observed by the one from that which the other is tied unto. Touching the former, their strict keeping of one tenure, statute, and law, is spoken of by all, but hath in it more than men have as yet attained to know, or perhaps ever shall attain, seeing the travail of wading herein is given of God to the sons of men,\* that perceiving how much the least thing in the world hath in it more than the wisest are able to reach unto, they may by this means learn humility. Moses, in describing the work of creation, attributeth speech unto God "God said, let there be light let there be a firmament let the waters under the heaven be gathered together into one place let the earth bring forth let there be lights in the firmament of heaven" Was this only the intent of Moses, to signify the infinite greatness of God's power by the easiness of His accomplishing such effects, without travail, pain, or labour? Surely it seemeth that Moses had herein besides this a further purpose, namely, first to teach that God did not work as a necessary but a voluntary agent, intending beforehand and decreeing with Himself that which did outwardly proceed from Him:

\* Eccles. iii. 9, 10. See Bacon's Advancement of Learning, bk II., "Knowledge as an pyramid, whereof history is the basis," &c., &c.



secondly, to show that God did then institute a law natural to be observed by creatures, and therefore according to the manner of laws, the institution thereof is described as being established by solemn injunction. His commanding those things to be which are, and to be in such sort as they are, to keep that tenure and course which they do, importeth the establishment of nature's law. This world's first creation, and the preservation since of things created, what is it but only so far forth a manifestation by execution, what the eternal law of God is concerning things natural? And as it cometh to pass in a kingdom rightly ordered, that after a law is once published, it presently takes effect far and wide, all states framing themselves thereunto; even so let us think it fareth in the natural course of the world: since the time that God did first proclaim the edicts of His law upon it, heaven and earth have hearkened unto His voice, and their labour hath been to do His will: "He made a law for the rain;"\* He gave his "decree unto the sea, that the waters should not pass his commandment."† Now if nature should intermit her course, and leave altogether, though it were but for a while, the observation of her own laws; if those principal and mother elements of the world, whereof all things in this lower world are made, should lose the qualities which now they have; if the frame of that heavenly arch erected over our heads should loosen and dissolve itself; if celestial spheres should forget their wonted motions, and by irregular volubility turn themselves any way as it might happen; if the prince of the lights of heaven, which now as a giant doth run his unwearied course,‡ should, as it were, through a languishing faintness begin to stand and to rest himself; if the moon should wander from her beaten way, the times and seasons of the year blend themselves by disordered and confused mixture, the winds breathe out their last gasp, the clouds yield no rain, the earth be defeated of heavenly influence, the fruits of the earth pine away as children at the withered breasts of their mother, no longer able to yield them relief: what would become of 'nan himself, whom these things now do all serve? See we not plainly that obedience of creatures unto the law of nature is the stay of the whole world?—*Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, bk. i. ch. iii. § 2.

\* Job xxviii. 26.

† Jer. v. 22.

‡ Psalm xix. 5.

## ON TYRANNY AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF MERCENARIES BY TYRANTS.

[SIR W. RALEIGH, 1552—1618.

[WALTER RALEIGH, born at Hayes, near Budleigh, in Devonshire, in 1552, entered Onel College, Oxford, in 1568, went as a volunteer to France in 1569, and served in the continental wars for several years. Received with favour at Court, he was knighted, and took part in expeditions for planting colonies in North America. Raleigh distinguished himself in various engagements with the Spanish Armada in 1588. In 1595 he sailed in search of the fabulous El Dorado, and having made some conquests in South America, on his return in 1595 published an account of his voyage, under the title "The Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana." He distinguished himself at the capture of Cadiz in 1596, and took Fayal in 1597; but on the death of Elizabeth he fell out of favour, and was tried for high treason at Winchester, and found guilty in September, 1603. Though reprieved, he remained a prisoner in the Tower thirteen years, during which time he wrote the fragment of "The History of the World," published in 1614. Having obtained his release, he sailed for Guiana in 1617, and on his return to England in July, 1618, was arrested at the instigation of the Spaniards, whose possessions in the new world he had assailed. On the 28th of October, 1618, the sentence was passed upon him, and he was beheaded, Oct. 29. Hallam remarks ("Lit. Hist.," pt. iii. ch. 7), "We should expect from the prison hours of a soldier, a courtier, a busy intriguer in state affairs, a poet and man of genius, something well worth our notice, but hardly a prolix history of the ancient world, hardly disquisitions on the sites of Paradise and the travels of Cain." Sir W. Raleigh's biography has been written by several authors. His Life, by Oldys, appeared in 1735; by T. Birch, in 1751; by A. Cayley, in 1805; by Mrs. Thompson, in 1830; by P. F. Tytler, in 1833; by M. Napier, in 1853; and by C. Whitehead, in 1854. The "Edinburgh Review," vol. lxxi. contains an article on Sir Walter Raleigh, and a biography is given by Wood in his "Athen. Oxon."]

THAT which we properly call tyranny is a violent form of government, not respecting the good of the subject, but only the pleasure of the commander. I purposely forbear to say, that it is the unjust rule of one over many: for very truly doth Cleon, in Thucydides,\* tell the Athenians, that their dominion over their subjects was none other than a mere tyranny; though it were so, that they themselves were a great city, and a popular estate. Neither is it peradventure greatly needful, that I should call this form of commanding violent; since it may well and easily be conceived, that no man willingly performs obedience to one regardless of his life and welfare, unless himself be either a madman, or (which is little better) wholly possessed with some extreme passion of love.

The practice of tyranny is not always of a like extremity; for some lords are more gentle than others to their very slaves; and he that is most cruel to some is mild enough towards others, though it be but for

his own advantage. Nevertheless, in large dominions, wherein the ruler's discretion cannot extend itself unto notice of the difference which might be found between the worth of several men; it is commonly seen that the taste of sweetness, drawn out of oppression, hath so good a relish, as continually inflames the tyrant's appetite, and will not suffer it to be restrained within any limits of respect. Why should he seek out bounds to prescribe unto his desires, who cannot endure the face of one so honest, as may put him in remembrance of any moderation? It is much that he hath gotten by extorting from some few, by sparing none, he should have riches in goodly abundance he hath taken a good deal from every one, but every one could have spared more he hath wrung all their purses, and now he hath enough, but (as covetousness is never satisfied) he thinks that all this is too little for a stock, though it were indeed a good yearly income. Therefore he deviseth new tricks of robbery, and is not better pleased with the gains than with the art of getting. He is hated for this, and he knows it well, but he thinks by cruelty to change hatred into fear. So he makes it his exercise to torment and murder all whom he suspecteth in which course, if he suspect none unjustly, he may be said to deal craftily, but if innocency be not safe, how can all this make any conspirator to stand in fear, since the traitor is no worse rewarded than the quiet man? Wherefore he can think upon none other security than to disarm all his subjects, to fortify himself within some strong place, and, for defence of his person and state, to hire as many lusty soldiers as shall be thought sufficient.

These must not be of his own country, for if not every one, yet some one or other might chance to have a feeling of the public misery. This considered, he allures unto him a desperate rabble of strangers, the most dishonest that can be found, such as have neither wealth nor credit at home, and will therefore be careful to support him by whose only favour they are maintained. Now, lest any of these, either by detestation of his wickedness, or (which in wicked men is most likely) by promise of greater reward than he doth give, should be drawn to turn his sword against the tyrant himself, they shall all be permitted to do as he doth, to rob, to ravish, to murder, and to satisfy their own appetites in most outrageous manner being thought so much the more assured to their master, by how much the more he sees them grow hateful to all men else. Considering in what age and in what language I write, I must be fain to say that these are not dreams, though some Englishmen, perhaps, that were unacquainted with history, lighting upon this leaf, might suppose this discourse to be

little better. This is to show both how tyranny grows to stand in need of mercenary soldiers, and how those mercenaries are, by mutual obligation, firmly assured unto the tyrant.—*The History of the World*, Book v. ch. ii. sect. ii. § i.

#### OLD LONDON FROM OLD ST. PAUL'S.

[AINSWORTH, 1805.]

[WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, born at Manchester, February, 1805, and educated for the bar, embraced literature as a profession at an early age. Having contributed to several periodicals he published his first novel, "Sir John Chiverton," in 1825. "Rookwood" appeared in 1834, "Crichton" in 1837, and the first chapter of "Jack Sheppard" in Bentley's Miscellany for January, 1839. "Old St. Paul's" was published in the "Sunday Times" in 1841. In addition to these works Mr. Ainsworth is the author of a large number of historical romances, some of which have been translated into various modern languages. He edited "Bentley's Miscellany" from 1839 to 1841, established "Ainsworth's Magazine" in 1842, became editor and proprietor of the "New Monthly Magazine" in 1845, and again editor and proprietor of "Bentley's Miscellany" in 1854. A collected edition of his works has been published in a cheap form.]

RESOLVED to free himself at any hazard, Leonard Holt once more repaired to the summit of the tower of the Cathedral, and, leaning over the balustrade, gazed below. It was a sublime spectacle, and, in spite of his distress, filled him with admiration and astonishment. He had stationed himself on the south side of the tower, and immediately beneath him lay the broad roof of the transept, stretching out to a distance of nearly two hundred feet. On the right, surrounded by a double row of cloisters, remarkable for the beauty of their architecture, stood the convocation, or chapter-house. This exquisite building was octagonal in form, and supported by large buttresses, ornamented on each gradation by crocketed pinnacles. Each side, moreover, had a tall pointed window, filled with stained glass, and was richly adorned with trefoils and cinquefoils. Further on, on the same side, was the small low church dedicated to St. Gregory, overtopped by the south-western tower of the mightier parent fane.

It was not, however, the cathedral itself, but the magnificent view it commanded, that chiefly attracted the apprentice's attention. From the elevated point on which he stood, his eye ranged over a vast tract of country, bounded by the Surrey hills, and at last settled upon the river, which in some parts was obscured by a light haze, and in others tinged with the ruddy beams of the newly-risen sun. Its surface was spotted, even at this early hour, with craft, while innumerable vessels of all shapes and sizes were moored to its banks. On the left, he

noted the tall houses covering London Bridge; and on the right, traced the sweeping course of the stream as it flowed from Westminster. On this hand, on the opposite bank, lay the flat marshes of Lambeth; while nearer stood the old bull-baiting and bear-baiting establishments, the flags above which could be discerned above the tops of the surrounding habitations. A little to the left was the borough of Southwark, even then a large and populous district—the two most prominent features in the scene being Winchester-house, and St. Saviour's old and beautiful church.

Filled with wonder at what he saw, Leonard looked towards the east, and here an extraordinary prospect met his gaze. The whole of the city of London was spread out like a map before him, and presented a dense mass of ancient houses, with twisted chimneys, gables, and picturesque roofs—here and there overtopped by a hall, a college, an hospital, or some other lofty structure. This vast collection of buildings was girded in by grey and mouldering walls, approached by seven gates, and intersected by innumerable narrow streets. The spires and towers of the churches shot up into the clear morning air—for, except in a few quarters, no smoke yet issued from the chimneys. On this side, the view of the city was terminated by the fortifications and keep of the Tower. Little did the apprentice think, when he looked at the magnificent scene before him, and marvelled at the countless buildings he beheld, that, ere fifteen months had elapsed, the whole mass, together with the mighty fabric on which he stood, would be swept away by a tremendous conflagration. Unable to foresee this direful event, and lamenting only that so fair a city should be a prey to an exterminating pestilence, he turned towards the north, and suffered his gaze to wander over Finsbury-fields, and the hilly ground beyond them—over Smithfield and Clerkenwell, and the beautiful open country adjoining Gray's-inn-lane.

So smiling and beautiful did these districts appear, that he could scarcely fancy they were the chief haunts of the horrible distemper. But he could not blind himself to the fact that in Finsbury-fields, as well as in the open country to the north of Holborn, plague-pits had been digged and pest-houses erected; and this consideration threw such a gloom over the prospect, that, in order to dispel the effect, he changed the scene by looking towards the west. Here his view embraced all the proudest mansions of the capital, and tracing the Strand to Charing Cross, long since robbed of the beautiful structure from which it derived its name, and noticing its numerous noble habitations, his eye finally rested upon Whitehall: and he heaved a sigh as he thought that the palace of the sovereign was infected by as foul a moral taint as the hideous disease that ravaged the dwellings of his subjects.

At the time that Leonard Holt gazed upon the capital, its picturesque beauties were nearly at their close. In a little more than a year and a quarter afterwards, the greater part of the old city was consumed by fire; and though it was rebuilt, and in many respects improved, its original and picturesque character was entirely destroyed.

It seems scarcely possible to conceive a finer view than can be gained from the dome of the modern cathedral at sunrise on a May morning, when the prospect is not dimmed by the smoke of a hundred thousand chimneys—when the river is just beginning to stir with its numerous craft, or when they are sleeping on its glistening bosom—when every individual house, court, church, square, or theatre, can be discerned—when the eye can range over the whole city on each side, and calculate its vast extent. It seems scarcely possible, we say, to suppose at any previous time it could be more striking; and yet, at the period under consideration, it was incomparably more so. Then, every house was picturesque, and every street a collection of picturesque objects. Then, that which was objectionable in itself, and contributed to the insalubrity of the city, namely, the extreme narrowness of the streets, and overhanging stories of the houses, was the main source of their beauty. Then the huge projecting signs, with their fantastical iron-work—the conduits—the crosses (where crosses remained)—the may-poles—all were picturesque; and as superior to what can now be seen, as the attire of Charles the Second's age is to the ugly and disfiguring costume of our own day.—*Old St. Paul's*.

#### REFLECTIONS ON THE TRIAL OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

[RAPIN, 1661—1725.

[PAUL DE RAPIN, Sieur of Thoyras, was born at Castres in 1661, of a Protestant family, which came originally from Savoy. He studied at Saumur, and entered the profession of the law. Soon after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes (1685), he went to Holland and entered the service of William of Orange, whom he accompanied to England in 1688. He settled at Wesel in 1707, and applied himself to the composition of his famous work, the "History of England," which took him seventeen years to finish. It appeared in French at the Hague, in 9 vols., in 1726-7. It was translated into English by Tindal\* in 1732. Rapin died at Wesel, May 16, 1725.]

It is hardly to be questioned that Mary's death was determined, when Elizabeth and her Council resolved to have her tried by commissioners.

\* Nicholas, nephew of Matthew Tindal, was born in 1687, and educated at Oxford. He was appointed chaplain to Greenwich Hospital in 1738, and died June 27, 1774.

But it must not be imagined that it was their intention to punish her for attempting the life of Elizabeth. If that had been all, they would never have proceeded to extremities, but would, doubtless, have been satisfied with putting it out of her power to contrive any such plots for the future, which would have been easy, by confining her more closely. But it was not so easy to hinder the Pope, the King of Spain, the House of Guise, the English catholics, the Irish, the Scottish malcontents, from considering her as a princess to whom of right belonged the two crowns of England and Scotland, and from using their continual endeavours to restore her to the throne of Scotland, and place her on that of England, even in Elizabeth's life-time. Though she had been so closely confined, that she could not herself have been concerned in these plots, it would not have prevented her friends from acting in her favour; nothing, therefore, but her death, could break their measures, and put an end to the plots which were daily framing on her account. So, it might with truth be said, that as Elizabeth's death was Mary's life, so Mary's death alone could preserve Elizabeth, and with her, liberty and the Protestant religion in England. But as it was not likely Mary, who was the younger, should depart first out of this world by a natural death, recourse was to be had to violence, that the Queen and the realm might be freed from their imminent danger. The share Mary had in Babington's conspiracy, and which probably was greater than what Camden intimates, was not, therefore, the cause of her condemnation, but the pretence used to be rid of a queen, on whose life Elizabeth's adversaries built all their hopes. It was, therefore, Mary's own friends that occasioned her misfortune by serving her too zealously, or rather by making her their instrument to execute their grand project against the Protestant religion. The Pope flattered himself with restoring, by her means, the Catholic religion in England; and the English catholics looked upon her as the only person that could free them from the intolerable yoke of a Protestant Government. Philip II. saw no other way to subdue the Netherlanders. In short, the House of Guise, whose ambitious projects are well known, thought to find in her an infallible means to crush the Huguenots of France, who supported the title of the lawful heir to the crown of that kingdom. Mary herself gave too much countenance to all these plots. She was so imprudent, as, being a prisoner incessantly to confound two things, which could well be distinguished and separated; I mean, her liberty, and her title to the crown of England. She thereby gave Elizabeth occasion to confound these two, and to ruin her, in order to preserve her own life and crown.

These were the real motives of Mary's condemnation. If we consider them politically, they may be said to be good and necessary;

but it happens very frequently that policy is repugnant to justice and equity. Upon this condemnation it is that Elizabeth's enemies have triumphed; and, indeed, it is a very fit subject for rhetoric. But if it is considered who they were that exclaimed the loudest against Elizabeth, they will be found to be the very persons who would have murdered her to set Mary on the throne of England. Had they succeeded in their design, would their deed have been more just or more agreeable to the precepts of the Christian religion? Doubtless it would, were the thing to be tried by the principle of the adversaries to Elizabeth and her religion. But if it were allowed by the laws of religion, justice, and equity, to take away the life of Elizabeth, in order to set Mary on the throne, and restore the Catholic religion in England, was it less allowable for the English to put Mary to death, in order to preserve their queen and religion from the destruction they were continually threatened with? Let us say rather, these maxims are equally blameable and repugnant to the rules of the Gospel, to whatever party they are applied.—*The History of England*. Book xvii.

#### LAKE NYASSA.

[LIVINGSTONE, 1817—1873.]

[DAVID LIVINGSTONE, of humble parentage, born at Blantyre, near Glasgow, in 1817, was in a great measure self-educated. He was admitted a licentiate of the faculty of physicians and surgeons in 1838, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society for Missionary work in Africa. In 1840 he was ordained, and set out for South Africa. Here he laboured until 1856, when he left for England, where he arrived Dec. 12. During his sojourn in Africa he went on several exploring expeditions, and became well acquainted with the interior and many of the savage tribes. He is said to have traversed no less than 11,000 miles of African territory. His "Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa," appeared in 1857. Having been appointed British Consul at Quilimane in 1858, Dr. Livingstone again left for Africa, explored the Zambesi, made further discoveries, and returned July 20, 1864. His "Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries," was published in November, 1865. Dr. Livingstone has given a short account of his early life in the introduction to his "Missionary Travels." He died at Ulala, 1873.]

Looking back to the southern end of Lake Nyassa, the arm from which the Shire flows was found to be thirty miles long, and from ten to twelve broad. Rounding Cape Maclear, and looking to the south-west, we have another arm which stretches some eighteen miles southward, and is from six to twelve miles in breadth. These arms give the southern end a forked appearance; and with the help of a little imagination, it may be likened to the "boot-shape" of Italy. The narrowest part is about the ankle, eighteen or twenty miles. From



this it widens to the north, and in the upper third or fourth it is fifty or sixty miles broad. The length is over 200 miles. The direction in which it lies is as near as possible due north and south. Nothing of the great bend to the west, shown in all the previous maps, could be detected by either compass or chronometer—and the watch we used was an excellent one. The season of the year was very unfavourable. The “smokes” filled the air with an impenetrable haze, and the equinoctial gales made it impossible for us to cross to the eastern side. When we caught a glimpse of the sun rising from behind the mountains to the east, we made sketches and bearings of them at different latitudes, which enabled us to secure approximate measurements of the width. These agreed with the times taken by the natives at the different crossing-places—as Tseuga and Molamba. About the beginning of the upper third, the lake is crossed by taking advantage of the island Chizumara, which name in the native tongue means the “ending;” further north they go round the end instead, though that takes several days.

The lake appeared to be surrounded by mountains, but it was afterwards found that these beautiful tree-covered heights were, on the west, only the edges of high table-lands. Like all narrow seas encircled by highlands, it is visited by sudden and tremendous storms. We were on it in September and October, perhaps the stormiest season of the year, and were repeatedly detained by gales. At times, while sailing over the blue water with a gentle breeze, suddenly and without any warning was heard the sound of a coming storm, roaring on with crowds of angry waves in its wake. We were caught one morning with the sea breaking all around us, and, unable either to advance or recede, anchored a mile from shore, in seven fathoms. The furious surf on the beach would have shivered our slender boat to atoms, had we tried to land. The waves most dreaded came rolling on in threes, with their crests, driven into spray, streaming behind them. A short lull followed each triple charge. Had one of these white-maned seas struck our frail bark, nothing could have saved us; for they came on with resistless force; seaward, in shore, and on either side of us, they broke in foam, but we escaped. For six weary hours we faced these terrible trios, any one of which might have been carrying the end of our expedition in its hoary head. A low, dark, detached, oddly-shaped cloud came slowly from the mountains, and hung for hours directly over our heads. A flock of night-jars (*cometornis vexillarius*), which on no other occasion come out by day, soared above us in the gale, like birds of evil omen. Our black crew became sea-sick and unable to sit up or keep the boat's head to the sea. The natives and our land party stood on the high cliffs looking at us and exclaiming, as the

waves seemed to swallow up the boat, "They are lost!—they are all dead!" When at last the gale moderated, and we got safely ashore, they saluted us warmly, as after a long absence. From this time we trusted implicitly to the opinions of our seaman, John Neil, who, having been a fisherman on the coast of Ireland, understood boating on a stormy coast, and by his advice we often sat cowering on the land for days together waiting for the surf to go down. He had never seen such waves before. We had to beach the boat every night to save her from being swamped at anchor; and, did we not believe the gales to be peculiar to one season of the year, would call Nyassa the "Lake of storms."

Lake Nyassa receives no great affluents from the west. The five rivers we observed in passing did not at this time appear to bring in as much water as the Shire was carrying out. They were from fifteen to thirty yards wide, and some too deep to ford; but the evaporation must be very considerable. These streams, with others of about the same size from the mountains on the east and north, when swollen by the rains, may be sufficient to account for the rise in the lake without any large river. The natives nearest the northern end denied the existence of a large river there, though at one time it seemed necessary to account for the Shire's perennial flow. Distinct white marks on the rocks showed that, for some time during the rainy season, the water of the lake is three feet above the point to which it falls towards the close of the dry period of the year. The rains begin here in November, and the permanent rise of the Shire does not take place till January. The western side of Lake Nyassa, with the exception of the great harbour to the west of Cape Maclear, is a succession of small bays of nearly similar form, each having an open sandy beach and pebbly shore, and being separated from its neighbour by a rocky headland, with detached rocks extending some distance out to sea. The great south-western bay referred to would form a magnificent harbour, the only really good one we saw to the west.—*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries; and of the Discovery of the Lakes Shirwa and Nyassa, 1858—1864, ch. xix.*

## ON MAGNETISM.

[BARON VON HUMBOLDT, 1769—1859.]

[FREDERICK HENRY ALEXANDER, Baron von Humboldt, was born at Berlin, September 14, 1769. He early distinguished himself in studies referring to physical nature, by contributions to various German periodicals. In 1799 he set out on a scientific voyage to South America, returning in 1804, and an account of his travels,

under the title "Voyage to the Interior of America," appeared between 1807 and 1817. In 1829 Humboldt set out again on a journey of scientific discovery to the Asiatic region of the Russian empire, and after his return published "Fragments of Asiatic Geology and Climatology" in 1831. His great work, "Cosmos," a general survey of the physical phenomena of the Universe, appeared between the years 1845 and 1858. This indefatigable author and traveller, who wrote several other works, died May 6, 1859.]

BUT whatever be the cause of the internal temperature of our planet, and of its limited or unlimited increase in the deeper strata, i. still leads in this Essay to present a general picture of nature, through the intimate connexion of all the primary phenomena of matter, and through the common bond which surrounds the molecular forces into the obscure domain of magnetism. Changes of temperature elicit magnetical and electrical currents. Terrestrial magnetism, whose principal character in the threefold manifestation of its force is an uninterrupted periodic changeableness, is ascribed either to the unequally heated mass of the earth itself, or to those galvanic currents which we consider as electricity in motion, as electricity in a circuit returning into itself. The mysterious march of the magnetic needle is equally influenced by the course of the sun, and change of place upon the earth's surface. The hour of the day can be told between the tropics by the motion of the needle, as well as by the oscillations of the mercury in the barometer. It is suddenly, though only passingly, affected by the remote aurora, by the glow of heaven which emanates in colours at one of the poles. When the tranquil hourly motion of the needle is disturbed by a magnetical storm, the perturbation frequently proclaims itself over hundreds and thousands of miles, in the strictest sense of the word simultaneously, or it is propagated gradually, in brief intervals of time, in every direction over the surface of the earth. In the first case the simultaneousness of the storm might serve, like the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, fire signals, and well observed shooting stars, within certain limits for the determination of geographical longitudes. It is seen with amazement that the tremblings of two small magnetic needles, were they suspended deep in subterraneous space, measure the distance that intervenes between them; that they tell us how far Kasan lies east from Göttingen, or from the banks of the River Seine. There are regions of the earth where the seaman, enveloped for days in fog, without sight of the sun or stars, without all other means of ascertaining the time, can still accurately determine the hour by the variation of the dip of the needle, and know whether he be to the north or south of the port towards which he would steer his course.

If the sudden perturbation of the needle in its hourly course makes known the occurrence of a magnetic storm, the seat of the perturbing

cause—whether it be to seek in the crust of the earth itself, or in the upper regions of the air—remains, to our extreme regret, as yet undetermined. If we regard the earth as an actual magnet, then are we compelled, according to the decision of the deep thinking founder of a general theory of terrestrial magnetism, Frederick Gauss, to admit, that every eighth of a cubic metre, or thirty-seven tenths of a cubic foot of the earth, possesses, on an average, at least as much magnetism as a one pound magnetic bar. If iron and nickel, and probably cobalt also—not chrome, as was long supposed—be the only substances which become permanently magnetic, and retain polarity by a certain coercive force, the phenomena of Arago's rotative magnetism and Faraday's induced currents, assure us, on the other hand, that probably all terrestrial substances may passingly comport themselves magnetically. From the experiments of the first of the great natural philosophers just mentioned, water, ice, glass, and charcoal affect the oscillations of the needle precisely as quicksilver does in the rotatory experiments. Almost all substances show themselves in a certain degree magnetic when they are conductors—that is to say, when they are traversed by a current of electricity.—*Cosmos*.

#### THE COMBAT BETWEEN TANCRED AND ARGANTES.

[TASSO, 1544—1595. FAIRFAX, — 1632.

[TORQUATO TASSO, born at Sorrento, March 11, 1544, studied law at the University of Padua, and wrote his first poem, "Rinaldo," at the age of eighteen. It was dedicated to the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, who took the young poet into his service as a gentleman attendant. Tasso fell in love with Laura Peperara, a lady of Mantua, in 1564, to whom he addressed many sonnets. He was afterwards captivated by the Princess Eleonora, sister of Alphonso II., Duke of Ferrara, and the passion led to loss of favour and imprisonment. A complete edition of his great epic poem, "Godfrey of Bulloigne; or the Recovery of Jerusalem," in twenty cantos, was published at Parma in 1581, and at Mantua in 1584. Tasso visited Rome for the last time in Nov., 1594, when the Pope and the Senate decreed that he was to be solemnly crowned with the laurel leaf in the Capitol, but the poet fell ill and died April 25, 1595. There are several English translations of the "Jerusalem," which has been rendered into most modern languages. Edward Fairfax, from whose version the following extract is taken, was a native of Yorkshire. His translation appeared in 1600, and he died in 1632. Hoole's life of Tasso appeared in 1762, Black's in 1810, and Milman's in 1850. There are numerous biographies of the poet. Hallam says: "'The Jerusalem' is read with pleasure in almost every canto. No poem, perhaps, if we except the 'Æneid,' has so few weak or tedious pages; the worst passages are the speeches, which are too diffuse."]

TANCRED of body active was and light,  
Quick, nimble, ready both of hand and foot :  
But higher by the head the Pagan knight  
Of limbs far greater was, of heart as stout.

Tancred laid low and traversed in his fight,  
Now to his ward retired, now struck out ;  
Oft with his sword his foe's fierce blows he broke,  
And rather chose to ward than bear his stroke.

But bold and bolt upright Argantes fought,  
Unlike in gesture, like in skill and art ;  
His sword outstretched before him far he brought,  
Nor would his weapon touch, but pierce his heart :  
To catch his point Prince Tancred strove and sought,  
But at his breast or helm's unclosed part  
He threatened death, and would with stretched-out brand—  
His entrance close and fierce assaults withstand.

With a tall ship so doth a galley fight,  
When the still winds stir not th' unstable main,  
Where this in nimbleness as that in might  
Excels ; that stands, this goes and comes again,  
And shifts from prow to poop with turnings light :  
Meanwhile the other doth unmoved remain,  
And on her nimble foe approacheth nigh,  
Her mighty engines tumbleth down from high.

The Christian sought to enter on his foe,  
Voiding his point, which at his breast was bent ;  
Argantes at his face a thrust did throw,  
Which while the Prince awards and doth prevent,  
His ready hand the Pagan turned so  
That all defence his quickness far o'erwent,  
And pierced his side, which done, he said, and smiled—  
"The craftsman is in his own craft beguiled——"

Tancredie bit his lips for scorn and shame,  
Nor longer stood on points of fence and skill,  
But to revenge so fierce and fast he came,  
As if his hand could not o'ertake his will ;  
And at his vizor aiming just, 'gan frame  
To his proud boast an answer sharp ; but still  
Argantes broke the thrust, and at half-sword,  
Swift, hardy, bold, in stept the Christian lord ;

With his left foot fast forward 'gan he stride,  
And with his left the Pagan's right arm hent ;  
With his right hand meanwhile the man's right side  
He cut, he wounded, mangled, tore, and rent :—

"To his victorious teacher," Tancred cried,  
"His conquered scholar hath this answer sent"—  
Argantes chafed, struggled, turned and twined,  
Yet could not so his captive arm unbind

His sword at last he let hang by the chain,  
And griped his hardy foe in both his hands,  
In his strong arms Tancred caught him again,  
And thus each other held and wrapt in bands.

With greater might Alcides did not strain  
The giant Anteus on the Sylvian sands,

- On hold-fast knots their brawny arms they cast,  
And whom he hateth most each held embraced

Such was their wrestling, such their shocks and throws,  
That down at once they tumbled both to ground,  
Argantes (were it hap or skill, who knows ?)

His better hand loose and in freedom found,  
But the good Prince, his hand more fit for blows,

With his huge weight the Pagan underbound,  
But he, his disadvantage great that knew,  
Let go his hold, and on his feet up flew.

Far slower rose th' unwieldy Saracine,

And caught a rap ere he was reared upright  
But as against the blust'ring winds a pine

Now bends his top, now lifts his head on height,  
His courage so, when it 'gan most decline,

The man reinforced and advanced his might,  
And with fierce change of blows renewed the fray,  
Where rage for skill, horror for art bore sway.

The purple drops from Tancred's sides down railed,  
But from the Pagan ran whole streams of blood,  
Wherewith his force grew weak, his courage quailed  
As fires decay which fuel want for food.

Tancred, that saw his feeble arm now failed

To strike his blows, that scant he stirred or stood,  
Assuaged his anger and his wrath allayed,  
And stepping back, thus gently spoke and said —

"Yield, hardy knight, and chance of war, or me,  
Confess to have subdued thee in this fight,  
I will no trophy, triumph, spoil of thee,  
Nor glory wish, nor seek a victor's right."—

More terrible than erst herewith grew he,  
And all awaked his fury, rage, and might,  
And said—"Dar'st thou of 'vantage speak or think,  
Or move Argantes once to yield or shrink?"

"Use, use thy 'vantage, thee and fortune both  
I scorn, and punish will thy foolish pride."—  
As a hot brand flames most ere it forth go'th,  
And, dying, blazeth bright on every side,  
So he (when blood was lost) with anger wroth,  
Revived his courage, when his puissance died,  
And would his latest hour, which now drew nigh,  
Illustrate with his end, and nobly die.

He joined his left hand to her sister strong,  
And with them both let fall his weighty blade.  
Tancred, to ward his blow, his sword up flung,  
But that it smote aside, nor there it stayed,  
But from his shoulder to his side along  
It glanced, and many wounds at once it made.  
Yet Tancred feared nought, for in his heart  
Found coward dread no place, fear had no part.

His fearful blow he doubled, but he spent  
His force in waste, and all his strength in vain  
For Tancred from the blow against him bent  
Leaped aside, the stroke fell on the plain  
With thine own weight o'erthrown to earth thou went,  
Argantes stout, nor could'st thyself sustain,  
Thyself thou threwest down, O happy man!  
Upon whose fall none boast or triumph can.

His gaping wounds the fall set open wide,  
The streams of blood about him made a lake,  
Helped with his left hand, on one knee he tried  
To rear himself, and new defence to make.  
The courteous prince stepped back, and "Yield thee," cried;  
No hurt he proffered him, no blow he strake.  
Meanwhile, by stealth, the Pagan false him gave  
A sudden wound, threat'ning with speeches brave.

Herewith Tancredie furious grew, and said—  
"Villain! does thou my mercy so despise?"  
Therewith he thrust and thrust again his blade,  
And through his ventral pierced his dazzled eyes.

Argantes died, yet no complaint he made,  
 But as he furious lived he careless dies ;  
 Bold, proud, disdainful, fierce, and void of fear,  
 His motions last, last looks, last speeches were.

—*Godfrey of Bulloigne; or, the Recovery of Jerusalem*, Book XIX.  
 § XI—XXVI.

### THE APOSTLES FISHERS OF MEN.

[BISHOP LATIMER, 1472—1555.

[HUGH LATIMER, born at Thorcaston, in Leicestershire, in 1472, finished his education at Cambridge. Having, in 1535, been made Bishop of Worcester, he laboured zealously in his see, and became one of the most active promoters of the Reformation. On the passing of the Six Acts in 1539, Latimer resigned his bishopric, and on coming to London soon after to obtain surgical advice, was thrown into the Tower. Here he remained a prisoner six years. On the accession of Edward VI. he obtained his liberty, but refused, on account of his great age, to resume his see. When Mary came to the throne, he was again committed to the Tower, and suffered at the stake at Oxford, with Ridley, Oct. 16th, 1555. Several of his sermons were published during his lifetime, and they have since been collected and reprinted. Hallam says ("Lit. Hist.," part I, ch. vi.): "They are read for their honest zeal and lively delineation of manners. They are probably the best specimens of a style then prevalent in the pulpit, and which is still not lost in Italy; nor among some of our own sectaries; a style that came at once home to the vulgar, animated and effective, picturesque and intelligible, but too unsparing both of ludicrous associations and commonplace invective." At the stake he encouraged his fellow-sufferer, Ridley, in these memorable words—"Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man; we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out." His life, by William Gilpin, appeared in 1755, and is given in the first volume of his *Lives of the Reformers*, published in 1809. A life, by Dr. Watkins, is prefixed to an edition of Latimer's "*Fruitful Sermons*," published in 1824, and a memoir, by the Rev. G. E. Corrie, is prefixed to the edition of his works, published by the Parker Society in 1844.]

THIS is the gospel (Matthew iv. 18—20) which is read in the church this day: and it sheweth unto us how our Saviour called four persons to his company; namely, Peter and Andrew, James and John, which were all fishers by their occupation. This was their general vocation; but now Christ our Saviour called them to a more special vocation. They were fishers still, but they fished no more for fish in the water, but they must fish now for men, with the net which was prepared to the same purpose, namely, with the gospel; for the gospel is the net wherewith the apostles fished after they came to Christ, but specially after his departing out of this world: then they went and fished throughout the whole world. And of these fishers was spoken a great while ago by the prophet: for so it is written—"Behold, saith the Lord, I will send out many fishers to take them; and after that will I



send hunters to hunt them out from all mountains and hills, and out of the caves of stone." By these words God signified by his prophets,\* how those fishers, that is, the apostles, should preach the gospel, and take the people therewith, (that is, all they that should believe,) and so bring them to God. It is commonly seen that fishers and hunters be very painful people both; they spare no labour to catch their game, because they be so desirous and so greedy over their game, that they care not for pains. Therefore our Saviour chose fishers, because of these properties, that they should be painful and spare no labour; and then that they should be greedy to catch men, and to take them with the net of God's word, to turn the people from wickedness to God. Ye see, by daily experience, what pain fishers and hunters take; how the fisher watcheth day and night at his net, and is ever ready to take all such fishes that he can get, and come in his way. So, likewise, the hunter runneth hither and thither after his game; leapeth over hedges, and creepe.h through rough bushes; and all this labour he esteemeth for nothing, because he is so desirous to obtain his prey, and catch his venison. So all our prelates, bishops, and curates, parsons and vicars, should be as painful and greedy in casting their nets; that is to say, in preaching God's word; in shewing unto the people the way to everlasting life; in exhorting them to leave their sins and wickedness. This ought to be done of them, for thereunto they be called of God; such a charge they have. But the most part of them set, now-a-days, aside this fishing; they put away this net; they take other business in hand: they will rather be surveyors, or receivers, or clerks in the kitchen, than to cast out this net: they have the living of fishers, but they fish not, they are otherways occupied. But it should not be so; God will plague and most heinously punish them for so doing. They shall be called to make account one day, where they shall not be able to make answer for their misbehaviours, for not casting out this net of God's word, for suffering the people to go to the devil, and they call them not again, they admonish them not. Their perishing grieveth them not; but the day will come when they shall repent from the bottom of their hearts; but then it will be too late: then they shall receive their well deserved punishment for their negligence and slothfulness, for taking their living of the people, and not teaching them.

The evangelists speak diversely of the calling of these four men, Peter, Andrew, James and John. Matthew saith, that "Jesus called <sup>1</sup>, and they immediately left their nets, and followed him."† Luke

\* Jer. xvi. 16.

† Matthew iv. 20.

saith that our Saviour "stood by the Lake of Genezareth, and there he saw two ships standing by the lake side, and he entered in one of these ships, which was Peter's, and desired him that he would thrust it a little from land: and so he taught the people; and after that, when he had made an end of speaking, he said to Simon Peter, cast out thy net in the deep: and Simon answered, we have laboured all night and have taken nothing; nevertheless at thy commandment I will loose forth the net. And when they had cast it out they enclosed a great multitude of fishes. Now Peter, seeing such a multitude of fishes, was beyond himself, and fell down at Jesus's knees, saying, Lord, go from me, for I am a sinful man: for he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes, which they had taken. And there were also James and John the sons of Zebedee. And Jesus said unto Peter, Fear not from henceforth thou shalt catch men: and they brought the ships to land, and forsook all and followed him."\* So ye hear how Luke describeth this story, in what manner of ways Christ called them; and though he make no mention of Andrew, yet it was like that he was amongst them too, with Peter, John and James. The evangelist John, in the first chapter, describeth this matter of another manner of ways, but it pertaineth all to one end and to one effect: for it was most like that they were called first to come in acquaintance with Christ, and afterwards to be his disciples, and so in the end to be his apostles, which should teach and instruct the whole world. John the Evangelist saith, that Andrew was a disciple of John Baptist; and when he had seen his master point to Christ with his finger, saying, "Lo the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world"†—(they used in the law to offer lambs for the pacifying of God: now John called Christ the right Lamb which should take away indeed all the sins of the world); now when Andrew heard whereunto Christ was come, he forsook his master John, and came to Christ; and fell in acquaintance with him, asked him where he dwelled; and, finding his brother Simon Peter he told him of Christ, and brought him to Him. He brought him not to John, but to Christ: and so should we do too; we should bring to Christ as many as we could, with good exhortations and admonitions. Now Christ seeing Peter, said unto him, "Thou art Simon the son of Jonas; thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation a stone:"‡ signifying that Peter should be a stedfast fellow, not wavering hither and thither.—*Sermon on Matthew iv. 18, 19, and 20, preached on St. Andrew's Day, 1552.*

\* Luke v. 1—11.

† John i. 29.

‡ John i. 42.

## KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND.

[HAZLITT, 1778—1830.

[WILLIAM HAZLITT, son of a Unitarian minister, was born at Maidstone, April 10, 1778, and became a student at the Unitarian College, at Hackney, in 1793. He left college in 1795, visited Paris in 1802, and having devoted himself to literary pursuits, published anonymously "An Essay on the Principles of Human Action" in 1803. Hazlitt, who contributed to various periodicals, delivered a course of lectures on the History of English Philosophy in 1813. The "Round Table," a collection of essays which appeared in 1817, was followed by numerous works, amongst which "Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth," published in 1821, and "A Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," in 1828, are best known. Sir A. Alison remarks: "In critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama he is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature." He died Sept. 18, 1830. A life by his son is prefixed to "Literary Remains," published in 1836.]

A KNOWLEDGE of mankind is a little more than Sir Pertinax's instinct of *bowing*, or of never standing upright in the presence of a great man, or of that great blockhead the world. It is not a perception of truth, but a sense of power, and an instant determination of the will to submit to it. It is, therefore, less an intellectual acquirement than a natural disposition. It is on this account that I think both cunning and wisdom are a sort of original endowments, or attain maturity much earlier than is supposed, from their being moral qualities, and having their seat in the heart rather than the head. The difference depends on the *manner* of seeing things. The one is a selfish, the other is a disinterested view of nature. The one is the clear open look of integrity, the other is a contracted and blear-eyed obliquity of mental vision. If any one has but the courage and honesty to look at an object as it is in itself, or divested of prejudice, fear, and favour, he will be sure to see it pretty right; as he who regards it through the refractions of opinion and fashion, will be sure to see it distorted and falsified, however the error may redound to his own advantage. Certainly, he who makes the universe tributary to his convenience, and subjects all his impressions of what is right or wrong, true or false, black or white, round or square, to the standard and maxims of the world, who never utters a proposition but he fancies a patron close at his elbow who overhears him, who is even afraid in private to suffer an honest conviction to rise in his mind, lest it should mount to his lips, get wind, and ruin his prospects in life, ought to gain something in exchange for the restraint and force put upon his thoughts and faculties: on the contrary, he who is confined by no such petty and debasing trammels, whose comprehension of mind is "in large heart enclosed," finds his inquiries and his views expand in a degree commensurate with the universe around him; makes truth welcome wher-

ever he meets her, and receives her cordial embrace in return. To see things divested of passion and interest, is to see them with the eye of history and philosophy. It is easy to judge right, or at least to come to a mutual understanding in matters of history, and abstract morality. Why then is it so difficult to arrive at the same calm certainty in actual life? Because the passions and interests are concerned, and it requires so much more candour, love of truth, and independence of spirit to encounter "the world and its dread laugh," to throw aside every sinister consideration, and grapple with the plain merits of the case. To be wiser than other men is to be honestest than they; and strength of mind is only courage to see and speak the truth. Perhaps the courage may be also owing to the strength; but both go together and are natural, and not acquired. Do we not see in fables the force of the moral principle in detecting the truth? The only effect of fables is, by making inanimate or irrational things actors in the scene, to remove the case completely from our own sphere, to take our self-love off its guard, to simplify the question; and yet the result of this obvious appeal is allowed to be universal and irresistible. Is not this another example that "the heart of man is deceitful above all things;" or, that it is less our incapacity to distinguish what is right, than our secret determination to adhere to what is wrong, that prevents our discriminating one from the other? It is not that great and useful truths are not manifest and discernible in themselves; but little dirty objects get between them and us, and from being near and gross, hide the lofty and distant. The first business of the patriot and the philanthropist is to overleap this barrier, to rise out of this material dross. Indignation, contempt of the base and grovelling, makes the philosopher no less than the poet; and it is the power of looking beyond self, that enables each to inculcate moral truth and nobleness of sentiment, the one by general precepts, the other by individual example.—*Sketches and Essays.*

#### BALTHAZAR CLAËS IN HIS LABORATORY.

[BALZAC, 1799—1850.

[HONORÉ DE BALZAC, born at Tours, May 20, 1799, and educated at the college at Vendôme, was afterwards placed with a notary at Paris, where he began writing for the press. Between 1821—7, he published several tales under the assumed name of Horace de St. Aubin, and in 1826, commenced as a partner in a printing and book-selling business, which did not prove successful. The first novel published with his own name, "*Les Derniers Chouans, ou la Bretagne en 1800*," appeared at Paris in 1829. This was followed by a long series of works of fiction, several of which have been translated into the English language. His "*La Peau de Chagrin*," published at Paris in 1830, first rendered him famous. The Countess Eveline

de Hanska, wife of a Polish nobleman, possessing large estates, wrote Balzac a complimentary letter on the publication of the "*Médecin de Campagne*" in 1835. This led to a correspondence; the Countess, to whom he dedicated his novel "*Scraphita*," became a widow, and they were married in 1848. He tried to write dramas, but failed. A complete edition of his works in 20 vols. was published at Paris 1853-5. Balzac died at Paris Aug. 18, 1850.

A BANKER of the city came to demand payment of a bill of exchange for ten thousand francs, accepted by Claës. Marguerite having requested the banker to wait during the day, and evincing regret that she had not been made aware of this bill coming due, the latter informed her that the house of Protez and Chiffreville had nine others, of the same amount, falling due from month to month.

"All is said!" cried Marguerite; "the hour is come!"

She sent for her father, and walked with hasty steps and in great agitation about the parlour, talking to herself. "Find a hundred thousand francs!" said she, "or see our father in prison! What is to be done?"

Balthazar did not come down. Tired of waiting for him, Marguerite went up to the laboratory. On entering, she found her father in an immense apartment, strongly lighted, furnished with machines, and heavy pieces of glasswork; here and there books, tables loaded with products, ticketed and numbered. Everywhere the disorder which the profession of the savant drags in its train, offensive to Flemish habits. This collection of long-necked bottles, retorts, metals, fantastically-coloured crystallizations, sketches fastened against the walls, or cast upon the stoves, was dominated by the figure of Balthazar Claës, without his coat, his shirt-sleeves tucked up like those of a workman, and his open breast covered with hair as white as that on his head. His eyes were intensely, frightfully, fixed upon a pneumatic machine. The recipient of this machine was surmounted and closed by a lens of double convex glasses; the interior was filled with alcohol, and it collected in the powerful focus the rays of the sun, which entered by one of the compartments of the little garret window. The recipient, the plateau of which was isolated, communicated with the wires of an immense voltaic pile.

• Lemulquinier, occupied in moving the plateau of this machine, mounted on a movable axle, in order to keep the lens in a direction perpendicular to the rays of the sun, rose up, with a face black with dust, exclaiming—

"Ah, mademoiselle, don't come in!"

The aspect of her father, who, almost kneeling before his machine, received the light of the sun full upon his bald, bumpy head, the thin hairs of which resembled fine silver wire; his countenance contracted by fearful expectation; the singularity of the objects which sur-

rounded him ; the obscurity of most parts of this immense loft from which gleamed strange machines—all contributed to strike Marguerite, who exclaimed in an accent of terror,—

"My father is mad !" She approached him, and whispered in his ear—"Send away Lemulquinier."

"No, no, my child ; I want him. I expect the issue of a beautiful experiment, which nobody has dreamt of. We have been three days watching for a ray of the sun. I have found the means of submitting metals, in a perfect void, to concentrated sun-rays and electric currents. Look, then ; in a moment the most energetic action a chemist has in his power is about to be displayed, and I alone——"

"Yes, father, but instead of vapourizing metals, you ought to keep them to discharge your bills of exchange !"

"Wait ! wait ! I tell you."

"M. Mersktus has been here, father ; he demands ten thousand francs within four hours !"

"Yes, yes, I know ; presently will do for that. I did sign a bill for some such trifle, which would be due this month ; that is true ; but I thought I should have found the absolute. Good God ! if it were a July sun my experiment would be completed !" He clutched his thin grey hair, seated himself in an old cane chair, and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Monsieur is right. All this is owing to that beggarly sun ; it is too weak !—the mean, idle——"

"Leave us, Lemulquinier," said she.

"I am engaged in a new experiment, I tell you," said Claës.

"Father, you must forget your experiments," said his daughter to him, when they were left alone ; "you have a hundred thousand francs to pay, and you do not possess a farthing. Leave your laboratory, your honour is at stake. What will become of you in prison ? Would you stain your grey hairs and the name of Claës by the infamy of bankruptcy ? I will oppose myself to it ; I will find strength to combat your madness ; it would be frightful to see you without bread in your last days. Open your eyes upon your position ! exercise a little reason !"

"Madness !" cried Balthazar, who drew himself up, fixed his luminous eyes upon his daughter, crossed his arms upon his breast, and repeated the word madness so majestically, that Marguerite trembled. "Ah, your mother would not have spoken that word !" replied he ; "she was not ignorant of the importance of my researches ; she studied my science in order to understand me ; she knew that I worked for humanity's sake, that there is nothing personal or sordid in me. The sentiment of a woman who loves is, I see, above filial

affection. Yes, love is the most beautiful of all sentiments! Exercise reason, indeed!" continued he, striking his breast. "Am I wanting in it? Am I not myself? We are poor, my child, very well!—I wish it to be so. I am your father,—obey me. I will make you rich when I please. Your fortune! Bah! that is a trifle! When I shall have discovered a dissolvent for carbon, I will fill your parlour with diamonds; and that is a nothing in comparison with what I am in search of. You surely can wait while I am consuming myself in gigantic efforts."

"Father, I have no right to demand an account of you of the four millions you have squandered in this garret without a result. I will not mention my mother, whom you killed. If I had a husband, I should, no doubt, love him as much as my mother loved you, and should be ready to sacrifice everything to him. I have followed her orders in giving myself up to you entirely. I have proved it to you by not marrying, that you might not be forced to render an account of your guardianship. Let us leave the past and think of the present. I am come here to represent a necessity you have yourself created. Money must be had to provide for your bills of exchange,—do you understand that? There is nothing left here that can be seized but the portrait of your ancestor, Van-Claës. I come, then, in the name of my mother, who proved too weak to defend her children against their father, and who ordered me to resist you;—I come in the name of my brothers and sister—I come, father, in the name of all the Claës, to command you to discontinue your experiments, and to make a fortune by other means before you resume them. If you arm yourself with your paternity, which only makes itself felt to kill us, I have on my part, your ancestors and honour, which speak with a louder voice than chemistry; families take precedence of science. I have been too much your daughter!"

"And would now wish to be my executioner," said he, in a weak voice. Marguerite made her escape, to avoid failing in the part she had undertaken to play: she thought she heard the voice of her mother, when she had said: "*Do not thwart your father too much, love him dearly.*"—*Balthazar, of Science and Love.*

#### THE WITENA-GEMOT, OR ANGLO-SAXON PARLIAMENT.

[TURNER, 1768—1847.

[SHARON TURNER, born in London, Sep. 24, 1768, was educated at a school in Pentonville, and at an early age was articled to an attorney. The first volume of his "*History of the Anglo-Saxons*" appeared in 1799, and the third in 1805. The three volumes of the "*History of England during the Middle Ages, from the*

- Norman Conquest to 1509," appeared in 1814, 1815, and 1823; "The History of the Reign of Henry VIII." in 1826; and "The History of the Reigns of Edward VI., Mary, and Elizabeth," in 1829. Sharon Turner wrote some poems, and "The Sacred History of the World," in three volumes, which appeared in 1832, 1834, and 1837. He died in Red Lion Square, London, Feb. 13, 1847.]

THE gemot of the witan was the great council of the Anglo-Saxon nation; their parliament, or legislative and supreme judicial assembly. As the highest judicial court of the kingdom, it resembled our present House of Lords; and in those periods, when the peers of the realm represented territorial property, rather than hereditary dignities, the comparison between the Saxon witen-gemot and the Upper House of our modern parliament might have been more correctly made in their legislative capacity. As the German states are recorded by Tacitus to have had national councils, so the continental Saxons are also stated to have possessed them.

If we had no other evidence of the political wisdom of our Gothic or Teutonic ancestors than their institution of the witen-gemots, or national parliaments, this happy and wise invention would be sufficient to entitle them to our veneration and gratitude. For they have not only given to Government a form, energy, and direction, more promotive of the happiness of mankind than any other species of it has exhibited, but they are the most admirable provision for adapting its exercise and continuance to all the new circumstances ever arising of society, and for suiting and favouring its continual progress.

Of these assemblies, originating amid the woods and migrations of the Teutonic tribes, one important use has been to remove from the nation that has possessed and preserved them, the reproach, the bondage, and the misery of an immutable legislation. The Medes and Persians made it their right that their laws should never be changed; not even to be improved. This truly barbaric conception, a favourite dogma also with the kingly priests, or priestly kings of the Nile, and even at Lacedemon, could only operate to curtail society of its fair growth, and to bind all future ages to be as imperfect as the past. It may produce such a political and intellectual monstrosity as Egypt long exhibited, and force a nation to remain a piece of mechanism of bygone absurdity. But internal degradation and discomfort, external weakness, and national inferiority and decay, are the certain accompaniments of a policy so violent and unnatural.

Instead of thus making the times of ignorance, national infancy, and incipient experience the standard and the laws of the country's future manhood, the Anglo-Saxon witen-gemot or parliament was a wise, and parental lawgiver; not bound in the chains of an obsolete anti-



quity, but always providing with a nurturing care; always living, feeling, and acting with the population and circumstances of the day, and providing such regulations, either by alterations of former laws, or by the additions of new ones, as the vicissitudes, novelties, wants, improvement, sentiment, situation, and interest of the co-existing society, in its various classes, were found to be continually needing: sometimes legislating for the benefit of the rich, or the great, or the clergy, or the commercial, or the agriculturist; sometimes for the middling and lower orders; and sometimes collectively for all. Open to petitions stating the grievances from which certain classes or individuals occasionally suffer, and acquiring thus a knowledge of the wants and feelings of society, which no vigilance of its own, or of Government, could by other means obtain: ready to enact new laws, as manifest evils suggest, and reasoning wisdom patronizes, an English parliament, with all its imperfections, many, perhaps, inevitable, is—I speak with reverence, and only use the expression from the want of another as meaning—the nearest human imitation of a superintending Providence which our necessities or our sagacity have as yet produced or devised. The right of petitioning brings before it all the evils, real or imaginary, that affect the population which it guards; and the popular part being new-chosen at reasonable intervals, from the most educated orders of society, is perpetually renewed with its best talents; and, what is not less valuable, with its living and contemporaneous feelings, fears, hopes, and tendencies. No despotic Government, however pure and wise, can have these advantages. It cannot so effectually know what its subjects want. It cannot so well judge what they ought to obtain. It cannot so completely harmonize with the sympathies and flowing mind of the day, because its majesty precludes the acquisition of such identity as a septennial or hexennial election infuses. Whether new members are chosen, or old ones are re-elected, in both cases the election bespeaks their affinity with the hearts and understandings that surround them, and provides the security for a kind, vigilant, and improved legislation, more effectually than any other system has yet imparted. Our Anglo-Saxon ancestors had all these advantages, though the peculiar state of their society prevented them from having that full benefit of such a noble institution as we now enjoy. But they were petitioned, and they legislated; and the *dom-boc*, or laws, of every Anglo-Saxon reign that has survived to us contains some improvements on the preceding. Some of their members were also most probably chosen, like our own august parliament. The noble tree was then planted and growing, and had begun to produce fruit, though it had not obtained the majestic strength and dilation, and the beauty

and fertility of that which now overshadows, protects, and distinguishes the British islands and their dependencies.—*The History of the Anglo-Saxons from the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest*, Book viii. ch. iv.

### MANDINGO NEGRO'S STORY

[PARK, 1771—1805.

[MUNGO PARK was born Sept. 10, 1771, at a farm on the banks of the Yarrow, near Selkirk, at the Grammar School of which town he received his education. When fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon, and entered the University of Edinburgh in 1789.\* On completing the course he removed to London, and he went as surgeon of the "Worcester," which sailed for the East Indies in Feb. 1792. Under the auspices of his friend Sir Joseph Banks, and the African Association, Mungo Park left England to explore the Niger, May 22, 1795, and landed near the mouth of the Gambia June 21. After undergoing a variety of adventures he set sail for England, where he arrived Dec. 22, 1797. An account of his travels appeared in 1799. He was married Aug. 2 of that year, and resided for some time at his native place, but accepted the invitation to undertake another expedition into the interior of Africa, and left England Jan. 30, 1805, and reached Goree March 28. The expedition suffered severely from illness, and of forty-four Europeans who left Gambia in April, only three, Park and two soldiers, remained alive in November. The last letter he wrote was addressed to his wife, from Sansanding, Nov. 19, 1805. For some time nothing more was heard of the traveller, and investigation having been instituted, it was found that he had perished in the Niger, into which he plunged to escape from the natives, by whom he had been treacherously assailed. Some journals and letters which he had sent to England a short time before were published in 1815, with a Memoir of this enterprising traveller, by Major Rennell.]

IN the evening we marched out to see an adjoining village belonging to a Slattee named Jemaffoo Mamadoo, the richest of all the Gambia traders. We found him at home, and he thought so highly of the honour done him by this visit, that he presented us with a fine bullock, which was immediately killed, and part of it dressed for our evening's repast.

The Negroes do not go to supper till late, and in order to amuse ourselves while our beef was preparing, a Mandingo\* was desired to relate some diverting stories, in listening to which, and smoking tobacco, we spent three hours. These stories bear some resemblance to those in the Arabian Nights Entertainments; but, in general, are of a more ludicrous cast. I shall here abridge one of them for the reader's amusement.

"Many years ago," said the relater, "the people of Doomasansa (a

\* The Mandingoes, so called from having originally migrated from Manding, form the bulk of the inhabitants of the country bordering on the river Gambia.

town on the Gambia) were much annoyed by a lion, that came every night, and took away some of their cattle. By continuing his depredations, the people were at length so much enraged, that a party of them resolved to go and hunt the monster. They accordingly proceeded in search of the common enemy, which they found concealed in a thicket; and immediately firing at him, were lucky enough to wound him in such a manner, that, in springing from the thicket towards the people, he was thrown among the grass, and was unable to rise. The animal, however, manifested such appearance of vigour, that nobody cared to approach him singly; and a consultation was held concerning the properest means of taking him alive; a circumstance, it was said, which, while it furnished undeniable proof of their prowess, would turn out to great advantage, it being resolved to convey him to the coast, and sell him to the Europeans. While some persons proposed one plan, and some another, an old man offered a scheme. This was, to strip the roof of a house of its thatch, and to carry the bamboo frame (the pieces of which are well secured together by thongs), and throw it over the lion. If, in approaching him, he should attempt to spring upon them, they had nothing to do but to let down the roof upon themselves, and fire at the lion through the rafters. This proposition was approved and adopted. The thatch was taken from the roof of a hut, and the lion-hunters, supporting the fabric, marched courageously to the field of battle; each person carrying a gun in one hand, and bearing his share of the roof on the opposite shoulder. In this manner they approached the enemy; but the beast had by this time recovered his strength; and such was the fierceness of his countenance, that the hunters, instead of proceeding any further, thought it prudent to provide for their own safety by covering themselves with the roof. Unfortunately, the lion was too nimble for them; for, making a spring while the roof was setting down, both the beast and his pursuers were caught in the same cage, and the lion devoured them at his leisure, to the great astonishment and mortification of the people of Doomasansa; at which place it is dangerous even at this day to tell the story; for it is become the subject of laughter and derision in the neighbouring countries, and nothing will enrage an inhabitant of that town so much as desiring him to catch a lion alive."—*Travels in the Interior Districts of Africa*, 1795—7, vol. i. ch. 3.

## OF THE PICTURES OF THE NINE WORTHIES.\*

[SIR THOMAS BROWNE, 1605—1682]

[THOMAS BROWNE, born in Cheapside, October 19, 1605, was educated at Winchester, and Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. He followed the medical profession, took the degree of Doctor at Leyden, in 1633, and settled at Norwich in 1636. His first work, the "*Religio Medici*," published anonymously, in 1642, met with great success, and has been translated into most modern languages. His "*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors," appeared in 1646, and his "*Hydriotaphia. Urn-burial, or a Discourse of Sepulchral Urns*," called by Hallam his "best work," in 1658. He was the author of other works, some of which were not published during his lifetime. A collected edition of his writings, by Archbishop Tenison, appeared in 1684, and a complete edition by S. Wilkins in 1836. Browne, chosen honorary fellow of the College of Physicians in 1665, was knighted by Charles II on his visit to Norwich in 1671. A life accompanied his posthumous works published in 1712, another was prefixed to the thirteenth edition of the "*Religio Medici*" in 1736, and Dr. Johnson wrote a memoir for the second edition of the "*Christian Morals*," published in 1756. Sir Thomas Browne was called "the philosopher of Norwich," at which city he died October 19th, 1682.]

THE pictures of the Nine Worthies are not unquestionable, and to critical spectators may seem to contain sundry improprieties. Some will inquire why Alexander the Great is described upon an elephant for we do not find he used that animal in his armies, much less in his own person, but his horse is famous in history, and its name alive to this day.† Besides, he fought but one remarkable battle wherein there were any elephants, and that was with Porus, King of India, in which, notwithstanding, as Curtius, Arrianus, and Plutarch report, he was on horseback himself. And if because he fought against elephants he is with propriety set upon their backs, with no less (or greater) reason is the same description agreeable unto Judas Maccabæus, as may be observed from the history of the Maccabees, and also unto Julius Cæsar, whose triumph was honoured with captive elephants, as may be observed in the order thereof set forth by Jacobus Laurus.‡ And if

\* Namely, Joshua, Gideon, Samson, David, Judas Maccabæus, Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne. The list varies in different authors. Richard, or Robert Burton, (probably an assumed name for Nath. Crouch,) in his "*History of the Nine Worthies*," published in 1687, enumerates them thus:—three Gentiles, viz., Hector, Alexander the Great, and Julius Cæsar; three Jews, viz., Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabæus, and three Christians, viz., Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Boulogne. In the pageant of the nine worthies in "*Love's Labour's Lost*," (Act v. sc. 2) Shakespeare introduces only five out of the nine worthies, the five being Pompey, Alexander, Judas Maccabæus, Hercules, and Hector. A pamphlet, by Richard Johnson, author of "*The Seven Champions of Christendom*," published in 1592, and reprinted in the "*Harleian Miscellany*," (vol. viii. p. 437,) entitled "*The Nine Worthies of London*," gives an account of nine illustrious citizens.

† See page 169, Cowley.

‡ In *Splendore Urbis Antiquæ*.

also we should admit this description upon an elephant, yet were not the manner thereof unquestionable, that is, in his ruling the beast alone; for beside the champion upon their back, there was also a guide or ruler which sat more forward to command or guide the beast. Thus did King Porus ride when he was overthrown by Alexander; and thus are also the towered elephants described, (Maccabees, ii. 6.) Upon the beasts there were strong towers of wood, which covered every one of them, and were girt fast unto them by devices; there were also upon every one of them thirty-two strong men, beside the Indian that ruled them.

Others will demand, not only why Alexander upon an elephant, but Hector upon an horse; whereas his manner of fighting, or presenting himself in battle, was in a chariot,\* as did the other noble Trojans, who, as Pliny affirmeth, were the first inventors thereof. The same way of fight is testified by Diodorus, and thus delivered by Sir Walter Raleigh: "Of the vulgar, little reckoning was made, for they fought all on foot, slightly armed, and commonly followed the success of their captains, who rode not upon horses, but in chariots drawn by two or three horses."† And this was also the ancient way of fight among the Britons, as is delivered by Diodorus, Cæsar, and Tacitus; and there want not some who have taken advantage hereof, and made it one argument of their original from Troy.

Lastly, by any man versed in antiquity, the question can hardly be avoided, why the horses of these worthies, especially of Cæsar, are described with the furniture of great saddles and stirrups; for saddles, largely taken, though some defence there may be, yet that they had not the use of stirrups seemeth of lesser doubt; as Pancirollus hath observed, as Polydore, Virgil, and Petrus Victorius have confirmed, expressly discoursing hereon; as is observable from Pliny, and cannot escape our eyes in the ancient monuments, medals, and triumphant arches of the Romans. Nor is there any ancient classical word in Latin to express them. \* \* \* \* \* Polybius, speaking of the way which Hannibal marched into Italy, useth the word *βεβημαρισται*, that is, saith Petrus Victorius, it was stored with devices for men to get upon their horses, which ascents were termed *bemata*, and in the life of Caius Gracchus, Plutarch expresseth as much. For endeavouring to ingratiate himself with the people, besides the placing of stones at every mile's end, he made at nearer distances certain elevated places

\* The use of chariots for war and other purposes is of very ancient origin. See Gen. xiv. 7, and xlv. 27.

† History of the World.

and scalary ascents, that by the help thereof they might with better ease ascend or mount their horses. Now if we demand how cavaliers, then destitute of stirrups, did usually mount their horses, as Lipsius informeth, the unable and softer sort of men had their *αναβοχέις*, or *stratores*, which helped them upon horseback, as in the practice of Crassus, in Plutarch, and Caracalla, in Spartianus, and the later example of Valentinianus, who because his horse rose before, that he could not be settled on his back, cut off the right hand of his strator. But how the active and hardy persons mounted, Vegetius\* resolves us, that they used to vault or leap up, and therefore they had wooden horses in their houses and abroad, that thereby young men might enable themselves in this action; wherein by instruction and practice they grew so perfect, that they could vault upon the right or left, and that with their sword in hand. Julius Pollux adviseth to teach horses to incline, dimit, and bow down their bodies, that their riders may with better ease ascend them. And thus may it more causally be made out what Hippocrates affirmeth of the Scythians, that using continual riding they were generally molested with the *sciatica*, or hip gout. Or what Suetonius delivereth of Germanicus, that he had slender legs, but increased them by riding after meals; that is, the humours descending upon their pendulosity, they having no support or suppedaneous stability.

Now if any shall say that these are petty errors and minor lapses, not considerably injurious unto truth, yet is it neither reasonable nor safe to condemn inferior falsities, but rather as between falsehood and truth there is no medium, so should they be maintained in their distances; nor the contagion of the one approach the sincerity of the other.—*Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Inquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, book v. ch. 13.

#### DEMEANOUR IN CHURCH.

[GEORGE HERBERT, 1593—1633.

[GEORGE HERBERT, fifth brother of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, was born at Montgomery Castle, April 3, 1593, and educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected Fellow in 1615, public orator in 1619, and having taken orders, was made prebendary of Leighton Bromswold, in 1626. He married and obtained the rectory of Bemerton, near Salisbury, in 1630, and died of a quotidian ague in February, 1633. His chief work, "The Temple: Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations," was published at Cambridge in 1633. He left a prose work, "A Priest to the Temple; or, the Country Parson, his Character and Rule of Holy Life," which appeared in 1652. His Life, by Isaac Walton, appeared in 1670, and other biographies have been published.]

\* De re Milit.

THOUGH private prayer be a brave design,  
Yet public hath more promises, more love.  
And love is a weight to hearts ; to eyes, a sign.  
We all are but cold suitors, let us move  
Where it is warmest. Leave thy six and seven ;  
Pray with the most ; for, where most pray, is heaven.

When once thy feet enters the church, be bare.  
God is more there than thou : for thou art there  
Only by his permission. Then beware ;  
And make thyself all reverence and fear.  
Kneeling ne'er spoiled silk stockings. Quit thy state :  
All equal are within the church's gate.

Resort to sermons ; but to prayers most :  
Praying is the end of preaching. Oh, be drest !  
Stay not for the other pin. Why, thou hast lost  
A joy, for it, worth worlds. Thus hell doth jest  
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee ;  
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose, about thee.

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,  
And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,  
They may weep out the stains by them did rise.  
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.  
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,  
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

Let vain or busy thoughts have there no part.  
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither  
Christ purged his Temple ; so must thou thy heart.  
All worldly thoughts are but thieves met together  
To cozen thee. Look to thy actions well ;  
For churches either are heaven or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy judge.  
If thou mislike him, thou conceivest him not.  
God calleth preaching, folly. Do not grudge  
To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.  
The worst speak something good. If *all* want sense,  
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessings which  
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.  
He that, by being at church, escapes the ditch,  
Which he might fall in by companions, gains.

He that loves God's abode, and to combine  
With saints on earth, shall with them one day shine.

Jest not at preachers' language or expression.

How know'st thou but *thy* sins made him miscarry?  
Then turn thy faults and his into confession.

God sent him whatsoe'er he be. Oh, tarry  
And love him for his Master! His condition,  
Though it be ill, makes him no ill physician.

*The Temple. The Church Porch.*

### THE RELIGION OF PROTESTANTS.

[REV. W. CHILLINGWORTH, 1602—1644.

[WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH, born at Oxford in October, 1602, and educated at the University, was made a Fellow of Trinity College in 1628. He was induced by the Jesuit, Fisher, to renounce the Protestant faith, and to join the Jesuit College at Douay. In 1631 he left the Roman Catholics, and returned to Oxford. His "Religion of Protestants: a Safe Way to Salvation" appeared in 1635. He was made Chancellor of Salisbury in 1639, and during the civil war attached himself to the royal cause. At Arundel Castle he was taken prisoner by the parliamentary army, and died at the bishop's palace at Chichester Jan. 30, 1644. His life, by Dr. Birch, is prefixed to the folio edition of "The Religion of Protestants," published in 1742, and a complete list of his controversial works is given in Kippis's "Biog. Brit." vol. III. p. 515.]

WHEN I say the religion of Protestants is in prudence to be preferred before yours (the Roman Catholic), as, on the one side, I do not understand by your religion the doctrine of Bellarmine or Baronius, or any other private man amongst you; nor the doctrine of the Sorbonne, or of the Jesuits, or of the Dominicans, or of any other particular company among you, but that wherein you all agree, or profess to agree, "The doctrine of the Council of Trent;" so accordingly on the other side, by the "Religion of Protestants," I do not understand the doctrine of Luther, or Calvin, or Melancthon; nor the Confession of Augusta, Augsburg, or Geneva, nor the Catechism of Heidelberg, nor the Articles of the Church of England, no, nor the harmony of Protestant confessions; but that wherein they all agree, and which they all subscribe with a greater harmony, as a perfect rule of their faith and actions; that is, the BIBLE. The BIBLE, I say, the BIBLE only, is the religion of Protestants! Whatsoever else they believe besides it, and the plain, irrefragable, indubitable consequences of it, well may they hold it as a matter of opinion; but as matter of faith and religion, neither can they with coherence to their own grounds believe it



themselves, nor require the belief of it of others, without most high and most schismatical presumption. I for my part, after a long and (as I verily believe and hope) impartial search of "the true way to eternal happiness," do profess plainly that I cannot find any rest to the sole of my foot but upon this rock only. I see plainly and with mine own eyes, that there are popes against popes, councils against councils, some fathers against others, the same fathers against themselves, the consent of fathers of one age against the consent of fathers of another age, the church of one age against the church of another age. Traditive interpretations of Scripture are pretended; but there are few or none to be found: no tradition, but only of Scripture, can derive itself from the fountain, but may be plainly proved either to have been brought in, in such an age after Christ, or that in such an age it was not in. In a word, there is no sufficient certainty but of Scripture only for any considering man to build upon. This therefore, and this only, I have reason to believe: this I will profess, according to this I will live, and for this, if there be occasion, I will not only willingly, but even gladly, lose my life, though I should be sorry that Christians should take it from me. Propose me anything out of this Book, and require whether I believe it or no, and seem it never so incomprehensible to human reason, I will subscribe it with hand and heart, as knowing no demonstration can be stronger than this; God hath said so, therefore it is true. In other things I will take no man's liberty of judgment from him; neither shall any man take mine from me. I will think no man the worse man, nor the worse Christian, I will love no man the less, from differing in opinion from me. And what measure I mete to others, I expect from them again. I am fully assured that God does not, and therefore that man ought not, to require any more of any man than this, to believe the Scripture to be God's word, to endeavour to find the true sense of it, and to live according to it.

This is the religion which I have chosen after a long deliberation, and I am verily persuaded that I have chosen wisely, much more wisely, than if I had guided myself according to your church's authority.—*The Religion of Protestants*, ch. vi. § 56.

#### PASCAL'S PROVINCIAL LETTERS.

[STEPHEN, 1789—1859.]

[JAMES STEPHEN, whose father was a Master in Chancery, was born in 1789. Educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, he was afterwards called to the bar. He held various official appointments, commencing as counsel of the Colonial Department, and was made

permanent Under-Secretary to the Colonies. On his retirement in 1847, he received the honour of knighthood. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" were published in 1849, under the title "Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography." He was made Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Cambridge in 1849. His "Lectures on the History of France" appeared in Nov. 1851. Sir James Stephen died at Coblenz, Sept. 16, 1859.]

IN the whole compass of literature, ancient and modern, there is probably nothing in the same style which could bear a comparison with the "Provincial Letters." Their peculiar excellence can be illustrated only by the force of contrast; and, in that sense, the "Letters of Junius" may afford the illustration.

To either series of anonymous satires must be ascribed the praise of exquisite address, and of irresistible vigour. Each attained an immediate and a lasting popularity; and each has exercised a powerful influence on the literature of succeeding times. But here all resemblance ends. No writer ever earned so much fame as Junius with so little claim to the respect or gratitude of his readers. He embraced no large principles; he awakened no generous feelings; he scarcely advocated any great social interest. He gives equally little proof of the love of man, and of the love of books. He contributed nothing to the increase of knowledge, and but seldom ministered to blameless delight. His topics and his thoughts were all of the passing day. His invective is merciless and extravagant; and the veil of public spirit is barely thrown over his personal antipathies and inordinate self-esteem. No man was ever so greatly indebted to mere style; yet, with all its recommendations, his is a style eminently vicious. It is laboured, pompous, antithetical—never self-forgetful, never flowing freely, never in repose. The admiration he extorts is yielded grudgingly; nor is there any book so universally read which might become extinct with so little loss to the world as "The Letters of Junius."

Reverse all this, and you have the characteristics of the "Provincial Letters." Their language is but the transparent, elastic, unobtrusive medium of thought. It moves with such quiet gracefulness as entirely to escape attention, until the matchless perspicacity of discussions, so incomprehensible under any management but his, forces on the mind an inquiry into the causes of so welcome a phenomenon. Pascal's wit, even when most formidable, is so tempered by kindness, as to show that the infliction of pain, however salutary, was a reluctant tribute to his supreme love of truth. His playfulness is the buoyancy of a heart which has no burden to throw off, and is gay without effort. His indignation is never morose, vindictive, or supercilious: it is but philanthropy, kindling into righteous anger and generous resentment, and imparting to them a tone of awful majesty. The unostentatious

master of all learning, he finds recreation in toils which would paralyse an ordinary understanding, yet so sublimated is that learning with the spirit of philosophy, as to make him heedless of whatever is trivial, transient, and minute, except as it suggests or leads to what is comprehensive and eternal.

But the canons of mere literary criticism were never designed to measure that which constitutes the peculiar greatness of the author of the "Provincial Letters." His own claim was to be tried by his peers—by those who in common with him, possess a mental vision purified by contemplating that light in which is no darkness at all, and affections enlarged by a benevolence which, having its springs in heaven, has no limits to its diffusion on earth. Among his ascetic brethren in the valley of Port-Royal, he himself recognised the meet, if not the impartial, judges of his labours. They hailed with transport an ally who, to their own sanctity of manners, and to more than their own genius, added popular arts to which they could make no pretension. We infer, indeed, though doubtfully, that they were taught by the excellent M. Singlin to regard and censure such exultation as merely human. That great spiritual anatomist probably rebuked and punished the glee which could not but agitate the innermost folds of Arnauld's heart, as he read his apologist's exquisite analysis of the *Pouvoir Prochain* and of the *Graces suffisantes qui ne sont pas efficaces*. For history records the misgivings of Mademoiselle Pascal on the question, whether M. Singlin would put up with the indomitable gaiety which would still chequer with some gleams of mirth her brother's cell at Les Granges, even after his preternatural ingenuity had been exhausted in rendering it the most desolate and cheerless of human abodes.—*Essay vi. The Port Royalists.*

#### THE STORM AT SEA.

[SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, 1554—1586.]

[PHILIP SIDNEY, called by Sir Walter Raleigh the English Petrarch, born at Penshurst, in Kent, Nov. 29, 1554, went to school at Shrewsbury in 1564, entered at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1569, and afterwards studied at Cambridge. In 1572 he set out on his travels, and did not return to England until May, 1575. Having held various appointments, he was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1583, and made by her Governor of Flushing in 1585. In an encounter near Zutphen, September 22, 1586, he received a wound, and after lingering some days, died (October 7) in the arms of his wife, the only daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, to whom he had been married in 1583. His body was brought to England, and, after lying in state, was interred with great ceremony in Old St. Paul's Cathedral, February 16, 1587. None of his works appeared during his lifetime. "The Arcadia," written at Wilton, was published in 1600 under the title "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia."



"Astrophel and Stella," written in 1581, first appeared in 1591. "The Defence of Poesie," composed in 1581, was published in 1595. Sir Philip Sidney contributed several small poems to collections of the period. Hallam (Lit. Hist. part ii. ch. 7) calls him "the first good prose writer in any positive sense of the word," and says of his "Defence of Poesie," "The great praise of Sidney in this treatise is, that he has shown the capacity of the English language for spirit, variety, gracious idiom, and masculine firmness." His life, by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, was published in 1652, by Thomas Zouch in 1808, by Julius Lloyd in 1862, and by H. R. F. Bourne in 1862. A notice of this writer appears in Fuller's "Worthies," in Wood's "Athen. Oxon.," and in "The Retrospective Review," vols. ii. and x.]

BUT by that the next morning began a little to make a gilded show of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun, a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven; preparing as it were a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly, making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness; with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way so ever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth. Some, indeed, as since was known, after long wandering, returned into *Thessalia*; others recovered *Bizantium*, and served *Enarchus* in his war. But in the ship wherein the princes were, now left as much alone as proud lords be when fortune fails them, though they employed all industry to save themselves, yet what they did was rather for duty to nature than hope to escape so ugly a darkness as if it would prevent the night's coming, usurped the day's right, which, accompanied sometimes with thunders, always with horrible noises of the chasing winds, made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely, when they directed, hear their own whistle. For the sea strove with the winds which should be louder, and the shrouds of the ship, with a gastful noise to them that were in it, witnessed that their ruin was the wager of the others contention, and the heaven roaring out thunder the more amazed them, as having those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more honour than that which grows in those floating

kingdoms. For that dwelling-place is unnatural to mankind : and then the terribleness of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth still vex the mind even when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past, if that might be called day, while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storm, as they thought it best with stricken sails to yield to be governed by it ; the valiantest feeling inward dismayedness, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to show it, seeing that the princes, who were to part from the greatest fortunes, did in their countenances accuse no point of fear, but encouraging them to do what might be done, putting their hands to every most painful office, taught them at one instant to promise themselves the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyranny of the wind, and the treason of the sea all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it showed itself towards them : till the next morning known to be a morning better by the hour-glass than by the day's clearness, having run fortune as blindly as itself ever was painted, least the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driven upon a rock, which, hidden with those outrageous waves, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruel mind, till with an unbelieved violence, but to them that have tried it, the ship ran upon it ; and seeming willing to perish than to have her course stayed, redoubled her blows till she had broken herself in pieces, and, as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the sea's greediness, left nothing with it but despair of safety and expectation of a loathsome end. There was to be seen the divers manner of minds in distress : some sat upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing till the sea swallowed them ; some one more able to abide death, than fear of death, cut his own throat to prevent drowning ; some prayed, and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring voices, was able to infect with fear a mind that had not prevented it with the power of reason.—*The Arcadia*. Book ii.

#### WOLSEY'S EXACTIONS.

[REV. J. FOXE, 1517—1587.]

[JOHN FOXE, commonly called the Martyrologist, was born at Boston, in Lincolnshire, in 1517 ; was educated at Oxford, and became Fellow of Magdalen College in 1543. He was deprived of his fellowship July 22, 1545, and travelled abroad till the accession of Elizabeth, when he became a prebend of Salisbury. The first part of his "History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church," otherwise called "Foxe's Book of

Martyrs," was published at Strasburg in 1554, and the first English edition in 1562-3. His "Ecclesiastical History" appeared in 1570. Foxe died April 18, 1587. His life, by S. R. Catley, was published, with an edition of his work, 1843-9.]

THIS glorious cardinal, in his tragical doings, did exceed so far all measure of a good subject, that he became more like a prince than a priest; for although the King bore the sword, yet he bore the stroke, making (in a manner) the whole realm to bend at his beck, and to dance after his pipe. Such practices and fetches he had, that when he had well stored his own coffers first, he fetched the greatest part of the king's treasure out of the realm, in twelve great barrels full of gold and silver, to serve the Pope's wars: and, as his avaricious mind was never satisfied with getting, as his restless head was so busy, ruffling in public matters, that he never ceased before he had set both England, France, Flanders, Spain, and Italy, together by the ears.

Thus this Legate well following the steps of his master, the Pope, and both of them well declaring the nature of their religion, under the pretence of the Church, practised great hypocrisy; and under the authority of the king, he used great extortion, with excessive taxes and loans, and valuation of every man's substance, so pilling the commons and merchants, that every man complained, but no redress was had. Neither yet were the churchmen altogether free from the pill-axe and poll-axe; from the pilling and polling, I mean, of this cardinal, who, under his power legantine, gave by preventions all benefices belonging to spiritual persons; by which, hard it is to say, whether he purchased to himself more riches or hatred of the spirituality. So far his license stretched, that he had power to suppress divers abbeys, priories, and monasteries; and so he did, taking from them all their goods, movables, and unmovables, except it were a little pension, left only to the heads of certain houses. By the said power legantine, he kept also general visitations through the realm, sending Doctor John Alein, his chaplain, riding in his gown of velvet, and with a great train, to visit all religious houses; whereat the friars observant, much grudged, and would in nowise condescend thereunto; wherefore they were openly accursed at Paul's Cross, by Friar Forest, one of the same order; so that the cardinal at length prevailed both against them and all others. Against whom great disdain arose among the people, perceiving how, by visitations, making of abbots, probates of testaments, granting of faculties, licenses, and other pollings in his courts legantine, he had made his treasure equal with the king's, and yet every year he sent great sums to Rome. And this was their daily talk against the cardinal.

Besides many other matters and grievances which stirred the hearts of the commons against the cardinal, this was one which much

pinched them ; for that the said cardinal had sent out certain straight commissions in the King's name, that every man should pay the sixth part of his goods. Whereupon there followed great mutterings amongst the commons ; in such sort, that it had almost grown to some riotous commotion or tumult, especially in the parts of Suffolk, had not the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, with wisdom and gentleness stepped in and appeased the same.

Another thing that rubbed the stomachs of many, or rather which moved them to laugh at the cardinal, was this : to see his insolent presumption, so highly to take upon him, as the King's chief councillor, to set a reformation in the order of the King's household, making and establishing new ordinances in the same. He likewise made new officers in the house of the Duke of Richmond, which was then newly begun. In like manner, he ordained a council, and established another household for the Lady Mary, then being princess ; so that all things were done by his consent, and by none other. All this, with much more, he took upon him, making the King believe that all should be to his honour, and that he needed not to take any pains ; insomuch that the charge of all things was committed unto him : whereat many men smiled, to see his great folly and presumption.

At this time the cardinal gave the King the lease of the manor of Hampton Court, which he had of the lord of St. John's, and on which he had done great cost. Therefore the King again, of his gentle nature, licensed him to lie in his manor of Richmond ; and so he lay there certain times. But when the common people, and especially such as were King Henry the Seventh's servants, saw the cardinal keep house in the royal manor of Richmond, which King Henry the Seventh so much esteemed, it was a marvel to hear how they grudged, saying, " See, a butcher's dog lies in the manor of Richmond ! " These, with many other opprobrious words, were spoken against the cardinal, whose pride was so high, that he regarded nothing : yet he was hated of all men."—*Acts and Monuments*.

#### LADY HESTER STANHOPE AND THE ARABS.

[KINGLAKE, 1811.]

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE, born at Taunton in 1802, was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837. His first work, "Eothen," an account of Eastern travel, was published in 1844. He retired from the bar in 1856, and was elected member for Bridgewater in 1857. The first portion of a "History of the Russian War, 1854-6," appeared in 1863. Mr. Kinglake has contributed to the "Quarterly Review" and other periodicals.]

For hours and hours this wondrous white woman poured forth her speech, for the most part concerning sacred and profane mysteries; but every now and then she would stay her lofty flight, and swoop down upon the world again: whenever this happened, I was interested in her conversation.

She adverted more than once to the period of her lost sway amongst the Arabs, and mentioned some of the circumstances that aided her in obtaining influence with the wandering tribes. The Bedouin, so often engaged in irregular warfare, strains his eyes to the horizon in search of a coming enemy, just as habitually as the sailor keeps his "bright look-out" for a strange sail. In the absence of telescopes, a far-reaching sight is highly valued; and Lady Hester Stanhope had this power. She told me that on one occasion when there was good reason to expect hostilities, a far-seeing Arab created great excitement in the camp by declaring that he could distinguish some moving objects upon the very farthest point within the reach of his eyes; Lady Hester was consulted, and she instantly assured her comrades in arms that there were indeed a number of horses within sight, but that they were without riders. The assertion proved to be correct; and from that time forth, her superiority over all others, in respect of far sight, remained undisputed.

Lady Hester related this other anecdote of her Arab life. It was when the heroic qualities of the Englishwoman were just beginning to be felt amongst the people of the desert, that she was marching one day, along with the forces of the tribe to which she had allied herself. She perceived that preparations for an engagement were going on; and upon her making inquiry as to the cause, the Sheik at first affected mystery and concealment, but at last confessed that war had been declared against his tribe, on account of its alliance with the English princess, and that they were now unfortunately about to be attacked by a very superior force: he made it appear that Lady Hester was the sole cause of hostility betwixt his tribe and the impending enemy, and that his sacred duty of protecting the Englishwoman whom he had admitted as his guest, was the only obstacle which prevented an amicable settlement of the dispute. The Sheik hinted that his tribe was likely to sustain an almost overwhelming blow, but at the same time declared that no fear of the consequences, however terrible to him and his whole people, should induce him to dream of abandoning his illustrious guest. The heroine instantly took her part: it was not for her to be a source of danger to her friends, but rather to her enemies; so she resolved to turn away from the people, and trust for help to none, save only her haughty self. The Sheiks affected to dissuade her from so rash a course, and fairly told her, that although they (having been freed from her presence) would be able to make good terms for themselves



yet that there were no means of allaying the hostility felt towards her, and that the whole face of the desert would be swept by the horsemen of her enemies so carefully as to make her escape into other districts almost impossible. The brave woman was not to be moved by terrors of this kind; and, bidding farewell to the tribe which had honoured and protected her, she turned her horse's head, and rode straight away, without friend or follower. Hours had elapsed, and for some time she had been alone in the centre of the round horizon, when her quick eye perceived some horsemen in the distance. The party came nearer and nearer; soon it was plain that they were making towards her; and presently some hundreds of Bedouins, fully armed, galloped up to her, ferociously shouting, and apparently intending to take her life at the instant with their pointed spears. Her face at the time was covered with the yashmack, according to Eastern usage; but at the moment when the foremost of the horsemen had all but reached her with their spears, she stood up in her stirrups, withdrew the yashmack that veiled the terrors of her countenance, waved her arm slowly and disdainfully, and cried out, with a loud voice, "Avaunt!"\* The horsemen recoiled from her glance, but not in terror. The threatening yells of the assailants were suddenly changed for loud shouts of joy and admiration at the bravery of the stately Englishwoman, and festive gun-shots were fired on all sides around her honoured head. The truth was, that the party belonged to the tribe with which she had allied herself, and that the threatened attack, as well as the pretended apprehension of an engagement, had been contrived for the mere purpose of testing her courage. The day ended in a great feast, prepared to do honour to the heroine; and from that time her power over the minds of the people grew rapidly. Lady Hester related this story with great spirit; and I recollect that she put up her yashmack for a moment, in order to give me a better idea of the effect which she produced by suddenly revealing the awfulness of her countenance. —*Eothen*, ch. viii.

#### PRECISION OF LANGUAGE.

[HOBBS, 1588—1679.

[THOMAS HOBBS was born at Malmesbury April 5, 1588. Educated at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, he became private tutor in Lord Hardwicke's (afterwards Earl of Devonshire) family in 1608. He was intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of

\* She spoke it, I dare say, in English. The words would not be the less effective for being spoken in an unknown tongue. Lady Hester, I believe, never learnt to speak the Arabic with a perfect accent.

Cherbury, Ben Jonson, and Descartes. His translation of "Thucydides" appeared in 1628, and his "Elementa Philosophica de Cive" was published at Paris in 1642, and a second edition was published in Holland in 1647. In the latter year Hobbes was appointed mathematical tutor to the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II. His treatises, entitled "Human Nature," and "De Corpore Politico," appeared in London in 1650, and the "Leviathan" in 1651. Soon after the Restoration a pension of 100*l.* per annum was settled on Hobbes, and in 1666 his "Leviathan" and "De Cive" were censured by Parliament. He wrote his life in Latin verse in 1672, and published his translation of Homer in 1675. A memoir is prefixed to the folio edition of his "Moral and Political Works" published in 1759. Hobbes, called, from the place of his birth, the Philosopher of Malmesbury, died Dec. 4, 1679, in his ninety-second year. An edition of his English and Latin works, first collected and edited by Sir William Molesworth, appeared in 1839-45. Dr. Warburton termed him the terror of his age, and Hallam (Lit. His., Part iii. ch. 3, § 154) says:—"In nothing does Hobbes deserve more credit than in having set an example of close observation in the philosophy of the human mind. If he errs, he errs like a man who goes a little out of the right track, not like one who has set out in a wrong one. The eulogy of Stewart on Descartes, that he was the father of this experimental psychology, cannot be strictly wrested from him by Hobbes, inasmuch as the publications of the former are of an earlier date; but we may fairly say that the latter began as soon, and prosecuted his inquiries farther. It seems natural to presume that Hobbes, who is said to have been employed by Bacon in translating some of his works into Latin, had at least been led by him to the inductive process which he has more than any other employed. But he has seldom mentioned his predecessor's name; and indeed his mind was of a different stamp; less excursive, less quick in discovering analogies, and less fond of reasoning from them, but more close, perhaps more patient, and more apt to follow up a predominant idea, which sometimes becomes one of the 'idola specûs' that deceived him."]

SEEING that truth consisteth in the right ordering of names in our affirmations, a man that seeketh precise truth had need to remember what every name he useth stands for, and to place it accordingly, or else he will find himself entangled in words, as a bird in lime twigs, the more he struggles the more belimed. And therefore in geometry, which is the only science that it hath pleased God hitherto to bestow on mankind, men begin at settling the significations of their words; which settling of significations they call *definitions*, and place them in the beginning of their reckoning.

By this it appears how necessary it is for any man that aspires to true knowledge, to examine the definitions of former authors; and either to correct them where they are negligently set down, or to make them himself. For the errors of definitions multiply themselves according as the reckoning proceeds, and lead men into absurdities, which at last they see, but cannot avoid, without reckoning anew from the beginning, in which lies the foundation of their errors. From whence it happens, that they which trust to books, do as they that cast up many little sums into a greater, without considering whether those little sums were rightly cast up or not; and at last finding the error visible, and not mistrusting their first grounds, know not which way to clear

themselves, but spend time in fluttering over their books; as birds that entering by the chimney, and finding themselves enclosed in a chamber, flutter at the false light of a glass window, for want of wit to consider which way they came in. So that in the right definition of names lies the first use of speech; which is the acquisition of science; and in wrong, or no definitions, lies the first abuse; from which proceed all false and senseless tenets; which make those men that take their instruction from the authority of books, and not from their own meditation, to be as much below the condition of ignorant men, as men endued with true science are above it. For between true science and erroneous doctrines, ignorance is in the middle. Natural sense and imagination are not subject to absurdity. Nature itself cannot err; and as men abound in copiousness of language, so they become more wise, or more mad than ordinary. Nor is it possible without letters for any man to become either excellently wise, or, unless his memory be hurt by disease or ill constitution of organs, excellently foolish. For words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools, that value them by the authority of an Aristotle, a Cicero, or a Thomas,\* or any other doctor whatsoever, if but a man.—*Leviathan*, part i. ch. iv.

## CHRISTMAS.

[MRS. GASCOIGNE, 1813.]

[MRS. GASCOIGNE, youngest daughter of John Smith, M.P., of Dale Park, born in 1813, and married to General Gascoigne in 1834, was, at an early age, distinguished for her devotion to literature. Her first work, "Temptation, or a Wife's Perils," appeared in 1839, and was attributed to several authors of note, and, amongst others, to the Hon. Mrs. Norton. "The School for Wives" appeared in 1842, "Evelyn Harcourt" in 1847, and "Belgravia," a poem, in 1851. "Spencer's Cross Manor House," a child's story, "Recollections and Tales of the Crystal Palace," a poem, and "The Next-door Neighbours," a novel, appeared in 1852. Mrs. Gascoigne has contributed to "All the Year Round," and other periodicals. "Doctor Harold," a novel, was published in 1865.]

BUT turn we now, to a more gladsome strain,  
 For Christmas comes, and pleasures in its train;  
 Thrice happy Christmas, with its festive mirth,  
 Its heavenly message, 'Peace—good will on earth'—  
 Blest be the welcome season! blest to all  
 Its glad event—its glorious festival!  
 Nor rich nor poor at this bright time should mourn;  
 For all alike the Saviour Child was born;

\* Aquinas, called the Angelic Doctor, born 1224; died March 7, 1274.

And though some hearts be sad—some eyes be dim,  
Yet shall He comfort all who come to Him,  
And at His bidding, inward strife shall cease  
As once the storm was stayed—and all was peace.  
Lo! now the day is come—the wished-for day,  
And all this Christian land shines bright and gay.  
Around Belgravia's thousand homes, the voice  
Of joy and health is heard, and bids rejoice.  
From heart to heart the kindly wish is sped,  
The rich are merry, and the poor are fed.  
The toiling artisan can thankful share  
The general rest, and eat his Christmas fare;  
The smoke-dried shopman to the country hies,  
And revels in the sight of clear blue skies;  
The weary clerk, who scribbles all the year,  
Can take the pen from his enduring ear  
And banquet on the bird, by whose grey wing  
He earns the pittance that the feast can bring.  
The pallid usher, worn with ceaseless noise,  
And freed at length from fifty graceless boys,  
His aged mother seeks, and by her side  
Forgets his wretched lot, his injured pride,  
Looks with a hopeful eye to better things,  
And feels the grateful peace that Christmas brings.  
Each jocund school-boy to his home departs,  
To be received by longing, loving hearts,  
To sport and feast at will, and, if he can,  
Ride, drive, skate, dance—and be in all a man.  
The statesman, burthened with a nation's cares,  
For this one day that nation's quiet shares,  
Casts off the onerous weight of public life,  
And smiles his own old smile upon his wife;  
Watches with secret joy his children's play,  
And in these hours of peace, rejoices more than they.

Nor is the female world less full of glee;  
The moping governess at last is free,  
And from the schoolroom, where with patient mind,  
She daily drudges, "cabined, cribbed, confined,"  
Comes forth—unwonted smiles upon her face,  
And in the railroad takes a first-class place;  
To London hies, and there with cherished friends,  
A joyous Christmas, gay with pleasures, spends;

Dances the old year out, and new year in,  
And, like her betters, seeks fond hearts to win,  
Hails blest Vacuna's\* short but welcome reign,  
And dreads return to plodding life again.  
Meanwhile her pupils, wild with youthful glee,  
Like her, enjoy the sweets of liberty,  
Revel in games, charades, and endless fun,  
And do much mischief, leaving tasks undone ;  
Lament, like her, the hours' too swift career,  
And wish that Christmas lasted all the year.  
The sempstress, pale with toil and scanty fare,  
Creeps forth to revel in the ambient air,  
Glad—for this day hath brought its wonted treat,  
One rare for her—a taste of wholesome meat.  
The cloak-room damsel, who with well-built shape  
Fits on all day the mantle, shawl, and cape,  
Surveying in the glass with flippant stare  
First her own form, and then the whisp'ring Fair,  
Rude to the set her practised eye deems poor,  
Cringing to those whose purse is full and sure—  
E'en she at length is free, and can to-day  
Her figure to the out-door world display,  
Can don her own smart shawl—the shop forget,  
And spend her hours with some congenial set.  
The ancient spinster, who in country town,  
Has one small tenement she calls her own,  
Boasts now a guest—her favourite brother—come  
To spend his Christmas in her humble home.  
Together they discourse of bygone years,  
Of buried parents—former hopes and fears—  
Each past event—each ancient hope and pain,  
Till, as they talk, their youth returns again,  
And they forget how soon the mouldering stone  
That bears those honoured names, must bear their own.

Thus all are happy. On this happiest day,  
Sorrow and toil alike seem scared away,  
And a short respite from distress and fear  
Marks this bright period of the Christian's year.

*Belgravia.*

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\* Vacuna, the Goddess of Vacations, whose festival was in December.

## THE HOUSEHOLD OF A CHRISTIAN

[REV. DR. ALFORD, 1810—1871.]

[HENRY ALFORD, born in London in 1810, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. His first work, "Poems and Poetical Fragments," appeared in 1831; "The School of the Heart," and other poems in 1835. He became Fellow of his College in 1835, and from that year till 1853 was Vicar of Wymeswold, Leicestershire. In 1841 he was Hulsean Lecturer in the University of Cambridge, and Examiner of Logic and Moral Philosophy in the University of London from 1841-1857. The first volume of his Greek Testament appeared in 1841. In 1853 he was appointed Minister of Quebec Chapel, and in 1857 Dean of Canterbury. In addition to the afore-mentioned publications, Dr. Alford was the author of many sermons and other works. Died 1871 ]

THE household is not an accident of nature, but an ordinance of God. Even nature's processes, could we penetrate their secrets, figure forth spiritual truths, and her highest and noblest arrangements are but the representations of the most glorious of those truths. That very state out of which the household springs, is one, as Scripture and the Church declare to us, not to be taken in hand unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly, seeing that it sets forth and represents to us the relation between Christ and his Church. The household is a representation, on a small scale, as regards numbers, but not as regards the interests concerned, of the great family in heaven and earth. Its whole relations and mutual duties are but reflexions of those which subsist between the Redeemer and the people for whom He hath given Himself. The household, then, is not an institution whose duties spring from beneath—from the necessities of circumstances merely, but it is an appointment of God, whose laws are His laws, and whose members owe direct account to Him. The father of a household stands most immediately in God's place. His is the post of greatest responsibility, of greatest influence for good or for evil. His it is, in the last resort, to fix and determine the character which his household shall bear. According as he is good or bad, godly or ungodly, selfish or self-denying, so will for the most part the complexion of the household be also. As he values that which is good, not in his professions, for which no one cares, but in his practice, which all observe, so will it most likely be valued also by his family as they grow up and are planted out in the world. Of all the influences which can be brought to bear on man, paternal influence may be made the strongest and most salutary and whether so made or not, is ever of immense weight one way or the other. For remember, that paternal influence is not that which the father strives to exert merely, but that which in matter of fact he *does* exert. That superior life, ever moving in advance of the young and observing and imitative life of all of us, that source from which all our first ideas came, that voice which sounded deeper into our hearts than all other voices,

day by day, year by year, through all our tender and plastic childhood, will all through life, almost in spite of ourselves, still keep in advance of us, still continue to sound: no other example will ever take so firm hold, no other superiority be ever so vividly and constantly felt. And again remember, this example goes for what it is really worth. Words do not set it—religious phrases do not give it its life and power—it is not a thing of display and effort, but of inner realities, and recurring acts and habits. It is not the raving of the wind round the precipice,—not the sunrise and sunset, clothing it with golden glory,—which moulded it and gave it its worn and rounded form: but the unmarked dropping of the silent waters, the melting of the yearly snows, the gushing of the inner springs. And so it will be, not that which the outward eye sees in him, not that which men repute him, not public praise, nor public blame, that will enhance or undo a father's influence in his household; but that which he really is in the hearts of his family: that which they know of him in private: the worth to which they can testify, but which the outer world never saw; the affections which flow in secret, of which they know the depth, but others only the surface. And so it will be likewise with a father's religion. None so keen to see into a man's religion, as his own household. He may deceive others without; he may deceive himself: he can hardly long succeed in deceiving them. If religion with him be merely a thing put on: an elaborate series of outward duties, attended to for expediency's sake,—something fitting his children, but not equally fitting him: O, none will so soon and so thoroughly learn to appreciate this, as those children themselves: there is not any fact which, when discovered, will have so baneful an effect on their young lives, as such an appreciation. No amount of external devotion will ever counter-balance it: no use of religious phraseology, nor converse with religious people without. But if, on the other hand, his religion is really a thing in his heart: if he moves about day by day as seeing One invisible: if the love of Christ is really warming the springs of his inner life, then, however inadequately this is shown in matter or in manner, it will be sure to be known and thoroughly appreciated by those who are ever living their lives around him.—*Quebec Chapel Sermons*, xxvi. Sermon on Joshua, xxiv. 15.

## OF THE ORIGIN AND USE OF MONEY.

[ADAM SMITH, 1723—1790.

[ADAM SMITH, who is said to have laid the foundation of the science of political economy, was born at Kircaldy, June 5, 1723, and received his education at the grammar-school of his native town, the University of Glasgow and Balliol College, Oxford. He took up his residence at Edinburgh in 1748, and was elected Professor of Logic in the University of Glasgow in 1751, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1752. His "Theory of Moral Sentiments" appeared in 1759. In 1764 Adam Smith accompanied the Duke of Buccleugh on a continental tour which lasted three years. The first edition of the "Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations" appeared in 1776, and the third edition, with several additions, in 1784. The rectorship of the University of Glasgow was conferred upon him in 1787. On receiving in 1788 the appointment of one of the Commissioners of Customs for Scotland, Adam Smith again took up his residence in Edinburgh, where he died July 8, 1790. His life, by Dugald Stewart, was published in 1795, and another life, by W. Playfair, in 1805.]

WHEN the division of labour has been once thoroughly established, it is but a very small part of a man's wants which the produce of his own labour can supply. He supplies the far greater part of them by exchanging that surplus part of the produce of his own labour, which is over and above his own consumption, for such parts of the produce of other men's labour as he has occasion for. Every man thus lives by exchanging, or becomes in some measure a merchant, and the society itself grows to be what is properly a commercial society.

But when the division of labour first began to take place, this power of exchanging must frequently have been very much clogged and embarrassed in its operations. One man, we shall suppose, has more of a certain commodity than he himself has occasion for, while another has less. The former consequently would be glad to dispose of, and the latter to purchase, a part of this superfluity. But if this latter should chance to have nothing that the former stands in need of, no exchange can be made between them. The butcher has more meat in his shop than he himself can consume, and the brewer and the baker would each of them be willing to purchase part of it. But they have nothing to offer in exchange, except the different productions of their respective trades, and the butcher is already provided with all the bread and beer which he has immediate occasion for. No exchange can, in this case, be made between them. He cannot be their merchant, nor they his customers; and they are all of them thus mutually less serviceable to one another. In order to avoid the inconvenience of such situations, every prudent man in every period of society, after the first establishment of the division of labour, must naturally have endeavoured to manage his affairs in such a manner, as to have at all times by him, besides the peculiar produce of his own industry, a certain quantity of



some one commodity or other, such as he imagined few people would be likely to refuse in exchange for the produce of their industry.

Many different commodities, it is probable, were successively both thought of and employed for this purpose. In the rude ages of society, cattle are said to have been the common instruments of commerce; and, though they must have been a most inconvenient one, yet in old times we find things were frequently valued according to the number of cattle which had been given in exchange for them.

The armour of Diomedes, says Homer, cost only nine oxen; but that of Glaucus cost an hundred oxen. Salt is said to be the common instrument of commerce and exchanges in Abyssinia; a species of shells in some parts of the coast of India; dried cod at Newfoundland; tobacco in Virginia; sugar in some of the West India Colonies; hides or dressed leather in some other countries; and there is at this day a village in Scotland where it is not uncommon, I am told, for a workman to carry nails instead of money to the baker's shop or to the ale-house.

In all countries, however, men seem at last to have been determined by irresistible reasons to give the preference, for this employment, to metals above every other commodity. Metals can not only be kept with as little loss as any other commodity, scarce anything being less perishable than they are, but they can likewise, without any loss, be divided into any number of parts, as by fusion those parts can easily be re-united again; a quality which no other equally durable commodities possess, and which more than any other quality renders them fit to be the instruments of commerce and circulation. The man who wanted to buy salt, for example, and had nothing but cattle to give in exchange for it, must have been obliged to buy salt to the value of a whole ox, or a whole sheep at a time. He could seldom buy less than this, because what he was to give for it could seldom be divided without loss; and, if he had a mind to buy more, he must, for the same reasons, have been obliged to buy double or triple the quantity, the value, to wit, of two or three oxen, or of two or three sheep. If, on the contrary, instead of sheep or oxen, he had metals to give in exchange for it, he could easily proportion the quantity of the metal to the precise quantity of the commodity which he had immediate occasion for.

Different metals have been made use of by different nations for this purpose. Iron was the common instrument of commerce among the ancient Spartans; copper among the ancient Romans; and gold and silver among all rich and commercial nations.—*An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, vol. i. book i. ch. 4.

## PHŒBE PYNCHON'S CHAMBER.

[HAWTHORNE, 1804—1864.]

[NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, or Hathorne, born at Salem, Massachusetts, July 4, 1804, was contemporary with Longfellow at Bowdoin College, where he graduated in 1825. His first literary production was a romance published anonymously at Boston in 1832. The first series of "Twice Told Tales" contributed to an American periodical, appeared in 1837, and the second series in 1842. "Mosses from an Old Manse" appeared in 1846. In 1847 he was appointed surveyor in the custom-house at Salem, and in 1853 American Consul at Liverpool. "The Scarlet Letter" was published in 1850; "The House of the Seven Gables" in 1851; "The Blithedale Romance" in 1852, and "The Life of President Pierce" in 1852. Hawthorne retired from the Consulship in 1857; published "Transformation" in 1860, and died in America, May 19, 1864. Many of this writer's works have been republished in England, though his popularity has suffered from the offensive remarks upon the English people in his last work, "Our Old Home," published in 1862.]

PHŒBE PYNCHON slept, on the night of her arrival, in a chamber that looked down on the garden of the old house. It fronted towards the east, so that at a very seasonable hour a glow of crimson light came flooding through the window, and bathed the dingy ceiling and paper-hangings in its own hue. There were curtains to Phœbe's bed; a dark, antique canopy and ponderous festoons, of a stuff which had been rich, and even magnificent, in its time; but which now brooded over the girl like a cloud, making a night in that one corner, while elsewhere it was beginning to be day. The morning light, however, soon stole into the aperture at the foot of the bed, betwixt those faded curtains. Finding the new guest there,—with a bloom on her cheeks like the morning's own, and a gentle stir of departing slumber in her limbs, as when an early breeze moves the foliage,—the dawn kissed her brow. It was the caress which a dewy maiden—such as the Dawn is, immortally—gives to her sleeping sister, partly from the impulse of irresistible fondness, and partly as a pretty hint that it is time now to unclose her eyes.

At the touch of those lips of light, Phœbe quietly awoke, and, for a moment, did not recognise where she was, nor how those heavy curtains chanced to be festooned around her. Nothing, indeed, was absolutely plain to her, except that it was now early morning, and that, whatever might happen next, it was proper, first of all, to get up and say her prayers. She was the more inclined to devotion, from the grim aspect of the chamber and its furniture, especially the tall stiff chairs; one of which stood close by her bedside, and looked as if some old-fashioned personage had been sitting there all night, and had vanished only just in season to escape discovery.

When Phœbe was quite dressed, she peeped out of the window,

and saw a rose-bush in the garden. Being a very tall one, and of luxurious growth, it had been propped up against the side of the house, and was literally covered with a rare and very beautiful species of white rose. A large portion of them, as the girl afterwards discovered, had blight or mildew at their hearts; but, viewed at a fair distance, the whole rose-bush looked as if it had been brought from Eden that very summer, together with the mould in which it grew. The truth was, nevertheless, that it had been planted by Alice Pyncheon,—she was Phœbe's great-great-grandaunt,—in soil which, reckoning only its cultivation as a garden-plot, was now unctuous with nearly two hundred years of vegetable decay. Growing as they did, however, out of the old earth, the flowers still sent a fresh and sweet incense <sup>up</sup> to their Creator; nor could it have been the less pure and acceptable, because Phœbe's young breath mingled with it, as the fragrance floated past the window. Hastening down the creaking and carpetless stair case, she found her way into the garden, gathered some of the most perfect of the roses, and brought them to her chamber.

Little Phœbe was one of those persons who possess, as their exclusive patrimony, the gift of practical arrangement. It is a kind of natural magic that enables these favoured ones to bring out the hidden capabilities of things around them, and particularly to give a look of comfort and habitableness to any place, which, for however brief a period, may happen to be their home. A wild hut of underbush, tossed together by wayfarers through the primitive forest, would acquire the home aspect by one night's lodging of such a woman, and would retain it long after her quiet figure had disappeared into the surrounding shade. No less a portion of such homely witchcraft was requisite, to reclaim, as it were, Phœbe's waste, cheerless, and dusky chamber, which had been untenanted so long—except by spiders, and mice, and rats, and ghosts—that it was all overgrown with the desolation which watches to obliterate every trace of man's happier hours. What was precisely Phœbe's process, we find it impossible to say. She appeared to have no preliminary design, but gave a touch here and another there; brought some articles of furniture to light, and dragged others into the shadow, looped up or let down a window-curtain, and, in the course of half an hour, had fully succeeded in throwing a kindly and hospitable smile over the apartment. No longer ago than the night before, it had resembled nothing so much as the old maid's heart; for there was neither sunshine nor household fire in one nor the other, and, save for ghosts and ghostly reminiscences, not a guest, for many years gone-by had entered the heart or the chamber.

There was still another peculiarity of this inscrutable charm. The bed-chamber, no doubt, was a chamber of very great and varied ex-

perience, as a scene of human life: the joy of bridal nights had throbbed itself away here; new immortals had first drawn earthly breath here; and here old people had died. But—whether it were the white roses, or whatever the subtle influence might be—a person of delicate instinct would have known at once that it was now a maiden's bed-chamber, and had been purified of all former evil and sorrow by her sweet breath and happy thoughts. Her dreams of the past night, being such cheerful ones, had exorcised the gloom, and now haunted the chamber in its stead.—*The House of the Seven Gables*, chap. v.

### THE GIRONDISTS.

[SIR A. ALISON, BART., 1792—1867.

ARCHIBALD ALISON, born Dec. 29, 1792, at Henley, in Shropshire, of which place his father held the perpetual curacy, and educated at the University of Edinburgh, was called as an advocate to the Scottish bar in 1814, and was appointed deputy-advocate in 1822, which office he held till 1830. His first literary production, "Principles of the Criminal Law of Scotland," published at Edinburgh in 1832, is a standard work. It was followed by "The Practice of the Criminal Law" in 1833. The first volume of his great work, "The History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Battle of Waterloo" was published in 1839. It was completed in ten volumes, the last of which appeared in 1842. A continuation of the work, under the title "History of Europe from the Fall of Napoleon in 1815 to the Accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852," in nine vols., was brought out between 1852 and 1859. Sir A. Alison, who has written a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough" which appeared in Nov. 1847, and several other works, was created a baronet in 1852. A writer in the "Foreign Quarterly Review" remarks, "The History of Europe during the French Revolution is by far the most remarkable historical work of the century."]

THE Girondists were the philosophers of the Revolution. Their ideas were often grand and generous, drawn from the heroes of Greece and Rome, or the more enlarged philanthropy of modern times; their language ever indulgent and seducing to the people; their principles those which gave its early popularity and its immense celebrity to the Revolution. But they judged of mankind by a false standard: their ruinous error consisted in supposing that the multitude could be regulated by the motives which influenced the austere patriots, whom they numbered among their own body. An abstract sense of justice, a passion for general equality, a repugnance for violent governments, distinguished their speeches; but yet from their innovations has sprung the most oppressive tyranny of modern times, and they were at last found joining in many measures of the most flagrant iniquity. The dreadful war which ravaged Europe for twenty years was provoked by their

declamations; the death of the King, the overthrow of the throne, the Reign of Terror, flowed from the principles which they promulgated. It is no apology for such conduct to allege that they were sincere in their desire for a Republic and the happiness of France: the common proverb, that "Hell is paved with good intentions," shows how generally perilous conduct, even when flowing from pure motives, is found to lead to the most disastrous consequences. They were too often, in their political career, reckless and inconsiderate; and thence their eloquence and genius only rendered them the more dangerous from the multitudes who were influenced by such alluring expressions. Powerful in raising the tempest, they were feeble and irresolute in allaying it; invincible in suffering, heroic in death, they were destitute of the energy and practical experience requisite to avert disaster. The democrats supported them as long as they urged forward the Revolution, and became their bitterest enemies as soon as they strove to allay its fury. They were constantly misled by expecting that intelligence was to be found among the lower orders; that reason and justice would prevail with the multitude; and as constantly disappointed by experiencing the invariable ascendant of passion or interest among their popular supporters;—the usual error of elevated and generous minds, and which so frequently unfits them for the actual administration of affairs. Their tenets would have led them to support the constitutional throne, but they were unable to stem the torrent of democratical fury which they themselves had excited, and compelled, to avert still greater disasters, to concur in many cruel measures, alike contrary to their wishes and their principles. The leaders of this party were Vergniaud, Brissot, and Roland; men of powerful eloquence, generous philanthropy, and Roman firmness; who knew how to die, but not to live; who perished because they wanted the audacity and wickedness requisite for success in a Revolution.

The radical and inherent vice of this party was their irreligion; and the dreadful misfortunes in which they involved their country proved how inadequate the most splendid talents are to the management of human affairs, or the right discharge of social duty, without that overruling principle. With all their love of justice, they declared Louis guilty; with all their humanity they voted for his death. The peasants of La Vendée, who trusted only to the rule of duty prescribed in their religion, were never betrayed in the same manner into acts for which no apology can be found. Whenever statesmen abandon the plain rules of duty and justice, and base their conduct on the quicksands of supposed expedience, they are involved in a series of errors which quickly precipitate them into the most serious crimes.

But the greatest efforts of human wisdom or virtue are unequal to direct or sustain the mind in the trying scenes which a Revolution induces: it is the belief of futurity, and a sense of religion alone, which can support humanity in such calamities; and their want of such principles rendered all the genius and philanthropy of the Girondists of no practical avail in stemming the disasters of the Revolution.—*History of Europe, from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815*, vol. I. ch. vi.

### SMALL FEET OF THE CHINESE WOMEN.

[LORD MACARTNEY, 1737—1806.

[GEORGE MACARTNEY, born at Lissanoure, near Belfast, May 14, 1737, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and entered the Inner Temple, London, in 1759. In 1764 he was appointed Envoy Extraordinary to the Empress of Russia, and in 1767 Ambassador, which post he resigned. In Jan. 1769, he became Chief Secretary for Ireland; in 1775 Governor of Granada; and in 1780 Governor of Madras. In 1792 was appointed Ambassador Extraordinary to the Court of Pekin, and was the first Envoy sent to China, from which country he returned to England in 1794. The title of baron was conferred upon him in 1776, and he obtained an earldom in 1794. He was appointed Governor of the Cape of Good Hope in 1796. Lord Macartney died at Chiswick, March 31, 1806. Æneas Anderson published a narrative of this Embassy in 1795, but the best work on the subject, "An Authentic Account of an Embassy from the King of Great Britain to the Emperor of China," by Sir George Leonard Staunton,\* who accompanied Lord Macartney as secretary, was published in 1797. This work was prepared from the papers of Earl Macartney, who is the actual author of many of the descriptions. Sir John Barrow's† "Life of Earl Macartney," and a selection from his unpublished papers, appeared in 1807.]

Of most of the latter (Chinese women), even the middle and inferior classes, the feet were unnaturally small, or rather truneated. They appeared as if the fore part of the foot had been accidentally cut off, leaving the remainder of the usual size, and bandaged like the stump of an amputated limb. They undergo, indeed, much torment, and cripple themselves in great measure, in imitation of ladies of higher rank, among whom it is there the custom to stop, by pressure, the growth of the ankle as well as foot from the earliest infancy; and, leaving the great toe in its natural position, forcibly to bend the others, and retain them under the foot, till at length they adhere to, as if

\* Born in 1737, died Jan. 12, 1801.

† The author of various works of travel, was born in Lancashire, June 19, 1764, and died in London, Nov. 23, 1848.

buried in the sole, and can no more be separated. Notwithstanding the pliability of the human frame in tender years, its tendency to expansion at that period must, whenever it is counteracted, occasion uneasy sensations to those who are so treated; and before the ambition of being admired takes possession of those victims to fashion, it requires the vigilance of their female parents to deter them from relieving themselves from the firm and tight compresses, which bind their feet and ankles. Where those compresses are constantly and carefully kept on, their feet are symmetrically small. The young creatures are indeed obliged, for a considerable time, to be supported when they attempt to walk. Even afterwards they totter, and always walk upon their heels. An exact model was afterwards procured of a Chinese lady's foot,\* from which the opposite engraving has been taken.

This artificial diminutiveness of the feet, though it does not entirely prevent their use, must certainly cramp the general growth, and injure the constitution of those who have been subjected to it. Some of the very lowest classes of the Chinese, of a race confined chiefly to the mountains and remote places, have not adopted this unnatural custom. But the females of this class are held by the rest in the utmost degree of contempt, and are employed only in the most menial domestic offices. So inveterate is the custom, which gives pre-eminence to mutilated before perfect limbs, that the interpreter averred, and every subsequent information confirmed the assertion, that if, of two sisters, otherwise every way equal, the one had thus been maimed, while nature was suffered to make its usual progress in the other, the latter would be considered as in an abject state, unworthy of associating with the rest of the family, and doomed to perpetual obscurity, and the drudgery of servitude.

In forming conjectures upon the origin of so singular a fashion among the Chinese ladies, it is not very easy to conceive why this mode should have been suddenly or forcibly introduced amongst them by the other sex. Had men been really bent upon confining constantly to their homes the females of their families, they might have effected it without cruelly depriving them of the physical power of motion. No such custom is known in Turkey or Hindostan, where women are kept in greater habits of retirement than in China. Opinion, indeed, more than power, governs the general actions of the human race; and so preposterous a practice could be maintained only by the example and persuasion of those who, in their own persons, had submitted to it. Men who have silently approved, and indirectly encouraged it, as those

\* An engraving of a Chinese lady's foot appears in the original work.

of India are supposed to do that much more barbarous custom of widows burning themselves after the death of their husbands. But it is not violence, or the apprehension of corporal suffering, but the horror and disgrace in consequence of omitting, and the idea of glory arising from doing, what is considered to be an act of duty, at the expense of life, which leads to such a sacrifice. In that instance ages must have past to ripen prejudices productive of a consequence so dreadful but the pride of superiority, and the dread of degradation, have been frequently found sufficient to surmount the common feelings of nature, and to many women a voluntary constraint upon the body and mind is, in some degree, habitual. They who recollect the fashion of slender waists in England,\* and what pains were taken, and sufferings endured, to excel in that particular, will be somewhat less surprised at extraordinary efforts made in other instances. Delicacy of limbs and person has, no doubt, been always coveted by the fair sex, as it has been the admiration of the other. Yet it could not be the extraordinary instance of such in any one lady, though in the most exalted rank, according to the popular story throughout China, that could induce the rest of her sex to put at once such violence upon themselves, in order to resemble her in that respect. The emulation of surpassing in any species of beauty, must have animated vast numbers of all ranks, and have continued through successive ages, to carry it at last to an excess which defeats, in fact, its intended purpose. Whatever a lady may have gained, by the imagined charms of feet decreased below the size of nature, is more than counter-balanced by the injury it does to her health and to her figure, for *grace is not in her steps*, nor animation in her countenance — *Emlassy to China*, chap. ix.

## OF HUMILITY.

[OWEN FELTHAM, 1610—1678]

[OWEN FELTHAM was born about 1610, and but few particulars of his life have been preserved. He is supposed to have acted as secretary to the Earl of Thomond, with whom he resided many years. His celebrity rests upon his "Resolves," of which the first part appeared in 1627. He published "A Brief Character of the Low Countries" in 1659, and is believed to have died about 1678. A life by James Cumming was published in 1806. Hallam (Hist. of Lit Pt iii. ch. iv. § 35) remarks "Feltham appears not only a laboured and artificial, but a shallow writer. Among his many faults none strikes me more than a want of depth, which his pointed and sententious manner renders more ridiculous. There are certainly exceptions to this vacuity of original meaning in Feltham, it would be possible to fill a few pages with extracts not undeserving of being read, with thoughts just and judicious, though never deriving much lustre from his diction. He is one of our worst writers in point



of style; with little vigour, he has less elegance; his English is impure to an excessive degree, and full of words unauthorized by any usage. Pedantry, and the novel phrases which Greek and Latin etymology was supposed to warrant, appear in most productions of this period; but Feltham attempted to bend the English idiom to his own affectations. The moral reflections of a serious and thoughtful mind are generally pleasing, and to this perhaps is partly owing the kind of popularity which the 'Resolves' of Feltham have obtained; but they may be had more agreeably and profitably in other books."]

He that would build lastingly, must lay his foundation low. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves, and fresh in colours; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's killing blast, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid, he has a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent; and the higher he is, the less does he draw at the top; as if the nearer heaven the smaller he must appear. And, indeed, the nigher man approaches to celestials, and the more he considers God, the more he sees to make himself vile in his own esteem. He who values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when she meets a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force can do no more than compel us; while gentleness and unassumingness calm and captivate even the rude and boisterous. The proud man is certainly a fool; I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud he is so. One thing may assuredly persuade us of the excellence of humility; it is ever found to dwell most with men of the noblest natures. Give me the man that is humble out of judgement, and I shall find him full of parts. Charles the Fifth, appears as great in holding the candle to his departing visitors, as when he was surrounded by his victorious officers. Moses, who was the first and greatest divine, statesman, historian, philosopher, and poet; who, as a valiant general, led Israel out of Egypt; who was renowned for his miracles, and could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his enemies; who was a type of Christ, and styled a friend of God, and, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, *beloved both of God and men*; was nevertheless meek above all that were upon the face of the earth:—and lest our proud dust should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are assured by our Saviour himself, that to be so will be rest to our souls. We are sent to the pismire for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his excellence. No man ever lost the esteem of a wise man by stooping to an honest lowness when there was occa-

sion for it. I have known a great duke to fetch in wood to his inferior's fire; and a general of nations descend to a footman's office in lifting up the boot of a coach;—yet, neither thought it a degradation to their dignity. The text gives it to the publican's humility, rather than to the Pharisee's boasting. He may well be suspected to be defective within, that would draw respect to himself by unduly assuming it. What is that man the worse, who lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him who arrogates respect when it is not his due; but the prudence rests with him, who in the sereneness of his own worth does not seek for it. I am not troubled, if my dog outruns me. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presumes to usher in day before him. While the proud man bustles in the storm, and begets himself enemies, the humble peaceably passes in the shade unenvied. The full sail oversets the vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Humility prevents disturbance: it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. When the two goats met on a narrow bridge over a deep stream, was not that the wiser, which lay down for the other to pass over him, than that one which would rather hazard both their lives by contending? The former preserved himself from danger, and made the latter indebted to him for his preservation. I will never think myself disparaged either by preserving peace or doing good. He is charitable, who for Christian ends, can be content to part with his due; and he who would take my due from me, wrongs not me so much as himself. I have ever thought it indiscretion to vie it in continued strife. Prevailing is but victory in part. The pride of my opponent may still remain unconquered. If I be subdued, beside my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot, when yielding out of prudence, I triumph over all, and bring him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too humble, than be esteemed a little proud. The former tends to virtue and wisdom: the latter to dishonour and vice.—*Resolves, Divine, Moral, and Political.* Part ii. Of Humility.

#### ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

[THOMAS GRAY, 1716—1771.

[THOMAS GRAY, the son of a money scrivener, born in Cornhill, Dec. 26, 1716, was educated at Eton and Cambridge. He accompanied Horace Walpole on a tour through France and Italy, 1739—1741, and returned to Cambridge to study Civil Law. His "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," written in 1742, appeared in 1747, and the "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard," commenced in 1742, and completed in 1749, was first published in Feb. 1751. His Pindaric Odes were published at Strawberry Hill in 1757. He declined the Laureateship offered to

him in 1757, and was appointed Professor of Modern History at Cambridge in 1768. Gray died at Cambridge, July 30, 1771. A Memoir, by the Rev. N. Mason, appeared in 1775, and another, by the Rev. J. Mitford, in 1814.]

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,  
That crown the watery glade,  
Where grateful Science still adores  
Her Henry's holy shade;  
And ye, that from the stately brow,  
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below  
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,  
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among  
Wanders the hoary Thames along  
His silver-winding way:

Ah, happy hills! ah, pleasing shade!  
Ah, fields beloved in vain!  
Where once my careless childhood strayed,  
A stranger yet to pain!  
I feel the gales that from ye blow  
A momentary bliss bestow,  
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,  
My weary soul they seem to soothe,  
And, redolent of joy and youth,  
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen  
Full many a sprightly race  
Disporting on thy margin green,  
The paths of pleasure trace;  
Who foremost now delight to cleave,  
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?  
The captive linnet which enthrall?  
What idle progeny succeed  
To chase the rolling circle's speed,  
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest business bent  
Their murmuring labours ply  
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint  
To sweeten liberty:  
Some bold adventurers disdain  
The limits of their little reign,

And unknown regions dare descry :  
 Still as they run they look behind,  
 They hear a voice in every wind,  
 And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,  
 Less pleasing when possess'd ;  
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,  
 The sunshine of the breast :  
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,  
 Wild wit, invention ever new,  
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;  
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,  
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light,  
 That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom  
 The little victims play ;  
 No sense have they of ills to come,  
 Nor care beyond to-day :  
 Yet see, how all around 'em wait  
 The ministers of human fate  
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !  
 Ah, show them where in ambush stand,  
 To seize their prey, the murth'rous band !  
 Ah, tell them, they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,  
 The vultures of the mind,  
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,  
 And Shame that sculks behind ;  
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,  
 Or Jealousy, with rankling tooth,  
 That inly gnaws the secret heart ;  
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,  
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,  
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,  
 Then whirl the wretch from high,  
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,  
 And grinning Infamy.

The sting of Falsehood those shall try,  
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,  
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow;  
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,  
 And moody Madness laughing wild  
 Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years beneath  
 A griesly troop are seen,  
 The painful family of Death,  
 More hideous than their queen  
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,  
 That every labouring sinew strains,  
 Those in the deeper vitals rage  
 Lo! Poverty, to fill the band,  
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,  
 And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings all are men,  
 Condemned alike to groan,  
 The tender for another's pain,  
 Th' unfeeling for his own.  
 Yet, ah! why should they know their fate,  
 Since sorrow never comes too late,  
 And happiness too swiftly flies?  
 Thought would destroy their Paradise,  
 No more,—where ignorance is bliss,  
 'Tis folly to be wise.

*Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton.*

#### THE BLESSEDNESS OF GOD'S HOUSE.

[ARCHDEACON HARE, 1795—1855.]

[JULIUS CHARLES HARE, born Sept. 13, 1795, was educated at the Charter House and at Cambridge, and became a fellow of Trinity College in 1818. He obtained the family living of Hurstmonceaux, in Sussex. In 1840 he was appointed archdeacon of Lewes; in 1851, a prebendary of Chichester; and in 1853 one of the Queen's chaplains. Archdeacon Hare died Jan. 23, 1855. He is one of the authors of "Guesses at Truth," published in 1827. "The Victory of Faith," a course of sermons, appeared in 1840; "The Mission of the Comforter" in 1846, and a "Life of John Sterling" in 1848.]

ONE hour in the house of God is better than a thousand, than a thousand spent in any of the world's houses, even though it be the

world's richest, most luxurious palace. To him who knows the real value of the world's pleasures, who has experienced them, and knows how soon they pall on the heart, this will not seem much to say. He who had taken his fill of all the world's choicest pleasures, declared of them that they are vanity and weariness and vexation; and every one is sure to make the same discovery, if he has but to spend a long time in them. For one day they may seem to be pleasant; if we had to endure them for a thousand days in succession, there is no pain or toil that we should not hail as a relief from their sickening palsy. You too, my brethren, who do not dwell in palaces, or glut yourselves with the choicer pleasures of the world, must have found out how wearisome your coarser pleasures soon become, and what a refreshment it is to turn from them after a little while, even to the hardest labour. Even a single day spent in pleasure, in revelling, in self-indulgence, is wearisome. What then would a thousand days be!—a heavy burthen, too heavy for man to bear. They would turn a man, body and soul, into a bloated mass of festering diseases. Think of this, brethren; and then think further, what would a thousand years of uninterrupted revelling and self-indulgence be. There would be no need of any other hell; so terrible would this be, that the flames of hell itself would be almost welcome, if they would consume our gnawing pleasures.

Yes, my brethren, assuredly, it is only at the right hand of the Lord, it is only in the house of God, and the courts around it, that there are pleasures which endure for evermore. The pleasures of the world soon turn to pains. The mask drops off, and the serpent's head and fangs shew themselves. But the pleasures which are to be found in the house of God endure for evermore, and become continually sweeter and more delightful. Of the world's pleasures it may truly be said, that one day spent in them is better than a thousand spent in them. But one day spent in the house of God is not better than a thousand spent in the house of God. To the children of this world, indeed, it seems that all pleasures must partake in the fleeting, changeful nature of their own: and often, when they have been told of the joys of heaven, they have exclaimed that after awhile those pleasures must become insufferably dull and tiresome. But this arises solely from the dulness of their spiritual perceptions, from their having no relish for spiritual pleasures. Alas! too, all, even the ripest Christians, have more or less of this spiritual dulness. As our whole nature became subject to death, when it turned away from God, so did all our feelings and thoughts and purposes become fleeting, transient, perishable. God is eternal: truth is eternal: whatever is of God. His thoughts, his purposes are eternal: but everything that is of man passes away, and

is almost like a foot-print in the sand of the desert, over which the wind blows, and it is gone. Hence we are unable to conceive what would be the blessedness of a thousand days spent in the house of God. Even one day, one whole day, is too much for our spiritual weakness. After a couple of hours we grow faint, weary, distracted,—often before. Hence God has mercifully vouchsafed in training us for heaven, to call us to spend a few hours every week in his presence. He trains us, as children are trained to walk, little by little, first a step or two, then a few more, then more. Yet we are far slower to learn than children are and even in the course of a long life, few make much progress in learning the blessing of dwelling in God's house.

Hence the natural man will readily agree that one day in God's courts is better than a thousand in them. For one day a man may fancy he could support; but how could he bear up through a thousand? If this, however, be our state of mind, how shall we be fitted for dwelling in God's presence for ever? The painfulness of it to the natural man, the painfulness of dwelling in His light, and His eye piercing ever through all the windings of our hearts and minds, must seem utterly insupportable. Great need, therefore, have we to learn from the Psalmist that one day in his courts is a blessing. And how can we learn it? Only by learning to love God. This is the only way. In proportion as we love God, we shall love to be in His courts. Even human love bears witness of this, even human love declares and feels that one day, with those whom we love dearly, is better than a thousand away from them. So would it also be,—if we really loved God,—if we had ever really tasted the joy of living in His presence, the joy, the blessedness of having our will at one with His will, of looking up to Him with trustful, childlike love, as to our Father to whom we have been brought by His only begotten Son—*Sermons Preached on Particular Occasions*. No. XV. Psalm lxxxiv 10.

### THE PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION.

[REV. DR ROBERTSON, 1721—1793.]

[WILLIAM ROBERTSON, born at Borthwick, near Edinburgh, Sept. 19, 1721, was educated at the university of Edinburgh, and obtained the living of Gladsmuir, in 1743. His "History of Scotland" appeared in Feb 1759. He was made one of the deans of the chapel royal in 1761, principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1762, and historiographer for Scotland in 1764. He published his "History of Charles V." in 1769, and his "History of America" in 1777. His last work, "An Historical Disquisition Concerning the Knowledge which the Ancients had of India," appeared in 1791, towards the end of which year his health began to fail, and he died at Edinburgh, June 11, 1793. Dugald Stewart published an account of Robertson's Life and Writings in 1801, and his Works, with Life, in 8 vols., appeared in 1825.]

THE progress of science, and the cultivation of literature, had considerable effect in changing the manners of the European nations, and introducing that civility and refinement by which they are now distinguished. At the time when their empire was overturned, the Romans, though they had lost that correct taste which has rendered the productions of their ancestors standards of excellence, and models of imitation for succeeding ages, still preserved their love of letters, and cultivated the arts with great ardour. But rude barbarians were so far from being struck with any admiration of these unknown accomplishments, that they despised them. They were not arrived at that state of society, when those faculties of the human mind, which have beauty and elegance for their objects, begin to unfold themselves. They were strangers to most of those wants and desires which are the parents of ingenious invention; and as they did not comprehend either the merit or utility of the Roman arts, they destroyed the monuments of them with an industry not inferior to that with which their posterity have since studied to preserve or to recover them. The convulsions occasioned by the settlement of so many unpolished tribes in the empire; the frequent as well as violent revolutions in every kingdom which they established, together with the interior defects in the form of government which they introduced, banished security and leisure; prevented the growth of taste, or the culture of science; and kept Europe, during several centuries, in that state of ignorance which has been already described. But the events and institutions which I have enumerated, produced great alterations in society. As soon as their operation in restoring liberty and independence to one part of the community began to be felt; as soon as they began to communicate to all the members of society some taste of the advantages arising from commerce, from public order, and from personal security, the human mind became conscious of powers which it did not formerly perceive, and fond of occupations or pursuits of which it was formerly incapable. Towards the beginning of the twelfth century, we discern the first symptoms of its awakening from that lethargy in which it had been long sunk, and observe it turning with curiosity and attention towards new objects. The first literary efforts, however, of the European nations in the Middle Ages, were extremely ill-directed. Among nations, as well as individuals, the powers of imagination attain some degree of vigour before the intellectual faculties are much exercised in speculative or abstract disquisition. Men are poets before they are philosophers. They feel with sensibility, and describe with force, when they have made but little progress in investigation or reasoning. The age of Homer and of Hesiod long preceded that of Thales or of Socrates. But, unhappily for literature, our ancestors, deviating from this course which nature



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points out, plunged at once into the depth of abstruse and metaphysical inquiry. They had been converted to the Christian faith, soon after they settled in their new conquests. But they did not receive it pure. The presumption of men had added to the simple and instructive doctrines of Christianity the theories of a vain philosophy, that attempted to penetrate into mysteries and to decide questions which the limited faculties of the human mind are unable to comprehend or to resolve. These over-curious speculations were incorporated with the system of religion, and came to be considered as the most essential part of it. As soon, then, as curiosity prompted men to inquire and to reason, these were the subjects which first presented themselves, and engaged their attention. The scholastic theology, with its infinite train of bold disquisitions, and subtle distinctions concerning points which are not the object of human reason, was the first production of the spirit of inquiry after it began to resume some degree of activity and vigour in Europe. It was not, however, this circumstance alone, that gave such a wrong turn to the minds of men, when they began again to exercise talents which they had so long neglected. Most of the persons who attempted to revive literature in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, had received instruction, or derived their principles of science from the Greeks in the Eastern Empire, or from the Arabians in Spain and Africa. Both these people, acute and inquisitive to excess, had corrupted those sciences which they cultivated. The former rendered theology a system of speculative refinement, or of endless controversy. The latter communicated to philosophy a spirit of metaphysical and frivolous subtlety. Misled by these guides, the persons who first applied to science were involved in a maze of intricate inquiries. Instead of allowing their fancy to take its natural range, and to produce such works of invention as might have improved their taste, and refined their sentiments; instead of cultivating those arts which embellish human life, and render it comfortable; they were fettered by authority, they were led astray by example, and wasted the whole force of their genius in speculations as unavailable as they were difficult.—*The History of Charles the Fifth. Introductory Chapter: On the State of Society in Europe.*

#### THE GOLDEN GOBLET.

[TIECK, 1773—1853.

[LUDWIG TIECK, born at Berlin, May 31, 1773, and educated at the universities of Halle, Göttingen, and Erlangen, published "Almansur," a prose idyll, in 1790, and "Alia Modia," a prose play, in 1791. From this time he produced a succession of tales, novels, and dramas. From an early age he applied himself to the study of the

English language and literature, and in 1817 visited this country for the purpose of making himself acquainted with the literature of the Elizabethan period. Having pursued his researches at the British Museum, and at private collections, he returned to Germany, and settled at Dresden, where he produced a great variety of works. The first volume of his translation of Shakspeare appeared in 1825, and the last in 1829. He took up his residence at Berlin in 1840, at the invitation of Frederick William IV. A collected edition of his works, in 20 vols., appeared at Berlin between the years 1828—1846. Tieck died at Berlin, April 28, 1853. His efforts to make Shakspeare appreciated in Germany entitle him to the gratitude of Englishmen.]

THEY sat down at the table, which was covered with red cloth; and the old man placed something on it which was carefully wrapped up.

"From pity to your youth," he began, "I lately promised to foretell you whether or not you could become happy; and this promise I am willing to fulfil at the present hour, though you recently wished to treat the matter as a jest. You need not alarm yourself, for what I design can happen without danger. I shall make no dread incantations, nor shall any horrible apparition terrify you. The thing which I shall endeavour may fail in two ways; either if you do not love so truly as you have wished to make me believe, for then my labour is in vain, and nothing will show itself; or if you should disturb the oracle, and destroy it by a useless question, or by a hasty movement leaving your seat, the figure would break in pieces. So you must keep yourself quite still."

Ferdinand gave his word; and the old man unfolded from the cloths that which he had brought with him. It was a golden goblet, of very costly and beautiful workmanship; around its broad foot ran a wreath of flowers, twined with myrtles and various other leaves and fruit, highly chased with dim and brilliant gold. A similar ring, only richer, adorned with figures of children, and wild little animals playing with them, or flying before them, wound itself around the centre of the cup. The chalice was beautifully turned; above, it was bent back toward the lips; and within, the gold sparkled with a ruddy glow. The old man placed the goblet between himself and the youth, and beckoned him nearer.

"Do you feel something," said he, "when your eye loses itself in this splendour?"

"Yes," said Ferdinand; "this brightness reflects into my very inmost being,—I might say, I feel it as a kiss in my longing bosom."

"It is right," said the old man. "Now let your eyes no more stray around, but keep them fixed on the glance of this gold, and think as earnestly as you can on your beloved."

Both sat still awhile, and, absorbed in contemplation, beheld the gleaming cup. But soon the old man, with mute gestures, first slowly, and then more quickly, and at last with rapid movement, pro-

ceeded with extended finger to draw regular circles around the glow of the goblet. Then he paused, and took the circles from the opposite direction. When he had thus continued for some time, Ferdinand thought he heard music, but it sounded as from without in a distant street. Soon, however, the tones came higher; they struck on his ear louder and louder, and vibrated more distinctly through the air; so that, at last, he felt no doubt but that they issued from the interior of the goblet. The music became still stronger, and of such penetrating power, that the heart of the young man trembled, and tears rose into his eyes. Busily moved the old man's hand in various directions across the mouth of the cup; and it appeared as if sparks from his fingers were convulsively striking and sounding on the gold. Soon the shining points increased, and followed, as on a thread, the motion of his finger; they glittered of various colours, and crowded still more closely on one another, till they rushed altogether in continuous lines. Now it seemed as if the old man in the red twilight was laying a wondrous net over the brightening gold, for at will he drew the beams hither and thither, and wove up with them the opening goblet: they obeyed him, and remained lying like a covering, waving to and fro, and playing into one another. When they thus were fastened, he again described the circles around the rim; the music subsided, and became softer and softer, till it could no longer be perceived, and the bright net-work quivered, as if in agony. It burst in increasing agitation, and the beams rained down drops into the chalice; but out of the fallen drops arose a reddish cloud, which formed itself in manifold circles, and floated like foam over the mouth of the cup. A bright point darted up with the greatest rapidity through the clouded circles. There stood the image; and suddenly, as it were, an eye looked out from the mist; above, golden locks flowed in ringlets; presently a soft blush went up and down the quivering shade; and Ferdinand recognised the smiling countenance of his beloved—the blue eyes, the delicate cheeks, the lovely red mouth. The head waved to and fro, raised itself more distinctly and visibly on the slender white neck, and bowed towards the enraptured youth. The old man kept on describing his circles around the goblet, and thereout issued the glancing shoulders; and at last the whole of the lovely image pressed from out the golden bed, and gracefully waved to and fro.

Ferdinand thought he felt the breath as the beloved form inclined towards him, and almost touched him with burning lips. In his ravishment, he could no longer command himself, but impressed a kiss on the mouth, and endeavoured to grasp the beautiful arm, and quite to raise the lovely form out of its golden prison. Then a violent trembling suddenly struck through the image, as in a thousand frag-

ments the head and body broke together; and a rose lay at the foot of the goblet, in whose blush the sweet smile still appeared. Ferdinand passionately seized it, and pressed it to his mouth. At this arden longing, it withered and dissolved away in the air.

"Thou hast hardly kept thy word," said the old man, angrily: "thou canst only impute the fault to thyself."

He again wrapped up his goblet, drew aside the curtains, and opened a window. The clear daylight broke in, and Ferdinand, in a melancholy mood, and with many apologies, took his leave of the murmuring old man.—*Tales from the Phantasmus, &c.: The Mysterious Cup.*

### INTERCOURSE WITH PRINCES.

[Bp. BURNET, 1643—1715.

[GILBERT BURNET, born at Edinburgh, Sept. 18, 1643, and educated at the College of Aberdeen, after studying law for a short time was licensed to preach in 1661. In 1663 he visited Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and went on a tour on the Continent. In 1669 he was made Professor of Divinity at Glasgow, and in 1674 resigned the chair and removed to London. Burnet, who held various appointments, retired to the Continent on the accession of James II., and returned as chaplain with William III., who made him Bishop of Salisbury in 1689. This see he held till his death, which occurred in London, March 17, 1715. His first publication, "A Modest and Free Conference between a Conformist and a Non-conformist," appeared in 1669. His "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton," appeared in 1677, the first volume of "The History of the Reformation in England," in 1679, the second volume in 1681, the Introduction to the third volume in 1712, and the third volume itself in 1715. His "Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles," was published in 1699, and the work by which he is best known, "Bishop Burnet's History of his Own Time, from the Restoration of King Charles II. to the Conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht," was not published till after his death, 1724—34. A life by his son, Thomas Burnet, the judge, was published with the "History of his Own Time," and another by Le Clerc appeared in 1715. Dryden introduced Burnet as King Buzzard in the "Hind and Panther." Dr. Johnson remarked, "Burnet's History of his Own Time is very entertaining. The style, indeed, is mere chit-chat."]

I HAVE had the honour to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns; king Charles the second, king James the second, king William the third, queen Mary, and queen Anne. King Charles's behaviour was a thing never enough to be commended; he was a perfectly well-bred man, easy of access, free in his discourse, and sweet in his whole deportment: this was managed with great art, and it covered bad designs; it was of such use to him, that it may teach all succeeding princes, of what advantage an easiness of access and an obliging behaviour may be: this preserved him; it often disarmed those resentments which his ill conduct in

everything, both public and private, possessed all thinking people with very early, and all sorts of people at last : and yet none could go to him, but they were in a great measure softened before they left him : it looked like a charm, that could hardly be resisted : yet there was no good nature under that, nor was there any truth in him. King James had great application to business, though without a right understanding ; that application gave him a reputation, till he took care to throw it off : if he had not come after king Charles, he would have passed for a prince of a sweet temper, and easy of access. King William was the reverse of all this ; he was scarce accessible, and was always cold and silent ; he minded affairs abroad so much, and was so set on the war, that he scarce thought of his government at home : this faised a general disgust, which was improved by men of ill designs, so that it perplexed all his affairs, and he could scarce support himself at home, whilst he was the admiration of all abroad. Queen Mary was affable, cheerful, and lively, spoke much, and yet under great reserves, minded business, and came to understand it well ; she kept close to rules, chiefly to those set her by the king, and she charmed all that came near her. Queen Anne is easy of access, and hears everything very gently ; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers, that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her ministers and favourites, who in their turns have an entire credit and full power with her : she has laid down the splendour of a court too much, and eats privately ; so that except on Sundays, and a few hours twice or thrice a week at night in the drawing-room, she appears so little, that her court is as it were abandoned. Out of all these princes' conduct, and from their successes in their affairs, it is evident what ought to be the measures of a wise and good prince, who would govern the nation happily and gloriously.

The first, the most essential, and most indispensable rule for a king, is, to study the interest of the nation, to be ever in it, and to be always pursuing it ; this will lay in for him such a degree of confidence, that he will be ever safe with his people, when they feel they are safe with him. No part of our story shows this more visibly than queen Elizabeth's reign, in which the true interest of the nation was constantly pursued ; and this was so well understood by all, that everything else was forgiven her and her ministers both. Sir Simonds D'Ewes' Journal shows a treatment of parliaments, that could not have been borne at any other time, or under any other administration. This was the constant support of king William's reign, and continues to support the present reign, as it will support all who adhere steadily to it.

A prince, that would command the affections and purses of this nation, must not study to stretch his prerogative, or be uneasy under the re-

straints of law ; as soon as this humour shows itself, he must expect that a jealousy of him, and an uneasy opposition to him, will follow through the whole course of his reign ; whereas if he governs well, parliaments will trust him, as much as a wise prince would desire to be trusted ; and will supply him in every war that is necessary, either for their own preservation, or the preservation of those allies, with whom mutual interests and leagues unite him : but though, soon after the Restoration, a slavish parliament supported king Charles in the Dutch war, yet the nation must be strangely changed, before anything of that sort can happen again.—*History of his own Time.* The Conclusion. S. 661.

#### THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

[CAPT. SPEKE, 1827—1864.

[JOHN HANNING SPEKE, born in May, 1827, entered the Indian army in 1847, and took part in the Punjab campaign. He went on several exploring expeditions in the Himalayas and Thibet, and in 1858 penetrated to Lake Nyanza, in Central Africa. Accompanied by Capt. Grant, he endeavoured to clear up the mystery, which from the days of Herodotus has puzzled geographers, respecting the real source of the Nile, and in this he to a great extent succeeded. His "Discovery of the Source of the Nile," appeared in 1863. "What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile?" published in 1864, contains an account of this enterprising traveller's African explorations. Capt. Speke was killed by the accidental discharge of his gun whilst shooting in the neighbourhood of Bath, Sept. 15, 1864.]

THE expedition had now performed its functions. I saw that old father Nile without any doubt rises in the Victoria N'yanza, and, as I had foretold, that lake is the great source of the holy river which cradled the first expounder of our religious belief. I mourned, however, when I thought how much I had lost by the delays in the journey having deprived me of the pleasure of going to look at the north-east corner of the N'yanza to see what connection there was, by the strait so often spoken of, with it and the other lake where the Waganda went to get their salt, and from which another river flowed to the north, making "Usoga an island." But I felt I ought to be content with what I had been spared to accomplish ; for I had seen full half of the lake, and had information given me of the other half, by means of which I knew all about the lake, as far, at least, as the chief objects of geographical importance were concerned.

Let us now sum up the whole and see what it is worth. Comparative information assured me that there was as much water on the eastern side of the lake as there is on the western—if anything, rather more. The most remote waters, or top head of the Nile, is the



southern end of the lake, situated close on the third degree of south latitude, which gives to the Nile the surprising length, in direct measurement, rolling over thirty-four degrees of latitude, of above 2300 miles, or more than one-eleventh of the circumference of our globe. Now from this southern point, round by the west, to where the *great* Nile stream issues, there is only one feeder of any importance, and that is the Kitangülé river; whilst from the southernmost point, round by the east, to the strait, there are no rivers at all of any importance; for the travelled Arabs one and all aver, that from the west of the snow-clad Kilimandjaro to the lake where it is cut by the second degree, and also the first degree of south latitude, there are salt lakes and salt plains, and the country is hilly, not unlike Unyamüézi; but they said there were no great rivers, and the country was so scantily watered, having only occasional runnels and rivulets, that they always had to make long marches in order to find water when they went on their trading journeys: and further, those Arabs who crossed the strait when they reached Usoga, as mentioned before, during the late inter-regnum, crossed no river either.

There remains to be disposed of the "Salt Lake," which I believe is not a salt, but a fresh-water lake; and my reasons are, as before stated, that the natives call all lakes salt, if they find salt beds or salt islands in such places. Dr. Krapf, when he obtained a sight of the Kenia mountain, heard from the natives there that there was a salt lake to its northward, and he also heard that a river ran from Kenia towards the Nile. If his information was true on this latter point, then, without doubt, there must exist some connection between his river and the salt lake I have heard of, and this in all probability would also establish a connection between my salt lake and his salt lake which he heard was called Baringo. In no view that can be taken of it, however, does this unsettled matter touch the established fact that the head of the Nile is in 3° south latitude, where, in the year 1858, I discovered the head of the Victoria N'yanza to be.—*Discovery of the Source of the Nile*, chap. xv.

## EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

[REV. R. BURTON, 1576—1640.

[ROBERT BURTON, born at Lindley in Leicestershire, Feb. 8, 1576, was educated at Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in logic and philosophy. In 1616 he became vicar of St. Thomas, and in 1628 rector of Segrave in Leicestershire. He died Jan. 25, 1640. The "Anatomy of Melancholy," by Democritus Junior, appeared in 1621. Dr. Johnson said it "was the only book that ever took him out

of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise." Lord Byron spoke of it as "the most amazing and instructive medley of quotations and classical anecdotes I ever perused." An account of the author is prefixed to the 11th edition of the "Anatomy of Melancholy" published in 1806.]

MANY and sundry are the means which philosophers and physicians have prescribed to exhilarate a sorrowful heart, to divert those fixed and intent cares and meditations, which in this malady so much offend; but, in my judgment, none so present, none so powerfull, none so apposite, as a cup of strong drink, mirth, musick, and merry company. Ecclus. 40, 20 *Wine and musick rejoyce the heart* Rhasis (cont. 9 Tract. 15), Altomarus (cap. 7), Ælianus Montaltus (c. 26), Ficinus, Bened. Victor. Faventinus, are almost immoderate in the commendation of it; a most forcible medicine Jacchimus calls it, Jason Pratensis, *a most admirable thing, and worthy of consideration, that can so mollifie the minde, and stay those tempestuous affections of it. Musica est mentis medicina mæstæ*, a roaring-meg against melancholy, to rear and revive the languishing soul, *affecting not only the ears, but the very arteries, the vital and animal spirits, it erects the minde, and makes it nimble.* Lemnius, *instit. cap. 44.* This it will effect in the most dull, severe, and sorrowfull souls, *expell griefe with mirth, and if there be any cloudes, dust, or dregs of cares yet lurking in our thoughts, most powerfully it wipes them all away.* (Salisbur. *polit. lib. 1 cap. 6*), and that which is more, it will perform all this in an instant—*cheer up the countenance, expell austerity, bring in hilarity,* (Girald. *Camb. cap. 12 Topogr. Hiber*) *informe our manners, mitigate anger.* Athenæus (*Deipnosophist. lib. 14 cap. 10*) calleth it an infinite treasure to such as are endowed with it.

*Dulcisonum reficit tristia corda melos* —(Eobanus Hessus.)

Many other properties Cassiodorus (*epist. 4*) reckons up of this our divine musick, not only to expell the greatest griefs, but *it doth extenuate fears and furies, appeaseth cruelty, abateth heaviness, and, to such as are watchfull, it causeth quiet rest, it takes away spleen and hatred,* bee it instrumentall, vocall, with strings, winde, *quæ a spiritu, sine manuum dexteritate, gulernetur,* &c. it cures all irksomeness and heaviness of the soul. Labouring men, that sing to their work, can tell as much; and so can souldiers when they go to fight, whom terror of death cannot so much affright, as the sound of trumpet, drum, fife, and such like musick animates; *metus enim mortis,* as Censorinus enformeth us, *musicâ depallitur.* It makes a *childe quiet*, the nurse's song; and many times the sound of a trumpet on a sudden, bells ringing, a carremans whistle, a boy singing some ballad tune early in the street, alters, revives, recreates a restless patient that cannot sleep in the night, &c. In a word it is so powerful a thing that it ravisheth the soul, *regina sensuum,* the queen of the senses, by sweet pleasure (which is an happy cure);

and corporall tunes pacifie our incorporeall soul. *sine ore loquens, dominatum in onimam exercet*, and carries it beyond itself, helps, elevates, extends it. Scaliger (exercit. 302) gives a reason of these effects, *because the spirits about the heart take in that trembling and dancing air into the body, are moved together and stirred up with it*, or else the minde, as some suppose, harmonically composed, is roused up at the tunes of musick. And 'tis not only men that are so affected, but almost all other creatures. You know the tale of Hercules Gallus, Orpheus, and Amphion, (*felices animas* Ovid calls them) that could *saxa movere sono testudinis* &c. make stocks and stones, as well as beasts, and other animals, dance after their pipes the dog and hare, wolf and lamb,

Vicinumque lupo præbuit agna latus,  
Clamosus graculus, stridula cornix, et Jovis aquila,

as Philostratus describes it in his images, stood all gaping upon Orpheus, and trees, pulled up by the roots, came to hear him,

Et comitem quercum pinus amica trahit.

Arion made fishes follow him, which, as common experience evinceth, are much affected with musick. All singing birds are much pleased with it, especially nightingales, if we may believe Calcagninus; and bees among the rest, though they be flying away when they hear any tingling sound, will tarry behinde. *Harts, hundes, horses, dogs, bears, are exceedingly delighted with it.* Scal. exerc. 302. Elephants, Agrippa adds *lib. 2 cap. 24.* And in Lydia in the midst of a lake there be certain floating islands, (if ye will believe it,) that, after musick, will dance.—*Anatomy of Melancholy.*

#### LIFE COMPARED TO A SEA.

[QUARLES, 1592—1644.

[FRANCIS QUARLES, born in Essex in 1592, was educated at Christ College, Cambridge, and studied law at Lincoln's Inn. He was persecuted for his devotion to Charles I., and his library was plundered. This is said to have hastened his death, which occurred September 8, 1644. Though he produced many poetical and prose compositions, he is chiefly known by his "Emblems, Divine and Moral," first published in 1635.]

*Let not the water floods overflow me, neither let the deeps swallow me up.*

Psalm lxxi. 15.

THE world's a sea; my flesh a ship that's manned  
With lab ring thoughts, and steered by reason's hand,  
My heart's the seaman's card whereby she sails;  
My loose affections are the greater sails;

The top-sail is my fancy, and the gusts  
 That fill these wanton sheets, are worldly lusts.  
 Prayer is the cable, at whose end appears  
 The anchor hope, ne'er slipped but in our fears :  
 My will's th' unconstant pilot, that commands  
 The stagg'ring keel ; my sins are like the sands :  
 Repentance is the bucket, and mine eye  
 The pump unused (but in extremes) and dry .  
 My conscience is the plummet that does press  
 The deeps, but seldom cries, O *fathomless*  
 Smooth calm's security : the gulph, despair ,  
 • My freight's corruption, and this life's my fare :  
 My soul's the passenger, confusedly driven  
 From fear to fright ; her landing port is heaven.  
 My seas are stormy, and my ship doth leak ,  
 My sailors rude ; my steers-man faint and weak :  
 My canvas torn, it flaps from side to side :  
 My cable's crack't, my anchor's slightly tied,  
 My pilot's crazed ; my ship-wrack sands are cloaked ;  
 My bucket's broken, and my pump is choaked ,  
 My calm's deceitful ; and my gulf too near ;  
 My wares are slubbered,\* and my fare's too dear :  
 My plummet's light, it cannot sink nor sound ,  
 O shall my rock-bethreatened soul be drowned ?  
 Lord, still the seas, and shield my ship from harm ;  
 Instruct my sailors, guide my steersman's arm :  
 Touch thou my compass, and renew my sails,  
 Send stiffer courage or send milder gales ,  
 Make strong my cable, bind my anchor faster ;  
 Direct my pilot, and be thou his master ;  
 Object the sands to my more serious view,  
 Make sound my bucket, bore my pump anew :  
 New-cast my plummet, make it apt to try  
 Where the rocks lurk, and where the quick-sands lie ;  
 Guard thou the gulf with love, my calms with care ;  
 Cleanse thou my freight ; accept my slender fare ;  
 Refresh the sea-sick passenger ; cut short  
 His voyage ; land him in his wished port :

\* Nares gives as one of the meanings of to slubber, "to obscure or darken, as by smearing over." He quotes Othello i. 3. "You must be content therefore to slubber the gloss of your new fortune with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition."

Thou, then, whom winds and stormy seas obey,  
 That through the deep gavest grumbling Israel way,  
 Say to my soul, be safe ; and then mine eye  
 Shall scorn grim death, although grim death stand by.  
 O thou whose strength-reviving arm did cherish  
 Thy sinking Peter, at the point to perish,  
 Reach forth thy hand, or bid me tread the wave,  
 I'll come, I'll come the voice that calls will save.

The confluence of lust makes a great tempest, which in this sea disturbeth the sea-faring soul, that reason cannot govern it.—*St. Ambrose*. Apol. post. pro David cap. 3.

We labour in the boisterous sea thou standest upon the shore and seest our dangers, give us grace to hold a middle course between Scylla and Charybdis, that, both dangers escaped, we may arrive at the port secure.—*St. Augustine*. Soliloq. cap. 35.

## EPIC II

My soul, the seas are rough, and thou a stranger  
 In these false coasts, O keep aloof, there's danger  
 Cast forth thy plummet, see a rock appears,  
 Thy ship wants sea-room, make it with thy tears  
*Emblems, Divine and Moral, book III. No. XI.*

## EXAMPLE BETTER THAN PRECEPT

[REV. DR. ISAAC BARROW, 1630—1677.]

[ISAAC BARROW, the son of Thomas Barrow, linen-draper to Charles I., was born in 1630, and educated at the Charterhouse, and Peterhouse and Trinity College, Cambridge. From 1655 to 1659 he travelled on the Continent. He was appointed Greek professor at Cambridge in 1660, and Cresham Professor of Geometry in 1662. These he resigned on being made Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in Cambridge University in 1663, and from this he retired in favour of Sir Isaac Newton in 1669. He was presented to a small living in Wales, and a prebendal stall at Salisbury, both of which he resigned on being appointed Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1672. He was chosen vice-chancellor in 1675. During his lifetime he published several mathematical and scientific works, but his theological writings first appeared in the folio edition of his works, edited by Dr. Tylotson, and published in four vols. in 1683—7. A life by Mr. Hill was prefixed. Barrow died May 4, 1677, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Dr. Dibdin says "Barrow had the clearest head with which mathematics ever endowed an individual, and one of the purest and most unsophisticated hearts that ever beat in the human breast." Hallam (Lit. Hist., pt. IV. ch. 2) remarks "The sermons of Barrow display a strength of mind, a comprehensiveness and fertility, which have rarely been equalled."] ]

EXAMPLES do more compendiously, easily, and pleasantly inform our minds, and direct our practice, than precepts, or any other way or instrument of discipline. Precepts are delivered in an universal and abstracted manner, naked, and void of all circumstantial attire, without any intervention, assistance, or suffrage of sense, and, consequently, can have no vehement operation upon the fancy, and soon do fly the memory, like flashes of lightning, too subtle to make any great impression, or to leave any remarkable footsteps, upon what they encounter, they must be expressed in nice terms, and digested in exact method, they are various, and in many disjointed pieces conspire to make up an entire body of direction they do also admit of divers cases, and require many exceptions, or restrictions, which to apprehend distinctly, and retain long in memory, needs a tedious labour, and continual attention of mind, together with a piercing and steady judgment. But good example, with less trouble, more speed, and greater efficacy, causes us to comprehend the business, representing it like a picture exposed to sense, having the parts orderly disposed and completely united, suitably clothed and dressed up in its circumstances, contained in a narrow compass, and perceptible by one glance, so easily insinuating itself into the fancy, and durably resting therein in it you see at once described the thing done, the quality of the actor, the manner of doing, the minute seasons, measures, and adjuncts of the action, with all which you might not perhaps, by numerous rules, be acquainted, and this in the most facile, familiar, and delightful way of instruction, which is by experience, history, and observation of sensible events. A system of precepts, though exquisitely compacted, is, in comparison, but a skeleton, a dry, meagre, lifeless bulk, exhibiting nothing of person, place, time, manner, degree, wherein chiefly the flesh and blood, the colours and graces, the life and soul of things do consist, whereby they please, affect, and move us but example imparts thereto a goodly corpulency, a life, a motion, renders it conspicuous, specious, and active, transforming its notional universality into the reality of singular subsistence. This discourse is verified by various experience; for we find in all masters of art and science explicating, illustrating, and confirming their general rules and precepts by particular example Mathematicians demonstrate their theorems by schemes and diagrams, which in effect, are but sensible instances, orators back their enthymemes (or rational argumentations) with inductions (or singular examples), philosophers allege the practice of Socrates, Zeno, and the like persons of famous wisdom and virtue, to authorize their doctrine politics and civil prudence is more easily and sweetly drawn out of good history, than out of books *de Republicâ*. Artificers describe *models*, and set patterns before their disciples, with greater success than if they should

deliver accurate rules and precepts to them. For who would not more readily learn to build, by viewing carefully the parts and frame of a well contrived structure, than by a studious inquiry into the rules of architecture; or to draw by setting a good picture before him, than by merely speculating upon the laws of perspective; or to write fairly and expeditely, by imitating one good copy, than by hearkening to a thousand oral prescriptions; the understanding of which, and faculty of applying them to practice, may prove more difficult and tedious, than the whole practice itself as directed by a copy? Neither is the case much different in moral concerns; one good example may represent more fully and clearly to us the nature of a virtue, than any verbose description thereof can do: in sooner time, and with greater ease, we may learn our duty by regarding the deportment of some excellent person, than by attending to many philosophical discourses concerning it: for instance, if we desire to know what faith is, and how we should rely upon Divine Providence, let us propose to our consideration the practice of Abraham; wherein we may see the Father of the Faithful leaving a most pleasant country, the place of his nativity, and questionless most dear unto him under that notion; deserting his home and fixed habitation, his estate and patrimony, his kindred and acquaintance, to wander he knew not where in unknown lands, with all his family, leading an uncertain and ambulatory life in tents, sojourning and shifting among strange people, devoid of piety and civility (among Canaanites and Egyptians) upon a bare confidence in the Divine protection and guidance: we may see him, aged ninety-nine years, yet with a steady belief assuring himself, that he should, by virtue of God's Omnipotent word, become the father of a mighty nation: we may see him upon the first summons of the Divine command, without scruple or hesitancy, readily and cheerfully yielding up his only son (the sole ground of his hope and prop of his family, to whose very person the promise of multiplication was affixed) to be sacrificed and slain; not objecting to his own reason the palpable inconsistency of counsels so repugnant, nor anxiously labouring to reconcile the seeming contrariety between the Divine promises and commands; but resolved as it were (with an implicit faith in God) to believe things incredible, and to rely upon events impossible: contemplating these things, let us say what discourse could so lively describe the nature of true faith, as this illustrious precedent doth.—*Sermon xxxii., On being Imitators of Christ, 1 Cor. iv. 16.*

## LORD BYRON'S POETRY.

[FRANCIS JEFFREY, 1773—1850.

[FRANCIS JEFFREY, born at Edinburgh, Oct. 23, 1773, was educated at the universities of Glasgow, Oxford, and Edinburgh. In 1794 he was called to the Scotch bar, and soon after began to contribute to the "Monthly Review." From 1803 to 1829 he was editor of the "Edinburgh Review." In 1821 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, in 1829 Dean of the Faculty of Advocates, and in 1830 Lord Advocate of Scotland. He was elected member for Edinburgh in 1831, and in 1834 was raised to the Scotch bench, and became Lord Jeffrey. He died at Craigmuck Castle, near Edinburgh, Jan. 26, 1850. His contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" were republished in 1844, and a life of Jeffrey, by Lord Cockburn, appeared in 1852. Sir A. Alison says "he was fitted by nature to be a great critic."]

IF the finest poetry be that which leaves the deepest impression on the minds of its readers—and this is not the worst test of its excellence—Lord Byron, we think, must be allowed to take precedence of all his distinguished contemporaries. He has not the variety of Scott—nor the delicacy of Campbell—nor the absolute truth of Crabbe—nor the polished sparkling of Moore; but in force of diction, and inextinguishable energy of sentiment, he clearly surpasses them all. "Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn," are not merely the ornaments, but the common staple, of his poetry; and he is not inspired or impressive only in some happy passages, but through the whole body and tissue of his composition. It was an unavoidable condition, perhaps, of this higher excellence, that his scene should be narrow, and his persons few. To compass such ends as he had in view, it was necessary to reject all ordinary agents, and all trivial combinations. He could not possibly be amusing, or ingenious, or playful; or hope to maintain the requisite pitch of interest by the recitation of sprightly adventures, or the opposition of common characters. To produce great effects, in short, he felt that it was necessary to deal only with the greater passions—with the exaltations of a daring fancy, and the errors of a lofty intellect—with the pride, the terrors, and the agonies of strong emotion—the fire and air alone of our human elements.

In this respect, and in his general notion of the end and the means of poetry, we have sometimes thought that his views fell more in with those of the Lake poets, than of any other existing party in the poetical commonwealth: and, in some of his later productions especially, it is impossible not to be struck with his occasional approaches to the style and manner of this class of writers. Lord Byron, however, it should be observed, like all other persons of a quick sense of beauty, and sure enough of their own originality to be in no fear of paltry imputations, is a great mimic of styles and manners, and a great borrower of external character. He and Scott, accordingly, are full of imitations



of all the writers from whom they have ever derived gratification ; and the two most original writers of the age might appear, to superficial observers, to be the most deeply indebted to their predecessors. In this particular instance, we have no fault to find with Lord Byron ; for undoubtedly the finer passages of Wordsworth and Southey have in them wherewithal to lend an impulse to the utmost ambition of rival genius ; and their diction and manner of writing is frequently both striking and original. But we may say, that it would afford us still greater pleasure to find these tuneful gentlemen returning the compliment which Lord Byron has here paid to their talents ; and forming themselves on the model rather of his imitations, than of their own originals. In those imitations they will find that, though he is sometimes abundantly mystical, he never, or at least very rarely, indulges in absolute nonsense—never takes his lofty flights upon mean or ridiculous occasions,—and, above all, never dilutes his strong conceptions, and magnificent imaginations, with a flood of oppressive verbosity. On the contrary, he is, of all living writers, the most concise and condensed ; and, we would fain hope, may go far, by his example, to redeem the great reproach of our modern literature—its intolerable prolixity and redundancy. In his nervous and manly lines, we find no elaborate amplification of common sentiments—no ostentatious polishing of pretty expressions ; and we really think that the brilliant success which has rewarded his disdain of those paltry artifices, should put to shame for ever that puling and self-admiring race, who can live through half a volume on the stock of a single thought, and expatiate over divers fair quarto pages with the details of one tedious description. In Lord Byron, on the contrary, we have a perpetual stream of thick-coming fancies—an eternal stream of fresh-blown images, which seem called into existence by the sudden flash of those glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions, that struggle for expression through the whole flow of his poetry—and impart to a diction that is often abrupt and irregular, a force and a charm which frequently realize all that is said of inspiration.—*Contributions to the Edinburgh Review.*

#### THE OFFICER AND THE CONVICT.

[GERSTAECKER, 1816-1872.

[FREDERICK GERSTAECKER, born at Hamburg, May 16, 1816, emigrated to America at an early age, and travelled on foot through Canada and the United States, following the most humble occupations in order to obtain means of existence. On his return to Germany in 1842, he published an account of his travels. His romances,

"The Regulators of Arkansas" appeared in 1846, and the "Pirates of the Mississippi" in 1848. The years between 1849 and 1852 were spent by this enterprising traveller in visiting Australia and various parts of the American continent. After his return to Germany he published several works of fiction and books of travel. "The Two Convicts" appeared in 1854. Died 1872.]

LIEUTENANT WALKER sat at the window of M'Donald's room, with his arms crossed on his breast, and looking up in silence and meditation at the Southern Cross, which shone brightly in the firmament. Time passed rapidly—an hour he remained in this posture, without giving a sign of impatience. Below all was silent, and most of the lights which had first cast their rays on the fences, were put out. Nothing stirred—the stillness of death reigned in the house, and nothing was heard but the monotonous ticking of an old German clock, which, with its regular and loud motion, seemed to cut time into small pieces.

The lamp, covered with a dark shade, shed a subdued light over the room. Suddenly steps were heard in the street. The lieutenant listened: they came nearer, and stopped before the house. He could distinctly hear the key in the lock, the door open and shut again, and the steps of some one passing through the dark passage and ascending the stairs.

The lieutenant stood up, but remained by the window. A hand was laid upon the latch—the door opened, and M'Donald entered.

He looked pale and fatigued, but perfectly calm, and without perceiving the stranger, went to the lamp, lifted the shade, and raised the wick.

"Good evening, M'Donald," said the deep and sonorous voice of Lieutenant Walker; and M'Donald, on hearing these sounds, started back, as if stung by an adder. The surprise lasted only a moment. With his left hand he turned the shade of the lamp so as to throw the full light upon the countenance of his antagonist, and with the right he drew a double-barrelled pistol from his pocket, cocked it, and said, in a quiet voice, but choked with suppressed emotion:

"Lieutenant Walker, you have attained your aim; but probably in a sense different from that you expect. You have ventured within the power of a desperate man, and must bear the consequence. For my own part, I am tired of this life. Hunted, pursued like a wild beast, with the blood-hounds on its track, night and day,—who would wish to live thus?"

Lieutenant Walker listened to him quietly, with his arms still crossed upon his breast. At last he said—

"What if I did not come as an enemy—if I brought you peace and quietness, M'Donald!"

"Those are only to be found in the grave!" the unfortunate man replied, in a hollow voice.

"Put down your weapon, sir," continued Walker, in an almost friendly voice. "I am alone; my men are not in the neighbourhood, although they were lying in ambush round the house for an hour or two."

"Betrayed, after all, then," said M'Donald, with a bitter smile.

"You have no cause to complain of that," replied Walker, laughing. "Do not look at me so gloomily. If my heart were not at this moment light and glad—if I brought you only imprisonment and fresh tortures—I should certainly not be laughing. But to-morrow's sun will find you a happier man. I bring you life and liberty."

"You?" exclaimed M'Donald, with astonishment, yet not without suspicion.

"It may appear strange to you," said Walker, laughing, "that a lieutenant of the police should engage in such, I might say, negative occupations; but such is the case, nevertheless. But—" he added, suddenly, in a frank manner, "be assured, M'Donald, that, from the day when we fought side by side against the blacks, I felt you were a different man from what the world supposed. From that day it was with reluctance that I fulfilled my duty. I certainly endeavoured to execute it, because it was my duty."

"I do not understand you," said M'Donald, astonished at the extraordinary conduct of the man.

"I will no longer keep you in suspense. Let us sit down!" he added, as, unbuckling his sabre, he placed it in a corner, drew a chair to the table, and sat down. M'Donald, who still held the pistol in his hand, laid it upon a chest of drawers, locked the door to guard against any surprise, and also sat down to the table.

"Still suspicious!" observed Walker, laughing. "But—you are right. I have hitherto done nothing to entitle me to your confidence. Listen to me quietly; the sequel of my short narration will perhaps give you a better opinion of me."

"We met yesterday for the second time, in company," the lieutenant commenced, with a smile; "and I must confess the blue spectacles and your German entirely deceived me. I had no notion you were so well acquainted with a foreign tongue, although your figure and appearance seemed familiar to me. This morning an old acquaintance of ours, allured by the hundred pounds reward offered for your apprehension, disclosed to me that Dr. Schreiber, at Lischke's, was no other than the notorious Jack Loudon."

"Red John!" exclaimed M'Donald, with a smile of contempt.

"Not exactly, although I have since heard that gentleman had a hand in the affair. We caught him this evening, and he will soon get his richly-merited reward—the gallows. No: the informer was once a hut-keeper upon Mr. Powell's station, who was known there under the name of Miller, but whose real name is Hohburg."

"Hohburg!" exclaimed M'Donald, starting from his chair with horror. "That was Miller! Now I understand why that face seemed so familiar to me, and the strange and inexplicable feeling which always came over me when I looked into those eyes!"

"Pray sit still!" said the lieutenant; "you will hear things stranger still. The fellow looked horrible, with his matted hair, pale face, deep-sunken eyes, and trembling limbs—indeed, the very image of one ruined by drink. I was bound to make use of the information, M'Donald; but I give you my word that I would sooner have struck the informer to the ground than arrest you. I therefore issued my orders, sent a constable here in disguise to inquire after you, and surrounded the house, which was to have been searched by my men somewhere about this time. I committed to my sergeant the execution of the enterprise, as I did not wish to have anything further to do with it myself."

"And now?"

"I have sent my men to their quarters, and come to talk over with you the events of this day. Listen. I thought you were under the penalty of law, but I also thought that you were not to be classed with ordinary criminals. Not wishing to see you after you had been arrested, towards evening I rode out of Saaldorf, in order to pay a visit to the magistrate of the next town, intending to return to-morrow morning, when all should, as I hoped, be over. On my way, at a short distance off, I passed a small house, which stands alone by the road-side, nestling in the bush. Hearing wild and heart-rending cries, I stopped my horse. The next instant the thought struck me that my men had maintained they had come upon the tracks of Red John in this neighbourhood. The cry of terror inside was perhaps, I thought, his work; and, turning my horse, I sprang out of the saddle, threw the reins over a bush, took the pistols out of the holsters, and rushed to the door of the hut. I found my weapons were not wanted, but my presence was the more opportune.

"In the middle of the poor but clean room a man was stretched out upon a mattress. This was Miller, or Hohburg, in a state of madness. A pale woman sat in the corner of the room, with clasped hands and fixed looks, and a man, the captain of a German ship in the port of Adelaide, was kneeling by his side. The woman did not even notice my sudden entrance with pistols in my hands. Her eyes

wandered meaningless past me, and were again fixed upon the ground. The captain seemed delighted at my arrival, and, in a fearful state of agitation, he took hold of my hand and led me to the couch of the unfortunate man.

"M'Donald," continued Walker, after a short pause, during which he appeared agitated in an unusual manner, "I will no longer keep you on the rack. You were transported for the murder of an Irish gentleman. Do not interrupt me—I this evening took the depositions of the real murderer, who acknowledged his crime."

"Hohburg!" cried M'Donald, horror-stricken. "Good God!"

"Stung with remorse," Walker continued, with emotion, "and feeling the approach of death, he acknowledged in my presence and that of the German, his crime, and your innocence. Then he tried to rise, to go to Adelaide and give himself up to justice; but his enfeebled body was completely exhausted. He sank back upon the couch and died, uttering curses, in the arms of the captain."—*The Two Convicts*, ch. xxxi.

#### THE CHARACTER OF JAMES III. OF SCOTLAND.

[TYTLER, 1791—1849.

[PATRICK FRASER TYTLER, born Aug. 30, 1791, the fourth son of Lord Woodhouselee, was educated at Edinburgh, and in 1813 became a member of the Scottish Faculty of Advocates. Tytler applied himself to literature, and published his "Life of James Crichton of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton," in 1819. His "Memoir of Sir Thomas Craig of Riccarton" was published in 1823. The first and second volumes of his "History of Scotland" appeared in 1828; the third in 1829; the fourth in 1831; the fifth in 1834; the sixth in 1837; the seventh in 1840; the eighth in 1842; and the ninth in 1843. Tytler, who was the author of numerous other works, obtained a royal pension in 1844, and he died at Malvern, Dec. 24, 1849. A memoir, by J. W. Burgon, was published in 1859.]

WHEN we find the popular historians departing so widely from the truth in the false and partial colouring which they have thrown over the history of this reign, we may be permitted to receive their personal character of the monarch with considerable suspicion. James's great fault seems to have been a devotion to studies and accomplishments which, in this rude and warlike age, were deemed unworthy of his rank and dignity. He was an enthusiast in music, and took delight in architecture, and the construction of splendid and noble palaces and buildings; he was fond of rich and gorgeous dresses, and ready to spend large sums in the encouragement of the most skilful and curious workers in gold and steel; and the productions of these artists, their inlaid armour, massive gold chains, and jewel-hilted daggers, were pur-

chased by him at high prices, whilst they themselves were admitted, if we believe the same writers, to an intimacy and friendship with the sovereign which disgusted the nobility. The true account of this was probably, that James received these ingenious artisans into his palace, where he gave them employment, and took pleasure in superintending their labours—an amusement for which he might have pleaded the example of some of the wisest and most popular sovereigns. But the barons, for whose rude and unintellectual society the monarch showed little predilection, returned the neglect with which they were unwisely treated, by pouring contempt and ridicule upon the pursuits to which he was devoted. Cochrane, the architect, who had gained favour with the king by his genius in an art which, in its higher branches, is eminently intellectual, was stigmatized as a low mason. Rogers, whose musical compositions were fitted to refine and improve the barbarous taste of the age, and whose works were long after highly esteemed in Scotland, was ridiculed as a common fiddler or buffoon; and other artists, whose talents had been warmly encouraged by the sovereign, were treated with the same indignity. It would be absurd, however, from the evidence of such interested witnesses, to form our opinion of the true character of his favourites, as they have been termed, or of the encouragement which they received from the sovereign. To the Scottish barons of this age, Phidias would have been but a stone-cutter, and Apelles no better than the artisan who stained their oaken wainscot. The error of the king lay, not so much in the encouragement of ingenuity and excellence, as in the indolent neglect of those duties and cares of government, which were in no degree incompatible with his patronage of the fine arts. Had he possessed the energy and powerful intellect of his grandfather—had he devoted the greater portion of his time to the administration of justice, to a friendly intercourse with his feudal nobles, and a strict and watchful superintendence of their conduct in the offices entrusted to them, he might safely have employed his leisure in any way most agreeable to him; but it happened to this prince, as it has to many a devotee of taste and sensibility, that a too exquisite perception of excellence in the fine arts, and an enthusiastic love for the studies intimately connected with them, in exclusion of more ordinary duties, produced an indolent refinement, which shrunk from common exertion, and transformed a character originally full of intellectual and moral promise, into that of a secluded, but not unamiable misanthropist. Nothing can justify the king's inattention to the cares of government, and the recklessness with which he shut his ears to the complaints and remonstrances of the nobility; but that he was cruel, unjust, or unforgiving—that he was a selfish and avaricious voluptuary—or that he drew upon himself, by these dark

portions of his character, the merited execration and vengeance of his nobles, is a representation founded on no authentic evidence, and contradicted by the uniform history of his reign and of his misfortunes.—*History of Scotland*, vol. iii. ch. iv.

### THE CALMUCKS.

[DR. CLARKE, 1769—1822.]

[EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, born at Willingdon, Sussex, was educated at Cambridge, and acted as tutor and travelling-companion from 1792 to 1799. In the latter year he started on an extensive tour through parts of Europe and Asia, and did not return till 1802. He obtained a college living in 1805, was made professor of mineralogy at Cambridge in 1807, and he presented the university of Cambridge with some of the valuable marbles which he had collected. The first volume of his travels appeared in 1810, the second in 1812, the third in 1813, the fourth in 1816, the fifth in 1819, and the sixth in 1823. His *Life and Remains* by his friend the Rev. W. Otter appeared in 1824. Dr. Clarke died March 9, 1822. Dr. Dibdin says:—"The splendour and celebrity of all travels performed by Englishmen have been exceeded by those of the late and deeply-lamented Dr. Edward Clarke. \* \* \* Upon the whole, if Humboldt be the first, Clarke is the second traveller of his age."]

OF all the inhabitants of the *Russian* empire, the Calmucks are the most distinguished by peculiarity of feature and manner. In personal appearance, they are athletic and revolting. Their hair is coarse and black; their language harsh and guttural. They inhabit Thibet, Bucharia, and the countries lying to the north of Persia, India, and China; but, from their vagrant habits, they may be found in all the southern parts of Russia, even to the banks of the Dnieper. The Cossacks alone esteem them, and intermarry with them. This union sometimes produces women of very great beauty; although nothing is more hideous than a Calmuck. High, prominent, and broad cheek-bones; very little eyes, widely separated from each other, a flat and broad nose; coarse, greasy, jet-black hair; scarcely any eye-brows; and enormous prominent ears; compose no very inviting countenance, however we may strive to do it justice. Their women are uncommonly hardy; and on horseback outstrip their male companions in the race. The stories related of their placing pieces of horse-flesh under the saddle, in order to prepare them for food, are true. They acknowledge that this practice was common among them during a journey, and that a steak so dressed became tender and palatable. In their large camps, they have cutlers, and other artificers in copper, brass, and iron: sometimes goldsmiths, who make trinkets for their women, idols of gold and silver, and vessels for their altars; also persons expert at inlaid work, enamelling, and many arts vainly believed peculiar to

nations in a state of refinement. One very remarkable fact, confirming the observations of other travellers, may bear repetition ; namely, that, from time immemorial, the more Oriental tribes of Calmucks have possessed the art of making gunpowder. They boil the efflorescence of nitrate of potass in a strong lye of poplar and birch ashes, and leave it to crystallize ; after this, they pound the crystals with two parts of sulphur, and as much charcoal ; then, wetting the mixture, they place it in a caldron over a charcoal fire, until the powder begins to granulate. The generality of Calmucks, when equipped for war, protect the head by a helmet of steel with a gilded crest ; to this is fixed a net-work of iron rings, falling over the neck and shoulders, and hanging as low as the eye-brows in front. They wear upon their body, after the Eastern manner, a tissue of similar work, formed of iron or steel rings matted together : this adapts itself to the shape, and yields readily to all positions of the body ; and ought therefore rather to be called a shirt than a coat of mail. The most beautiful of these are manufactured in Persia, and valued at the price of fifty horses. The cheaper sort are made of scales of tin, and sell only for six or eight horses each : but these are more common among the Chinese and the Mogul territory. Their other arms are lances, bows and arrows, poignards, and sabres. Only the richer Calmucks carry fire-arms : these are therefore always regarded as marks of distinction, and kept with the utmost care in cases made of badgers' skins. Their most valuable bows are constructed of the wild-goat's horn, or of whalebone ; the ordinary sort, of maple, or thin slips of elm or fir, fastened together, and bound with a covering of linden or birch bark.

Their amusements are, hunting, wrestling, archery, and horse-racing. They are not addicted to drunkenness, although they hold drinking-parties, continuing for half-a-day at a time, without interruption. Upon such occasions, every one brings his share of brandy and Koumiss ; and the whole stock is placed upon the ground, in the open air ; the guests forming a circle, seated around it. One of them, squatted by the vessels containing the liquor, performs the office of cup-bearer. The young women place themselves by the men, and begin songs of love or war, of fabulous adventure, or heroic achievement. Thus the *fête* is kept up ; the guests passing the cup round, and singing the whole time, until the stock of liquor is expended. During all this ceremony, no one is seen to rise from the party ; nor does any one interrupt the harmony of the assembly by riot or intoxication. In the long nights of winter, the young people of both sexes amuse themselves with music, dancing, and singing. Their most common musical instrument is the *bala-laika*, or two-stringed lyre ; often represented in their paintings. These paintings preserve very curious memorials of the ancient super-



strition of Eastern nations; exhibiting objects of Pagan worship which were common to the earliest mythology of Egypt and of Greece. The arts of painting and music may be supposed to have continued little liable to alteration among the Calmucks from the remotest periods of their history. As for their dances, these consist more in movements of the hands and arms, than of the feet. In winter they play at cards, draughts, backgammon, and chess. Their love of gambling is so great, that they will spend entire nights at play; and lose in a single sitting the whole of what they possess, even to the clothes upon their body. In short, it may be said of the Calmucks that the greatest part of their life is spent in amusement. Wretched and revolting as they seem, they would be indeed miserable if compelled to change their mode of living for that of a more civilized people.—*Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa*, vol. 1. chap. 12.

#### SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AT CHURCH.

[ADDISON, 1672—1719.

[JOSEPH ADDISON, son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, born at Milston, in Wiltshire, May 1, 1672, was educated at Oxford. Having in 1699 obtained a pension of 300*l.* a year, he set out on a Continental tour. He returned in 1702, and remained without employment till 1704, when his celebrated poem, "The Campaign," procured him a Commissionership of Appeals. In 1706 he became Under-Secretary of State, and published his opera of "Rosamond." On the appointment of the Marquis of Wharton as Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in 1709, he became his secretary. It was in this year that the "Tatler" appeared, to which Addison contributed. The "Spectator" was produced Jan. 2, 1711, and was succeeded by the "Guardian," in 1712. The tragedy of "Cato" was brought out in 1713, and the "Freeholder," in support of the Government, was commenced in 1715, and continued till 1716. In 1717 Addison was appointed Secretary of State, which office he resigned in 1718, and died at Holland House, Kensington, June 17, 1719. "Whoever," says Dr. Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar, but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." Dr. Johnson gives an account of Addison in his "Lives of the Poets." Several editions of his collected works have been published.]

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the Seventh Day were only a human Institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme

Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard, as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish politicks being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing: he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave to every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord of the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities and foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel, between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side : and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church : which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The Chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place ; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church Service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his Chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the Parson and the 'Squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The Parson is always preaching at the 'Squire, and the 'Squire to be revenged on the Parson never comes to church. The 'Squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe stealers ; while the Parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'Squire has not said his prayers either in publick or private this half year ; and that the Parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people ; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning ; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.—*The Spectator*, No. 112. July 9, 1711.

## EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

[ROGERS, 1773-1855.]

[SAMUEL ROGERS was born at Newington Green, London, July 30, 1763. His first publication, "An Ode to Superstition," appeared in 1786, and "The Pleasures of Memory," with other poems, in 1792. "Human Life," a poem, was published in 1819, and "Italy" in 1822. A memoir of Rogers, by the Rev. A. Dyce, appeared in 1856, and his "Recollections," edited by W. Sharpe, in 1859. Rogers died in London, Dec. 18, 1855.]

As through the garden's desert paths I rove,  
 What fond illusions swarm in every grove!  
 How oft, when purple evening tinged the west,  
 We watched the emmet to her grainy nest;  
 Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing,  
 Laden with sweets the choicest of the spring!  
 How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,  
 The bark now silvered by the touch of Time;  
 Soared in the swing, half pleased, and half afraid,  
 Thro' sister elms that waved their summer-shade;  
 Or strewn with crumbs yon root-inwoven seat,  
 To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat.

Childhood's loved group revisits every scene;  
 The tangled wood-walk, and the tufted green!  
 Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!  
 Clothed with far softer hues than Light can give.  
 Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below  
 To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;  
 Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,  
 When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;  
 Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong  
 The sage's precept, and the poet's song.  
 What softened views thy magic glass reveals,  
 When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!  
 As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,  
 Long on the wave reflected lustres play;  
 Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned  
 Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend mosses grey,  
 Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.  
 Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,  
 Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn:

Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air,  
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.  
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,  
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;  
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems  
With golden visions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed  
The gipsy's fagot— there we stood and gazed;  
Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe,  
Her tattered mantle, and her hood of straw;  
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;  
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,  
Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred,  
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;  
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,  
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:—  
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,  
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall.  
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,  
And traced the line of life with searching view,  
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,  
To learn the colour of my future years!  
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;  
This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!  
We led the bending beggar on his way,  
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-grey)  
Soothed the keen pang his aged spirit felt,  
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.  
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,  
And sighed to think that little was no more;  
He breathed his prayer, "Long may such goodness live!"  
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.  
Angels, when Mercy's mandate winged their flight,  
Had stopt to dwell with pleasure on the sight.

*Pleasures of Memory, part i.*

## ON THE WRITINGS OF THE APOSTLES.

[DR. PALEY, 1743—1805.]

[WILLIAM PALEY, born at Peterborough in 1743, and educated at Cambridge, was senior wrangler in 1763, and fellow in 1766. He was for some time tutor at Cambridge, and in 1780 obtained a prebendal stall at Carlisle. He became archdeacon in 1782, and chancellor of the diocese in 1785. "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy" appeared in 1785, the "*Horæ Paulinæ*" in 1790, "A View of the Evidences of Christianity" in 1794, and "Natural Theology, or Evidences of the Existence and Attributes of the Deity," in 1802. He obtained valuable preferment, and died May 25, 1805. A memoir by G. W. Meadley was published in 1809, and an account of his Life and Writings by his son in 1825.]

No historical fact, I apprehend is more certain, than that the original propagators of Christianity voluntarily subjected themselves to lives of fatigue, danger, and suffering, in the prosecution of their undertaking. The nature of the undertaking; the character of the persons employed in it; the opposition of their tenets to the fixed opinions and expectations of the country in which they first advanced them; their undissembled condemnation of the religion of all other countries; their total want of power, authority or force, render it in the highest degree probable that this must have been the case. The probability is increased by what we know of the fate of the founder of the institution, who was put to death for his attempt; and by what we also know of the cruel treatment of the converts to the institution, within thirty years after its commencement: both which points are attested by heathen writers, and, being once admitted, leave it very incredible that the primitive emissaries of the religion, who exercised their ministry, first, amongst the people who had destroyed their master, and, afterwards amongst those who persecuted their converts, should themselves escape with impunity, or pursue their purpose in ease and safety. This probability thus sustained by foreign testimony, is advanced, I think, to historical certainty, by the evidence of our own books; by the accounts of a writer who was the companion of the persons whose sufferings he relates; by the letters of the persons themselves; by predictions of persecutions ascribed to the founder of the religion, which predictions would not have been inserted in his history, much less have been studiously dwelt upon, if they had not accorded with the event, and which, even if falsely ascribed to him, could only have been so ascribed because the event suggested them; lastly, by incessant exhortations to fortitude and patience, and by an earnestness, repetition, and urgency upon the subject, which were unlikely to have appeared, if there had not been, at the time, some extraordinary call for the exercise of these virtues.

It is made out also, I think with sufficient evidence, that both the

teachers and converts of the religion, in consequence of their new profession, took up a new course of life and behaviour.

The next question is what they did this for. That it was *for* a miraculous story of some kind or other, is to my apprehension extremely manifest; because, as to the fundamental article, the designation of the person, viz., that this particular person, Jesus of Nazareth, ought to be received as the Messiah, or as a messenger from God, they neither had, nor could have, anything but miracles to stand upon. That the exertions and sufferings of the apostles were, *for* the story which we have now, is proved by the consideration that this story is transmitted to us by two of their own number, and by two others personally connected with them; that the particularity of the narrative proves, that the writers claimed to possess circumstantial information, that from their situation they had full opportunity of acquiring such information, that they certainly, at least, knew what their colleagues, their companions, their masters taught; that each of these books contains enough to prove the truth of the religion; that, if any one of them therefore be genuine, it is sufficient; that the genuineness however of all of them is made out, as well by the general arguments which evince the genuineness of the most undisputed remains of antiquity, as also by peculiar specific proofs, viz., by citations from them in writings belonging to a period immediately contiguous to that in which they were published; by the distinguished regard paid by early Christians to the authority of these books (which regard was manifested by their collecting of them into a volume, appropriating to that volume titles of peculiar respect, translating them into various languages, digesting them into harmonies, writing commentaries upon them, and, still more conspicuously, by the reading of them in their public assemblies in all parts of the world): by an universal agreement with respect to *these* books, whilst doubts were entertained concerning some others; by contending sects appealing to them; by the early adversaries of the religion not disputing their genuineness, but, on the contrary, treating them as the depositories of the history upon which the religion was founded; by many formal catalogues of these, as of certain and authoritative writings, published in different and distant parts of the Christian world; lastly, by the absence or defect of the above-cited topics of evidence, when applied to any other histories of the same subject.

These are strong arguments to prove, that the books actually proceeded from the authors whose names they bear (and have always borne, for there is not a particle of evidence to show that they ever went under any other); but the strict genuineness of the books is perhaps more than is necessary to the support of our proposition. For even supposing that, by reason of the silence of antiquity, or the loss of

records, we knew not who were the writers of the four gospels, yet the fact, that they were received as authentic accounts of the transaction upon which the religion rested, and were received as such by Christians at or near the age of the apostles, by those whom the apostles had taught, and by societies which the apostles had founded; this fact, I say, connected with the consideration that they are corroborative of each other's testimony, and that they are farther corroborated by another contemporary history, taking up the history where they had left it, and, in a narrative built upon that story, accounting for the rise and production of changes in the world, the effects of which subsist at this day; connected, moreover, with the confirmation which they receive, from letters written by the apostles themselves, which both assume the same general story, and, as often as occasions lead them to do so, allude to particular parts of it; and connected also with the reflection, that if the apostles delivered any different story, it is lost (the present and no other being referred to by a series of Christian writers, down from their age to our own; being likewise recognised in a variety of institutions, which prevailed, early and universally, amongst the disciples of the religion): and that so great a change, as the oblivion of one story and the substitution of another, under such circumstances, could not have taken place: this evidence would be deemed, I apprehend, sufficient to prove concerning these books, that, whoever were the authors of them, they exhibit the story which the apostles told, and for which, consequently, they acted, and they suffered.—*A View of the Evidences of Christianity*, ch. x. Recapitulation.

#### KNOWLEDGE OF THE MIND AND ITS FACULTIES.

[DR. REID, 1710—1796.

[THOMAS REID, born at Strachan, in Kincardineshire, April 26, 1710, and educated at the University of Aberdeen, was presented to the living of New Machar, Aberdeenshire, in 1737. He was elected professor of Moral Philosophy of King's College, Old Aberdeen, in 1752, and of the University of Glasgow in 1763. Though an indefatigable student, he did not apply his mind to original composition till late in life. His well-known work, "An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense," appeared in 1763. It was followed by "Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man," published in 1785-8. Mr. Reid, who retired from his professorship in 1781, died Oct. 7, 1796. Dugald Stewart, who was his pupil at Glasgow, published an account of his Life and Writings in 1803.]

SINCE we ought to pay no regard to hypotheses, and to be very suspicious of analogical reasoning, it may be asked, from what source must the knowledge of the mind and its faculties be drawn?



I answer, the chief and proper source of this branch of knowledge is accurate reflection upon the operations of our own minds. Of this source we shall speak more fully, after making some remarks upon two others that may be subservient to it. The first of them is attention to the structure of language.

The language of mankind is expressive of their thoughts, and of the various operations of their minds. The various operations of the understanding, will, and passions, which are common to mankind, have various forms of speech corresponding to them in all languages, which are the signs of them, and by which they are expressed: and a due attention to the signs may, in many cases, give considerable light to the things signified by them.

There are in all languages modes of speech, by which men signify their judgment, or give their testimony; by which they accept or refuse; by which they ask information or advice; by which they command, or threaten, or supplicate; by which they plight their faith in promises or contracts. If such operations were not common to mankind, we should not find in all languages forms of speech, by which they are expressed.

All languages, indeed, have their imperfections—they can never be adequate to all the varieties of human thought; and therefore things may be really distinct in their nature, and capable of being distinguished by the human mind, which are not distinguished in common language. We can only expect, in the structure of languages, those distinctions which all mankind in the common business of life have occasion to make.

There may be peculiarities in a particular language, of the causes of which we are ignorant, and from which, therefore, we can draw no conclusion. But whatever we find common to all languages, must have a common cause; must be owing to some common notion or sentiment of the human mind.

We gave some examples of this before, and shall here add another. All languages have a plural number in many of their nouns; from which we may infer that all men have notions, not of individual things only, but of attributes, or things which are common to many individuals; for no individual can have a plural number.

Another source of information in this subject, is a due attention to the course of human actions and conduct. The actions of men are effects; their sentiments, their passions, and their affections are the causes of those effects; and we may, in many cases, form a judgment of the cause from the effect. The behaviour of parents towards their children gives sufficient evidence even to those who never had children, that the parental affection is common to mankind. It is easy to see,

from the general conduct of men, what are the natural objects of their esteem, their admiration, their love, their approbation, their resentment, and of all their other original dispositions. It is obvious, from the conduct of men in all ages, that man is by his nature a social animal; that he delights to associate with his species; to converse, and to exchange good offices with them.

Not only the actions, but even the opinions of men may sometimes give light into the frame of the human mind. The opinions of men may be considered as the effects of their intellectual powers, as their actions are the effects of their active principles. Even the prejudices and errors of mankind, when they are general, must have some cause no less general, the discovery of which will throw some light upon the frame of the human understanding — *Essays on the Intellectual and Active Powers of Man* Essay 1. ch. v.

## JOHN HALIFAX

[MRS CRAIK, 1826.

[MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK, born at Stoke upon-Trent, Staffordshire, in 1826, turned her attention to literature at an early age. Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was published in 1849. It was followed by "Olive," which appeared in 1850. "John Halifax, Gentleman," in 1856, and a variety of works, including poetry and books for children.]

My robin had done singing, and I amused myself with watching a spot of scarlet winding down the rural road, our house being on the verge where Norton Bury melted into "the country." It turned out to be the cloak of a well-to-do young farmer's wife riding to market in her cart beside her jolly looking spouse. Very spruce and self-satisfied she appeared, and the market-people turned to stare after her, for her costume was a novelty then. Doubtless, many thought as I did, how much prettier was scarlet than duffle grey.

Behind the farmer's cart came another, which at first I scarcely noticed, being engrossed by the ruddy face under the red cloak. The farmer himself nodded good humouredly, but Mrs. Scarletcloak turned up her nose. "Oh, pride, pride!" I thought, amused, and watched the two carts, the second of which was with difficulty passing the farmer's, on the opposite side of the narrow road. At last it succeeded in getting in advance, to the young woman's evident annoyance, until the driver, turning, lifted his hat to her with such a merry, frank, pleasant smile

Surely, I knew that smile, and the well-set head with its light curly

hair. Also, alas! I knew the cart with relics of departed sheep dangling out behind. It was our cart of skins, and John Halifax was driving it.

"John! John!" I called out, but he did not hear, for his horse had taken fright at the red cloak, and required a steady hand. Very steady the boy's hand was, so that the farmer clapped his two great fists, and shouted "Bray-vo!"

But John—my John Halifax—he sat in his cart and drove. His appearance was much as when I first saw him—shabbier, perhaps, as if through repeated drenchings; this had been a wet autumn, Jael had told me. Poor John!—well might he look gratefully up at the clear blue sky to-day; ay, and the sky never looked down on a brighter, cheerier face—the same face, which, whatever rags it surmounted, would, I believe, have ennobled them all.

I leaned out, watching him approach our house; watching him with so great pleasure, that I forgot to wonder whether or no he would notice me. He did not at first, being busy over his horse; until, just as the notion flashed across my mind, that he was passing by our house—also, how keenly his doing so would pain me—the lad looked up.

A beaming smile of surprise and pleasure, a friendly nod, then all at once his manner changed; he took off his cap, and bowed ceremoniously to his master's son.

For the moment, I was hurt; then I could not but respect the honest pride which thus intimated that he knew his own position, and wished neither to ignore nor to alter it; all advances between us must evidently come from my side. So, having made his salutation, he was driving on, when I called after him—

"John! John!"

"Yes, sir. I am so glad you're better again."

"Stop one minute till I come out to you." And I crawled on my crutches to the front door, forgetting everything but the pleasure of meeting him—forgetting even my terror of Jael. What could she say? even though she held nominally the friends' doctrine—obeyed in the letter at least, "Call no man your master"—what would Jael say if she found me, Phineas Fletcher, talking in front of my father's respectable mansion with the vagabond lad who drove my father's cart of skins?

But I braved her, and opened the door. "John, where are you?"

"Here," (he stood at the foot of the steps, with the reins on his arm); "did you want me?"

"Yes. Come up here; never mind the cart."

But that was not John's way. He led the refractory horse, settled

him comfortably under a tree, and gave him in charge to a small boy. Then he bounded back across the road, and was up the steps to my side in a single leap.

"I had no notion of seeing you. They said you were in bed yesterday." (Then he *had* been enquiring for me!) "Ought you to be standing at the door this cold day?"

"It is quite warm," I said, looking up at the sunshine and shivering.

"Please go in."

"If you'll come too."

He nodded, then put his arm around mine, and helped me in, as if he had been a big elder brother, and I a little ailing child. Well nursed and carefully guarded as I had always been, it was the first time in my life I ever knew the meaning of that rare thing—tenderness. A quality different from kindness, affectionateness, or benevolence, a quality which can exist only in strong, deep, and undemonstrative natures, and therefore in its perfection is oftenest found in men. John Halifax had it more than any one, woman or man, that I ever knew.

"I'm glad you're better," he said, and said no more. But one look of his expressed as much as half a dozen sympathetic sentences of other people.

"And how have you been, John? How do you like the tan-yard? Tell me, frankly."

He pulled a wry face, though comical withal, and said, cheerily—"Everybody must like what brings them their daily bread. It's a grand thing for me not to have been hungry for nearly thirty days."

"Poor John!" I put my hand on his wrist—his strong, brawny wrist. Perhaps the contrast involuntarily struck us both with the truth—good for both to learn—that Heaven's ways are not so unequal as we sometimes fancy they seem.

"I have so often wanted to see you, John. Couldn't you come in now?"

He shook his head, and pointed to the cart. That minute, through the open hall door, I perceived Jael sauntering leisurely home from market.

Now, if I was a coward, it was not for myself this time. The avalanche of ill words I knew must fall—but it should not fall on him, if I could help it.

"Jump up on your cart, John. Let me see how we'll you can drive. There—good bye, for the present. Are you going to the tan-yard?"

"Yes—for the rest of the day." And he made a face as if he did not quite revel in that delightful prospect. No wonder!

"I'll come and see you there this afternoon."

"No?" with a look of delightful surprise. "But you must not—you ought not."

"But I *will*!" And I laughed to hear myself actually using that phrase. What would Jael have said?

What—as she arrived just in time to receive a half malicious, half ceremonious bow from John, as he drove off—what that excellent woman did say, I have not the slightest recollection. I only remember that it did not frighten and grieve me as such attacks used to do; that, in her own vernacular, it all "went in at one ear, and out at t'other;" that I persisted in looking out until the last glimmer of the bright curls had disappeared down the sunshiny road—then shut the front door, and crept in, content.—*John Halifax, Gentleman.*

#### THE THESES OF LUTHER.

[MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, 1794.

[JEAN HENRI MERLE D'AUBIGNÉ, born at Geneva, Aug. 16, 1794, was educated at the university of his native town and at Berlin, and became pastor of a French church in Hamburg. From 1815 to 1830 he was chaplain to the late King of Holland at Brussels. In 1830 he was appointed Professor of Church History at the new college at Geneva. His first work was a volume of sermons published at Hamburg. The first volume of his "History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century" appeared in 1835, and has been translated into most modern languages. D'Aubigné has published numerous other works.]

At length the year 1517 arrived; Luther's theses were published; they were circulated through Christendom, and penetrated also into the monastery where the scholar of Annaberg was concealed. He hid himself in a corner of the cloister with another monk, John Voigt, that he might read them at his ease. Here were the selfsame truths he had heard from his father: his eyes were opened; he felt a voice within him responding to that which was then re-echoing through Germany, and great consolation filled his heart. "I see plainly," said he, "that Martin Luther is the reaper I saw in my dream, and who taught me to gather the ears." He began immediately to profess the doctrine that Luther had proclaimed. The monks grew alarmed as they heard him; they argued with him, and declared against Luther, and against his convent. "This convent," replied Myconius, "is like our Lord's sepulchre: they wish to prevent Christ's resurrection, but they will fail." At last his superiors, finding they could not convince him, interdicted him for a year and a half from all

intercourse with the world, permitting him neither to write nor receive letters, and threatening him with imprisonment for life. But the hour of his deliverance was at hand. Being afterwards nominated pastor of Zwickau, he was the first who declared against the papacy in the churches in Thuringia. "Then," said he, "was I enabled to labour with my venerable father Luther in the gospel-harvest." Jonas describes him as a man capable of doing everything he undertook.

No doubt there were others besides to whose souls Luther's propositions were a signal of life. They kindled a new flame in many cells, cottages, and palaces. While those who had entered the convents in quest of good cheer, an idle life, or respect and honours, says Mathesius, began to load the name of Luther with reproaches, the monks who lived in prayer, fasting, and mortification, returned thanks to God, as soon as they heard the cry of that eagle whom Huss had announced a century before. Even the common-people, who did not clearly understand the theological question, but who only knew that this man assailed the empire of the lazy and mendicant monks, welcomed him with bursts of acclamation. An immense sensation was produced in Germany by these daring propositions. Some of the reformer's contemporaries, however, foresaw the serious consequences to which they might lead, and the numerous obstacles they would encounter. They expressed their fears aloud, and rejoiced with trembling.

"I am much afraid," wrote the excellent canon of Augsburg, Bernard Adelman, to his friend Pirckheimer, "that the worthy man must give way at last before the avarice and power of the partisans of 'indulgences. His representations have produced so little effect, that the Bishop of Augsburg, our primate and metropolitan, has just ordered, in the pope's name, fresh indulgences for St. Peter's at Rome. Let him haste to secure the aid of princes; let him beware of tempting God; for he must be void of common sense if he overlooks the imminent peril he incurs." Adelman was delighted on hearing it rumoured that Henry VIII had invited Luther to England. "In that country," thought the canon, "he will be able to teach the truth in peace." Many thus imagined that the doctrine of the Gospel required the support of the civil power. They knew not that it advances without this power, and is often trammelled and enfeebled by it.

Albert Kranz, the famous historian, was at Hamburg on his death-bed, when Luther's theses were brought to him: "Thou art right, Brother Martin," said he; "but thou wilt not succeed. . . . Poor monk! Go to thy cell and cry, 'Lord! have mercy upon me!'"

An aged priest of Hexter, in Westphalia, having received and read the theses in his parsonage, shook his head, and said in Low German,

"Dear Brother Martin! if you succeed in overthrowing this purgatory and all these paper dealers, you will be a fine fellow indeed!" Erbenius, who lived a century later, wrote the following doggerel under these words:—

"What would the worthy parson say,  
If he were living at this day?"

Not only did a great number of Luther's friends entertain fears as to this proceeding, but many even expressed their disapprobation.

The Bishop of Brandenburg, grieved at seeing so violent a quarrel break out in his diocese, would have desired to stifle it. He resolved to effect this by mildness. "In your theses on indulgences," said he to Luther, through the Abbot of Lenin, "I see nothing opposed to the Catholic truth; I myself condemn these indiscreet proclamations; but for the love of peace and for regard to your bishop, discontinue writing upon this subject." Luther was confounded at being addressed with such humility by so great a dignitary. Led away by the first impulse of his heart, he replied with emotion: "I consent: I would rather obey than perform miracles, if that were possible."

The elector beheld with regret the commencement of a combat that was justifiable, no doubt, but the results of which could not be foreseen. No prince was more desirous of maintaining the public peace than Frederick. Yet, what an immense conflagration might not be kindled by this spark! What violent discord, what rending of nations might not this monkish quarrel produce! The elector gave Luther frequent intimations of the uneasiness he felt.

Even in his own order and in his own convent at Wittenberg, Luther met with disapprobation. The prior and sub-prior were terrified at the outcry made by Tetzl and his companions. They repaired trembling and alarmed to Brother Martin's cell, and said: "Pray do not bring disgrace upon our order! The other orders, and especially the Dominicans, are already overjoyed to think that they will not be alone in their shame." Luther was moved at these words; but he soon recovered and replied: "Dear fathers! if this work be not of God, it will come to naught; but if it be, let it go forwards." The prior and sub-prior made no answer. "The work is still going forwards," added Luther, after recounting this anecdote, "and, God willing, it will go on better and better unto the end. Amen."—*History of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century*, vol. i. book iii. ch. vi.

## THE CLIMATE OF PALESTINE.

[DR KITTO, 1814—1854.

[JOHN KITTO, the son of humble parents, was born at Plymouth, Dec. 4, 1804, and part of his childhood was passed in a workhouse, where he learned the trade of a shoemaker. Through the kindness of a Mr. Grove, of Exeter, he was enabled to indulge his literary tastes, and his first work, "Essays and Letters," appeared in 1825. Having studied at the Missionary College at Islington, in May, 1829, he accompanied Mr. Grove on a tour in the East, returning to England in 1833. He laboured zealously at literature. His "Pictorial Bible" appeared in 1835, the "Pictorial History of Palestine" in 1839—40, and "Journal of Sacred Literature," 1848—53. He wrote other works, and in 1844 the University of Giessen conferred upon him the doctor's degree. He died at Cannstadt, in Wurtemberg, whither he had repaired for the benefit of his health, Nov. 25, 1854. His *Life* by Dr. J. E. Ryland, appeared in 1856, and another by Professor Eadie in 1858.]

THE climate of Palestine naturally varies in different situations. In the valleys and plains it is very warm, but upon the mountains cool, but on the average temperate. The climate differs from the temperate parts of Europe more by the changes of wet and dry seasons than by the temperature itself. The medium warmth for Jerusalem is, according to Schubert, 64° Fahrenheit. In summer, however, it is about 84° or 86°, though the heat may occasionally rise even to 104°. The heat is greater in the plains and valleys of the Jordan and about the Dead Sea, where an almost tropical climate prevails. On the longest day the sun rises just before five, and sets just before seven o'clock, the shortest day continues from a little after seven until a little before five, therefore the greatest length of day is about fourteen hours and twelve minutes, and the shortest nine hours and forty-eight minutes. As in the Bible, equally for summer and winter, twelve hours a day are reckoned from the rising to the setting of the sun, and also twelve for the night, the length of the hour necessarily varied in summer and winter. There are properly but two seasons in Palestine, the cold and the warm, or rather the rainy and the dry. The rainy season comes on not suddenly but by degrees. The rain comes mostly from the west or west-north-west, and lasts two or three days successively, falling particularly during the night. The wind then turns to the east, and many days of fine weather follow. After this first autumn rain the husbandmen sow the winter seed, particularly barley. Later on in the season the rain is less heavy, and occurs at longer intervals, but during no part of the winter does it entirely cease. Snow often falls in January and February, but seldom lies longer than a day at most. Hail also occurs during this time; the ground is, however, never frozen, and ice is very rare.

The cold attains its greatest height in December and January;



towards the end of February the weather is very fine ; in March more or less rain still falls, but seldom after this time. The whole season from October to March may be regarded as one continued rainy season, occasionally broken by intervals of fine weather. By "the early and the latter rains" of the Bible are properly meant but the first autumnal and the latter spring rains. The suitableness of those designations arises from the fact that the autumnal rains in October agree with the beginning of the old Jewish year. Throughout the winter the roads of Palestine are dirty, uneven, and slippery ; but when the rain ceases, the foulness soon passes off, and the roads become hard, but never even.

During the months of April and May the sky is generally serene, the air soft and balmy, and the aspect of nature in years of the customary rain, green and refreshing to the eye. It is the fine season of which is said in Solomon's Song ii. 11—13, "Now the winter is past, the rain is over, and the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle-dove is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her new figs, the vines with the tender grape give a good smell."

Showers of rain do indeed still occur, but they are mild and refreshing. In ordinary seasons, from the cessation of the spring showers till October and November, no rain falls throughout the year, and the sky is mostly clear. The nights are generally cool, often with heavy dew.

From June to August the heat is continually increasing, sometimes insupportably so. Its influence and the total want of rain soon destroys the fresh green of the fields, and invests the whole country with an aspect of sterility and barrenness ; all that is left of green is found in the foliage of the dispersed fruit-trees, and in the vineyards and millet-fields. In September the nights begin to wax cold, and the heat of the day decreases, after having dried and burnt up as it were the whole country ; the cisterns are nearly dry ; the few streams and brooks are exhausted ; and inanimate as well as animate nature revives and exults in the return of rain. Mists and clouds begin now to show themselves ; and showers fall at intervals until October, when the true rainy season of the year commences its periodical return. Thunder-storms are very rare in summer, but are frequent and heavy in the season of rain.—*Scripture Lands, described in a Series of Historical, Geographical and Topographical Sketches.—Canaan—Climate and Seasons.*

## SAGACITY OF THE POODLE.

[JESSE, 1780—1868.]

[EDWARD JESSE, born at Hutton, Cranswick, Yorkshire, in January, 1780, and educated privately, entered the public service at an early age, and was private secretary to Lord Dartmouth, when President of the Board of Control. Mr. Jesse having held various appointments, was made a Commissioner of Hackney Carriages in 1812 and retired on a pension in 1830. He is the author of several popular works, amongst which "Anecdotes of Dogs," published in 1846, and "Favourite Haunts and Studies," in 1847, may be mentioned. Mr. Jesse died in 1868.]

A SHOE-BLACK on the Pont Neuf at Paris, had a poodle dog, whose sagacity brought no small profit to his master. If the dog saw a person with well-polished boots go across the bridge, he contrived to dirty them, by having first rolled himself in the mud of the Seine. His master was then employed to clean them. An English gentleman, who had suffered more than once from the annoyance of having his boots dirtied by a dog, was at last induced to watch his proceedings, and thus detected the tricks he was playing for his master's benefit. He was so much pleased with the animal's sagacity, that he purchased him at a high price and conveyed him to London. On arriving there, he was confined to the house till he appeared perfectly satisfied with his new master and his new situation. He at last, however, contrived to escape, and made his way back to Paris, where he rejoined his old master, and resumed his former occupation. I was at Paris some years ago, where this anecdote was related to me, and it is now published in the records of the French Institute.

Nor is this a solitary instance of the extraordinary sagacity of the poodle. A lady of my acquaintance had one for many years, who was her constant companion both in the house and in her walks. When, however, either from business or indisposition, her mistress did not take her usual walk on Wimbledon Common, the dog, by jumping on a table took down the maid servant's bonnet, and held it in her mouth till she accompanied the animal to the Common.

A friend of mine had a poodle dog, who was not very obedient to his call when he was taken out to run in the fields. A small whip was therefore purchased, and the dog one day was chastised with it. The whip was placed on a table in the hall of the house, and the next morning it could not be found. It was soon afterwards discovered in the coal cellar. The dog was a second time punished with it, and again the whip was missed. It was afterwards discovered that the dog had attempted to hide the instrument by which pain had been inflicted on him. There certainly appears a strong approach to reason in this proceeding of the dog. *Cause and effect* seem to have been associated in his mind, if his mode of proceeding may be called an effort of it.

The following anecdotes prove the strong affection and perseverance of the poodle. The late Duke of Argyll had a favourite dog of this description, who was his constant companion. This dog, on the occasion of one of the Duke's journeys to Inverary Castle, was, by some accident or mistake, left behind in London. On missing his master, the faithful animal set off in search of him, and made his way into Scotland, and was found early one morning at the gate of the castle.

The anecdote is related by the family, and a picture shown of the dog.

A poor German artist who was studying at Rome, had a poodle dog, who used to accompany him, when his funds would allow it, to an ordinary frequented by other students. Here the dog got straps enough to support him. His master, not being able to support the expense, discontinued his visits to the ordinary. His dog fared badly in consequence, and at last his master returned to his friends in Germany, leaving his dog behind him. The poor animal slept at the top of the stairs leading to his master's room, but watched in the day time at the door of the ordinary, and when he saw his former acquaintances crowding in, he followed at their heels, and thus gained admittance, and was fed till his owner came back to resume his studies.—*Anecdotes of Dogs: The Poodle.*

#### SLOTH AND ACTIVITY.

[POLLOCK, 1799—1827.]

[ROBERT POLLOCK, born at Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, in 1799, and educated at Glasgow, was licensed as a preacher in 1826. He wrote some stories, published under the title of "Tales of the Covenanters," and his "Course of Time," an epic poem in ten books, appeared in March, 1827. The author fell a victim to consumption, and died at Southampton, on his way to Italy, Sept. 15, 1827, just six months after the publication of his poem. His Life, by his brother, was published in 1843.]

Two principles from the beginning strove  
In human nature—still dividing man—  
Sloth and activity; the lust of praise,  
And indolence that rather wished to sleep.  
And not unfrequently in the same mind  
They dubious contest held; one gaining now,  
And now the other crowned, and both again  
Keeping the field, with equal combat fought.  
Much different was their voice. Ambition called  
To action; sloth invited to repose.

Ambition early rose, and, being up,  
 Toiled ardently, and late retired to rest;  
 Sloth lay till midday, turning on his couch,  
 Like ponderous door upon its weary hinge,  
 And having rolled him out, with much ado,  
 And many a dismal sigh and vain attempt,  
 He sauntered out, accoutred carelessly—  
 With half-oped, misty, unobservant eye,  
 Somniferous, that weighed the object down  
 On which its burden fell—an hour or two,  
 Then with a groan retired to rest again.  
 The one, whatever deed had been achieved,  
 Thought it too little, and too small the praise,  
 The other tried to think—for thinking so  
 Answered his purpose best—that what of great  
 Mankind could do had been already done;  
 And therefore laid him calmly down to sleep.  
 Different in mode, destructive both alike.  
 Destructive always indolence; and love  
 Of fame destructive always too, if less  
 Than praise of God it sought, content with less;  
 Even then not current, if it sought his praise  
 From other motive than resistless love.  
 Though base, mainspring of action in the world,  
 And under name of vanity and pride,  
 Was greatly practised on by cunning men.  
 It oped the niggard's purse, clothed nakedness,  
 Gave beggars food, and threw the Pharisee  
 Upon his knees, and kept him long in act  
 Of prayer, it spread the lace upon the top,  
 His language trimmed, and planned his curious gait,  
 It stuck the feather on the gay coquette,  
 And on her finger laid the heavy load  
 Of jewellery. It did—what did it not?—  
 The gospel preached, the gospel paid, and sent  
 The gospel; conquered nations; cities built;  
 Measured the furrow of the field with nice  
 Directed share; shaped bulls, and cows, and rams;  
 And threw the ponderous stone; and pitiful,  
 Indeed, and much against the grain, it dragged  
 The stagnant, dull, predestinated fool,  
 Through learning's halls, and made him labour much  
 About vely, though sometimes not unpraised

He left the sage's chair, and home returned,  
 Making his simple mother think that she  
 Had borne a man. In schools, designed to root  
 Sin up, and plant the seeds of holiness  
 In youthful minds, it held a signal place.  
 The little infant man, by nature proud,  
 Was taught the Scriptures by the love of praise,  
 And grew religious as he grew in fame.  
 And thus the principle, which out of heaven  
 The devil threw, and threw him down to hell,  
 And keeps him there, was made an instrument  
 To moralize and sanctify mankind,  
 And in their hearts beget humility  
 With what success it needs not now to say.

*Course of Time, Book vi.*

#### THE FAITHFUL MINISTER

[REV T FULLER, 1608—1661

[THOMAS FULLER, born at St Peter's, Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, of which his father was rector, in June, 1608, was educated at Queen's College, Cambridge. He was made fellow of Sidney College, prebendary of Salisbury, and rector of St. Benet's, Cambridge, in 1631. His first work, a poem, entitled "David's Heinous Sin, Hearty Repentance, Heavy Punishment," appeared in 1631. His "History of the Holy War" was published at Cambridge in 1639. Fuller, who removed to London, and was lecturer at the Savoy, took part with the King in the Civil War, and having been appointed his chaplain, followed the royal army from place to place. In spite of his numerous avocations and the troubled state of the kingdom, he composed and published numerous works. His "Pisgah-Sight of Palestine" appeared in London in 1650, his "Church History of Britain, from the birth of Christ to 1648," at the same place in 1655. At the Restoration he resumed the lectureship of the Savoy, his prebendaryship at Salisbury, was chosen chaplain extraordinary to Charles II., and was created D.D. of Cambridge, by a mandamus dated Aug. 2, 1660. He died of a fever, known as the "new disease," Aug. 16, 1661. His "History of the Worthies of England" was published after his death, in one vol. fol., in 1662. Fuller wrote numerous other works. A life, by an anonymous author, appeared in 1661; and "Memorials of his Life and Works," by the Rev. A. T. Russell, in 1844. Coleridge says of him:—"Next to Shakespeare, I am not certain whether Thomas Fuller, beyond all other writers, does not excite in me the sense and emotion of the marvellous; the degree in which any given faculty, or combination of faculties, is possessed and manifested, so far surpassing what we would have thought possible in a single mind, as to give one's admiration the flavour and quality of wonder. Fuller was incomparably the most sensible, the least prejudiced great man of an age that boasted of a galaxy of great men. In all his numerous volumes, on so many different subjects, it is scarcely too much to say, that you will hardly find a page in which some one sentence out of every three does not deserve to be quoted for itself as a motto or as a maxim."]

1. *He endeavours to get the general love and good-will of his parish.* This he doth not so much to make a benefit of them as for them, that his ministry may be more effectual; otherwise he may preach his own heart out, before he preacheth anything into theirs. The good conceit of the physician is half a cure, and his practice will scarce be happy where his person is hated; yet he humours them not in his doctrine to get their love: for such a spaniel is worse than a dumb dog. He shall sooner get their goodwill by walking uprightly, than by crouching and creeping. If pious living and painful labouring in his calling will not win their affections, he counts it gain to lose them. As for those who causelessly hate him, he pities and prays for them: and such there will be. I should suspect his preaching had no salt in it, if no galled horse did wince.

2. *He is strict in ordering his conversation.* As for those who cleanse blurs with blotted fingers, they make it the worse. It was said of one who preached very well, and lived very ill, *That when he was out of the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever go into it, and when he was in the pulpit, it was a pity he should ever come out of it:* but our minister lives sermons. And yet I deny not but dissolute men, like unskilful horsemen who open a gate on the wrong side, may by the virtue of their office open heaven for others, and shut themselves out. \* \* \*

6. *He will not offer to God of that which costs him nothing, but takes pains aforehand for his sermons.* Demosthenes never made any oration on the sudden; yea, being called upon he never rose up to speak, except he had well studied the matter: and he was wont to say, *That he showed how he honoured and revered the people of Athens, because he was careful what he spake unto them.* Indeed if our minister be surprised with a sudden occasion, he counts himself rather to be excused than commended, if, premeditating only the bones of his sermons, he clothes it with flesh *extempore*. As for those whose long custom hath made preaching their nature, that they can discourse sermons without study, he accounts their examples rather to be admired than imitated.

7. *Having brought his sermon into his head, he labours to bring it into his heart, before he preaches it to his people.* Surely that preaching which comes from the soul most works on the soul. Some have questioned ventriloquy when men strangely speak out of their bellies, whether it can be done lawfully or no: might I coin the word *cordiloquy*, when men draw the doctrines out of their hearts, sure all would count this lawful and commendable. \* \* \*

11. *His similes and illustrations are always familiar, never contemptible.* Indeed, reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best lights. He avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors,

and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go farther than his antidote.

12. *He provideth not only wholesome but plentiful food for his people.* Almost incredible was the painfulness of Baronius, the compiler of the voluminous Annals of the Church, who for thirty years together preached three or four times a week to the people. As for our minister, he preferreth rather to entertain his people with wholesome cold meat which was on the table before, than that which is hot from the spit, raw and half roasted. Yet in repetition of the same sermon, every edition hath a new addition, if not of new matter, of new affections. *Of whom, saith St. Paul, we have told you often, and now we tell you weeping.*

13. *He makes not that wearisome, which should ever be welcome.* Wherefore his sermons are of an ordinary length except on an extraordinary occasion. What a gift had John Halsebach, professor at Vienna, in tediousness, who being to expound the prophet Isaiah to his auditors, read twenty-one years on the first chapter, and yet finished it not. \* \* \*

19. *He is careful in the discreet ordering of his own family.* A good minister and a good father may well agree together. When a certain Frenchman came to visit Melancthon, he found him in his stove with one hand dandling his child in the swaddling-clouts, and in the other hand holding a book and reading it. Our minister also is as hospitable as his estate will permit, and makes every alms two by his cheerful giving it. He loveth also to live in a well-repaired house, that he may serve God therein more cheerfully. A clergyman who built his house from the ground, wrote in it this counsel to his successor—

*"If thou dost find an house built to thy mind  
Without thy cost,  
Serve thou the more God and the poor,  
My labour is not lost."*

20. *Lying on his death-bed he bequeaths to each of his parishioners his precepts and example for a legacy* and they in requital erect every one a monument for him in their hearts. He is so far from that base jealousy that his memory should be outshined by a brighter successor, and from that wicked desire that his people may find his worth by the worthlessness of him that succeeds, that he doth heartily pray to God to provide them a better pastor after his decease. As for outward estate, he commonly lives in too bare pasture to die fat. It is well if he hath gathered any flesh, being more in blessing than bulk.—*Holy and Profane State*, Book II ch. 9.

## THE POOR RELATION.

[CHARLES LAMB, 1775—1834.

[CHARLES LAMB, born in the Temple, Feb. 18, 1775, and educated at Christ's Hospital, became a clerk in the India Office in 1792, from which he retired with a pension in 1825. He lived in intimacy with Coleridge and Wordsworth, and published some poems jointly with the first mentioned. His first work, "John Woodvil," a drama, appeared in 1801. He is best known by the "Essays of Elia," published in the "London Magazine," and reprinted in 1823. The "Tales from Shakespeare," partly written by his sister, appeared in 1807, and "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets who lived about the time of Shakespeare" in 1808. Lamb died in London Dec. 27, 1834. His Works, with a sketch of his Life, by Mr. Justice Talfourd, appeared in 1838, and "Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, comprising his unpublished Letters, with Sketches of his Contemporaries," by Mr. Justice Talfourd, in 1848.]

A POOR Relation is the most irrelevant thing in nature,—a piece of impertinent correspondency,—an odious approximation,—a haunting conscience,—a preposterous shadow, lengthening in the noon-tide of our prosperity,—an unwelcome remembrancer,—a perpetually recurring mortification,—a drain on your purse,—a more intolerable dun upon your pride,—a drawback upon success,—a rebuke to your rising,—a stain in your blood,—a blot on your 'scutcheon,—a rent in your garment,—a death's-head at your banquet,—Agathocles' pot,—a Mordecai in your gate,—a Lazarus at your door,—a lion in your path,—a frog in your chamber,—a fly in your ointment,—a mote in your eye,—a triumph to your enemy,—an apology to your friends,—the one thing not needful,—the hail in harvest,—the ounce of sour in a pound of sweet.

He is known by his knock. Your heart telleth you "That is Mr. —." A rap, between familiarity and respect; that demands, and at the same time seems to despair of, entertainment. He entereth smiling and—embarrassed. He holdeth out his hand to you to shake, and—draweth it back again. He casually looketh in about dinner-time, when—the table is full. He offereth to go away, seeing you have company—but is induced to stay. He filleth a chair, and your visitor's two children are accommodated at a side-table. He never cometh upon open days, when your wife says, with some complacency, "My dear, perhaps Mr. — will drop in to-day." He remembereth birth-days—and professeth he is fortunate to have stumbled upon one. He declareth against fish, the turbot being small—yet suffereth himself to be importuned into a slice, against his first resolution. He sticketh by the port—yet will be prevailed upon to empty the remainder glass of claret, if a stranger press it upon him. He is a puzzle to the servants, who are fearful of being too obsequious, or not civil enough, to him. The guests think "they have seen him before." Every one



speculateth upon his condition ; and the most part take him to be—a tide-waiter. He calleth you by your Christian name, to imply that his other is the same with your own. He is too familiar by half, yet you wish he had less diffidence. With half the familiarity, he might pass for a casual dependent ; with more boldness, he would be in no danger of being taken for what he is. He is too humble for a friend ; yet taketh on him more state than befits a client. He is a worse guest than a country tenant, inasmuch as he bringeth up no rent—yet 'tis odds, from his garb and demeanour, that your guests take him for one. He is asked to make one at the whist-table ; refuseth on the score of poverty, and—resents being left out. When the company break up, he proffereth to go for a coach—and lets the servant go. He recollects your grandfather ; and will thrust in some mean and quite unimportant anecdote—of the family. He knew it when it was not quite so flourishing as “ he is blest in seeing it now.” He reviveth past situations, to institute what he calleth—favourable comparisons. With a reflecting sort of congratulation, he will inquire the price of your furniture ; and insults you with a special commendation of your window-curtains. He is of opinion that the urn is the more elegant shape, but, after all, there was something more comfortable about the old tea-kettle—which you must remember. He dare say you must find a great convenience in having a carriage of your own, and appealeth to your lady if it is not so. Inquireth if you have had your arms done on vellum yet ; and did not know, till lately, that such-and-such had been the crest of the family. His memory is unseasonable ; his compliments perverse ; his talk a trouble ; his stay pertinacious ; and when he goeth away, you dismiss his chair into a corner, as precipitately as possible, and feel fairly rid of two nuisances.

There is a worse evil under the sun—and that is—a female Poor Relation. You may do something with the other ; you may pass him off tolerably well ; but your indigent she-relative is hopeless. “ He is an old humourist,” you may say, “ and affects to go threadbare. His circumstances are better than folks would take them to be. You are fond of having a character at your table, and truly he is one.” But in the indications of female poverty there can be no disguise. No woman dresses below herself from caprice. The truth must out without shuffling. “ She is plainly related to the L——’s ; or what does she at their house ?” She is, in all probability, your wife’s cousin. Nine times out of ten, at least, this is the case. Her garb is something between a gentlewoman and a beggar, yet the former evidently predominates. She is most provokingly humble, and ostentatiously sensible to her inferiority. He may require to be repressed sometimes—*aliquando sufflamendus erat*—but there is no raising her. You end

her soup at dinner, and she begs to be helped—after the gentlemen. Mr. — requests the honour of taking wine with her; she hesitates between Port and Madeira, and chooses the former—because he does. She calls the servant Sir; and insists on not troubling him to hold her plate. The housekeeper patronises her. The children's governess takes upon her to correct her, when she has mistaken the piano for harpsichord.

\* \* \* \* \*

This theme of poor relationship is replete with so much matter for tragic as well as comic associations, that it is difficult to keep the account distinct without blending. The earliest impressions which I received on this matter, are certainly not attended with anything painful, or very humiliating, in the recalling. At my father's table (no splendid one) was to be found, every Saturday, the mysterious figure of an aged gentleman, clothed in neat black, of a sad yet comely appearance. His deportment was of the essence of gravity, his words few or none, and I was not to make a noise in his presence. I had little inclination to have done so—for my cue was to admire in silence. A particular elbow-chair was appropriated to him, which was in no case to be violated. A peculiar sort of sweet pudding, which appeared on no other occasion, distinguished the days of his coming. I used to think him a prodigiously rich man. All I could make out of him was, that he and my father had been schoolfellows, a world ago, at Lincoln, and that he came from the Mint. The Mint I knew to be a place where all the money was coined—and I thought he was the owner of all that money. Awful ideas of the Tower twined themselves about his presence. He seemed above human infirmities and passions. A sort of melancholy grandeur invested him. From some inexplicable doom I fancied him obliged to go about in an eternal suit of mourning, a captive—a stately being led out of the Tower on Saturdays. Often have I wondered at the temerity of my father, who, in spite of an habitual general respect which we all in common manifested towards him, would venture now and then to stand up against him in some argument, touching their youthful days. The houses of the ancient city of Lincoln are divided (as most of my readers know) between the dwellers on the hill and in the valley. This marked distinction formed an obvious division between the boys who lived above (however brought together in a common school) and the boys whose parental residence was on the plain, a sufficient cause of hostility in the code of these young Grotiuses. My father had been a leading Mountaineer; and would still maintain the general superiority, in skill and hardihood, of the *Above Boys* (his own faction) over the *Below Boys* (so they were called), of which party his contemporary had been a chieftain

Many and hot were the skirmishes on this topic—the only one upon which the old gentleman was ever brought out—and bad blood bred, even sometimes almost to the recommencement (so I expected) of actual hostilities. But my father, who scorned to insist upon advantages, generally contrived to turn the conversation upon some adroit by-commendation of the old Minster, in the general preference of which, before all other cathedrals in the island, the dweller on the hill, and the plain-born, could meet on a conciliating level, and lay down their less important differences. Once only I saw the old gentleman really ruffled, and I remembered with anguish the thought that came over me “Perhaps he will never come here again.” He had been pressed to take another plate of the viand, which I have already mentioned as the indispensable concomitant of his visits. He had refused with a resistance amounting to rigour, when my aunt, an old Lincolnian, who had something of this, in common with my cousin Bridget, that she would sometimes press civility out of season—uttered the following memorable application—“Do take another slice, Mr. Billet, for you do not get pudding every day.” The old gentleman said nothing at the time—but he took occasion in the course of the evening, when some argument had intervened between them, to utter with an emphasis which chilled the company, and which chills me now as I write it—“Woman, you are superannuated!” John Billet did not survive long after the digesting of this affront, but he survived long enough to assure me that peace was actually restored! and, if I remember aright, another pudding was discreetly substituted in the place of that which had occasioned the offence. He died at the Mint (Anno 1781), where he had long held, what he accounted, a comfortable independence; and with five pounds, fourteen shillings and a penny, which were found in his escrutoire after his decease, left the world, blessing God that he had enough to bury him, and that he had never been obliged to any man for a sixpence. This was—a Poor Relation.—*Last Essays of Elia.*

## THE SNOW STORM

[PROFESSOR WILSON, 1785—1854.]

[JOHN WILSON, born at Paisley, May 18, 1785, educated at the universities of Glasgow and Oxford, took up his residence about 1808, at Windermere, where he lived in companionship with Southey and Wordsworth. His “Isle of Palms, and other Poems,” appeared in 1812. He was called to the Scottish bar in 1815, and published his second poem, “The City of the Plague, and other Poems,” in 1816. “Blackwood’s Magazine,” to which he contributed largely under the *nom de plume* of Christopher North, was established in 1817. He was appointed Professor of Moral

Philosophy at the university of Edinburgh in 1820. His principal prose works are "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," published in 1822; "The Trials of Margaret Lindsay" in 1823; and "The Foresters" in 1825. A pension of 300*l.* per annum was settled upon him in 1851; he resigned his professorship in 1852, and died at Edinburgh April 2, 1854. His works, including the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," written for "Blackwood's Magazine," edited by Professor Ferrier, appeared in 1855-58, and a "Life," by Mrs. Gordon, in 1862.]

LITTLE Hannah Lee had left her master's house, soon as the rim of the great moon was seen by her eyes, that had been long anxiously watching it from the window, rising, like a joyful dream, over the gloomy mountain-tops; and all by herself she tripped along beneath the beauty of the silent heaven. Still as she kept ascending and descending the knolls that lay in the bosom of the glen, she sang to herself a song, a hymn, or a psalm, without the accompaniment of the streams, now all silent in the frost; and ever and anon she stopped to try to count the stars that lay in some more beautiful part of the sky, or gazed on the constellations that she knew, and called them, in her joy, by the names they bore among the shepherds. There were none to hear her voice, or see her smiles, but the ear and eye of Providence. As on she glided, and took her looks from heaven, she saw her own little fireside—her parents waiting for her arrival—the bible opened for worship—her own little room kept so neatly for her, with its mirror hanging by the window, in which to braid her hair by the morning light—her bed prepared for her by her mother's hand—the primroses in her garden peeping through the snow—old Tray, who ever welcomed her with his dim white eyes—the pony and the cow;—friends all, and inmates of that happy household. So stepped she along, while the snow diamonds glittered around her feet, and the frost wove a wreath of lucid pearls round her forehead.

She had now reached the edge of the Black-moss, which lay half-way between her master's and her father's dwelling, when she heard a loud noise coming down Glen-Scrae, and in a few seconds she felt on her face some flakes of snow. She looked up the glen, and saw the snow-storm coming down fast as a flood. She felt no fears; but she ceased her song, and, had there been a human eye to look upon it there, it might have seen a shadow upon her face. She continued her course, and felt bolder and bolder every step that brought her nearer to her parents' house. But the snow-storm had now reached the Black-moss, and the broad line of light that had lain in the direction of her home was soon swallowed up, and the child was in utter darkness. She saw nothing but the flakes of snow, interminably intermingled, and furiously wafted in the air, close to her head; she heard nothing but one wild, fierce, fitful howl. The cold became intense, and her little feet and hands were fast being benumbed into insensibility.

"It is a fearful change," muttered the child to herself; but still she did not fear, for she had been born in a moorland cottage, and lived all her days among the hardships of the hills. "What will become of the poor sheep!" thought she,—but still she scarcely thought of her own danger, for innocence, and youth, and joy, are slow to think of aught evil befalling themselves, and, thinking benignly of all living things, forget their own fear in their pity for others' sorrow. At last, she could no longer discern a single mark on the snow, either of human steps, or of the sheep-track, or the foot-print of a wild-fowl. Suddenly, too, she felt out of breath and exhausted—and, shedding tears for herself at last, sank down in the snow.

It was now that her heart began to quake with fear. She remembered stories of shepherds lost in the snow—of a mother and a child frozen to death on that very moor—and in a moment, she knew that she was to die. Bitterly did the poor child weep; for death was terrible to her, who, though poor, enjoyed the bright little world of youth and innocence. The skies of heaven were dearer than she knew to her, so were the flowers of earth. She had been happy at her work, happy in her sleep—happy in the kirk on Sabbath. A thousand thoughts had the solitary child—and in her own heart was a spring of happiness, pure and undisturbed as any fount that sparkles unseen all the year through, in some quiet nook among the pastoral hills. But now there was to be an end of all this—she was to be frozen to death, and lie there till the thaw might come; and then her father would find her body, and carry it away to be buried in the kirkyard.

The tears were frozen on her cheeks as soon as shed—and scarcely had her little hands strength to clasp themselves together, as the thought of an overruling and merciful Lord came across her heart. Then, indeed, the fears of this religious child were calmed, and she heard without terror the plover's wailing cry, and the deep boom of the bitter sounding in the moss. "I will repeat the Lord's Prayer;" and, drawing her plaid more closely around her, she whispered, beneath its ineffectual cover—"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." Had human aid been within fifty yards, it could have been of no avail—eye could not see her—ear could not hear her in that howling darkness. But that low prayer was heard in the centre of eternity—and that little sinless child was lying in the snow, beneath the all-seeing eye of God.

The maiden, having prayed to her Father in Heaven—then thought of her father on earth. Alas! they were not far separated! The father was lying but a short distance from his child; he too had sunk

down in the drifting snow, after having, in less than an hour, exhausted all the strength of fear, pity, hope, despair, and resignation, that could rise in a father's heart blindly seeking to rescue his only child from death, thinking that one desperate exertion might enable them to perish in each other's arms. There they lay, within a stone's throw of each other, while a huge snow-drift was every moment piling itself up into a more insurmountable barrier between the dying parent and his dying child.—*The Snow Storm.*—*A Short Story.*

• OLD INVENTIONS REVIVED.

[SMILES, 1816.

[SAMUEL SMILES, born at Haddington in 1816, and educated for the medical profession, practised as a surgeon at Leeds, and became editor of the *Leeds Times*. He was appointed Secretary to the Leeds and Thirsk Railway in 1845, and to the London and South Eastern in 1852. In addition to contributions to the "Quarterly Review," and other periodicals, Mr. Smiles is the author of several works, the best known being "The Life of George Stephenson," published in 1857; "Self-Help," in 1859; "Lives of the Engineers," in 3 vols. 8vo, in 1861-2, and "Industrial Biography" in 1863.]

STEAM-LOCOMOTION, by sea and land, had long been dreamt of and attempted. Blasco de Garay made his experiment in the harbour of Barcelona as early as 1543; Denis Papin made a similar attempt at Cassel in 1707; but it was not until Watt had solved the problem of the steam-engine that the idea of the steam-boat could be developed in practice, which was done by Miller of Dalswinton in 1788. Sages and poets have frequently foreshadowed inventions of great social moment. Thus Dr. Darwin's anticipation of the locomotive, in his *Botanic Garden*, published in 1791, before any locomotive had been invented, might almost be regarded as prophetic.—

Soon shall thy arm, unconquered Steam ! afar  
Drag the slow barge, and drive the rapid car.

Denis Papin first threw out the idea of atmospheric locomotion; and Gauthey, another Frenchman, in 1782 projected a method of conveying parcels and merchandise by subterranean tubes, after the method recently patented and brought into operation by the London Pneumatic Despatch Company. The balloon was an ancient Italian invention, revived by Mongolfier long after the original had been forgotten. Even the reaping-machine is an old invention revived. Thus Barnabe Googe, the translator of a book from the German entitled "The whole Arte and Trade of Husbandrie," published in 1577, in the reign of Elizabeth, speaks of the reaping-machine as a

worn-out invention—a thing “which was wont to be used in France. The device was a lowe kinde of carre with a couple of wheeles, and the frunt armed with sharp syckles, whiche forced by the beaste through the corne, did cut down al before it. This tricke,” says Googe, “might be used in levell and champion countreys; but with us it wolde make but ill-favoured woorke.” The Thames Tunnel was thought an entirely new manifestation of engineering genius; but the tunnel under the Euphrates at ancient Babylon, and that under the wide mouth of the harbour at Marseilles (a much more difficult work), show that the ancients were beforehand with us in the art of tunnelling. Macadamized roads are as old as the Roman empire; and suspension bridges, though comparatively new in Europe, have been known in China for centuries.

There is every reason to believe—indeed it seems clear—that the Romans knew of gunpowder, though they only used it for purposes of fireworks; while the secret of the destructive Greek fire has been lost altogether. When gunpowder came to be used for purposes of war, invention busied itself upon instruments of destruction. When recently examining the Museum of the Arsenal at Venice, we were surprised to find numerous weapons of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries embodying the most recent English improvements in arms, such as revolving pistols, rifled muskets, and breech-loading cannon. The latter, embodying Sir William Armstrong’s modern idea, though in a rude form, had been fished up from the bottom of the Adriatic, where the ship armed with them had been sunk hundreds of years ago. Even Perkins’s steam-gun was an old invention revived by Leonardo da Vinci, and by him attributed to Archimedes. The Congreve rocket is said to have an Eastern origin, Sir William Congreve having observed its destructive effects when employed by the forces under Tippoo Saib in the Mahratta war, on which he adopted and improved the missile, and brought out the invention as his own.

Coal-gas was regularly used by the Chinese for lighting purposes long before it was known amongst us. Hydropathy was generally practised by the Romans, who established baths wherever they went. Even chloroform is no new thing. The use of ether as an anæsthetic was known to Albertus Magnus, who flourished in the thirteenth century; and in his works he gives a recipe for its preparation. In 1681 Denis Papin published his *Traité des Opérations sans Douleur*, showing that he had discovered methods of deadening pain. But the use of anæsthetics is much older than Albertus Magnus or Papin; for the ancients had their nepenthe and mandragora; the Chinese their mayo, and the Egyptians their hachisch (both preparations of *Cannabis Indica*), the effects of which in a great measure resemble those of

chloform. What is perhaps still more surprising is the circumstance that one of the most elegant of recent inventions, that of sun-painting by the daguerreotype, was in the fifteenth century known to Leonardo da Vinci, whose skill as an architect and engraver, and whose accomplishments as a chemist and natural philosopher, have been almost entirely overshadowed by his genius as a painter. The idea, thus early born, lay in oblivion until 1760, when the daguerreotype was again clearly indicated in a book published in Paris, written by a certain Tiphanie de la Roche, under the anagrammatic title of *Giphantie*. Still later, at the beginning of the present century, we find Josiah Wedgwood, Sir Humphry Davy, and James Watt, making experiments on the action of light upon nitrate of silver; and only within the last few months a silvered copper-plate has been found amongst the old household lumber of Matthew Boulton (Watt's partner), having on it a representation of the old premises at Soho, apparently taken by some such process.

In like manner the invention of the electric telegraph, supposed to be exclusively modern, was clearly indicated by Scherwenter in his *Délassemens Physico-Mathématiques*, published in 1636; and he there pointed out how two individuals could communicate with each other by means of the magnetic needle. A century later, in 1746, Le Monnier exhibited a series of experiments in the Royal Gardens at Paris, showing how electricity could be transmitted through iron wire 950 fathoms in length; and in 1753 we find one Charles Marshall publishing a remarkable description of the electric telegraph in the *Scots Magazine*, under the title of "An expeditious Method of conveying Intelligence." Again, in 1760, we find George Louis Lesage, professor of mathematics at Geneva, promulgating his invention of an electric telegraph, which he eventually completed and set to work in 1774. This instrument was composed of twenty-four metallic wires, separate from each other and enclosed in a non-conducting substance. Each wire ended in a stalk mounted with a little ball of elder-wood suspended by a silk thread. When a stream of electricity, no matter how slight, was sent through the bar, the elder-ball at the opposite end was repelled, such movement designating some letter of the alphabet. A few years later we find Arthur Young, in his *Travels in France*, describing a similar machine invented by a M. Lomond of Paris, the action of which he also describes. In these and similar cases, though the idea was born and the model of the invention was actually made, it still waited the advent of the scientific mechanical inventor who should bring it to perfection, and embody it in a practical working form.—*Industrial Biography*, ch. x.



## AN AFRICAN KING.

[LANDER, 1804—1834.

[RICHARD LANDER, born in Cornwall in 1804, was by trade a printer. The Government, anxious to solve the mystery of the source of the Niger, formed an expedition, consisting of Clapperton, Capt. Pearce, Messrs. Dickson and Morrison. Richard Lander went as servant to Clapperton. The travellers left England in August, 1825; Clapperton and Richard Lander, their companions having died on the journey, reached Sakkatu, in the interior of Africa. Overcome with fatigue and vexation, Clapperton died at Changery, near Sakkatu, April 13, 1827. Lander returned to England in 1830. He published "Records of Capt. Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa." He was sent by the Government to make further researches in Africa, and returned to England in 1830; his "Journal of an Expedition to Explore the Course and Termination of the Niger" appeared in 1832; in which year he again left for Africa, and having penetrated to the Niger, received a wound in a skirmish with the natives, of which he died at Fernando Po, Jan. 27, 1834.]

AFTER crossing the river Formosa, which is about a mile in width, we arrived at Badagry at five o'clock in the afternoon, and were comfortably accommodated in the dwelling of Mr. Houtson, who had previously resided at that place. The house, like every other in the town, except the king's, is constructed of bamboo cane, and has but one story. On Friday, the 2nd of December, the king, Adólee, sent us a present of a bullock, a fine pig, and some fowls; and on the following day honoured us with a visit, in all the pomp and barbarous magnificence of African royalty. He was mounted on a diminutive black horse, and followed by about one hundred and fifty of his subjects, who danced and capered before and behind him; whilst a number of musicians, performing on native instruments of the rudest description, promoted considerably the animation and vivacity of their motions and gestures. He was gorgeously arrayed in a scarlet cloak, literally covered with gold lace, and white kerseymere trowsers similarly embroidered. His hat was turned up in front with rich bands of gold lace, and decorated with a splendid plume of white ostrich feathers, which, waving gracefully over his head, added not a little to the imposing dignity of his appearance! Close to the horse's head marched two boys, each carrying a musket in his right hand: they wore plain scarlet coats, with white collars and large cocked hats, tastefully trimmed with gold lace, which costly material all classes excessively admire. Two fighting chiefs accompanied their sovereign on foot, and familiarly chatted with him as he advanced. On approaching within a short distance of us, the monarch dismounted, and squatting himself on the ground outside our house, an umbrella was unfurled and held over his head, whilst a dozen of his wives stood round their lord and master

"With diverse-coloured fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool!"

for the atmosphere was sultry and the heat oppressive. After paying our respects to our august visitor,—to do him honour, I was desired to hoist an English union-jack over him. This was the climax of his glory and his pride; he was sensibly delighted, and looked as childishly vain as a girl when she first puts on a new dress. All hands now began to drink rum, and the spectacle became highly and singularly grotesque. Laying aside all pretensions to superiority of rank, his Badagrian majesty forgot his illustrious birth, and was as cheerful and merry as the meanest and most jovial of his subjects. Seated on the ground, his splendid dress glittering in the rays of the sun, surrounded by his generals, pages, and wives, with a British flag held by a white floating over his princely head,—his soul softened by the most inspiring and delicious music; and his animal spirits exhilarated by large and repeated draughts of his favourite cordial,—he was in a transport of joy, and looked and spoke as if he had been the happiest man in the universe; while the shouts and bustle of the people, the cracking of fingers and clapping of hands, the singing, and dancing, and capering, all was so novel, and so African, that it made an impression on my memory, which will never be erased from it. This debauch continued for a couple of hours; when all the rum being consumed, and Adólee becoming rather tipsy, his majesty begged me to favour him, before his departure, with a tune on my bugle horn, of which he had formed the most extravagant notions. To this modest request I cheerfully acceded, and played several English and Scotch airs, until I became so completely exhausted that my breath was entirely spent, the king not permitting me to drop the instrument till then. Owing either to the effects of the liquor Adólee had partaken of so freely, or to the sound of the music, &c., he was quite in ecstasy, and shook hands and thanked me at the close of every tune. The king then remounted, and the procession returned in the same order, and performed the same antics as when it came. Captain Clapperton and his associates accompanied the monarch to his palace; whilst I and my companions repaired to our peaceful habitation.—*Records of Capt. Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa*, vol. i. ch. iii.

## PEPYS AT THE ASSAY OFFICE.

[PEPYS, 1633—1703.]

[SAMUEL PEPYS, the son of a tailor, was born in London, Feb. 23, 1633, and educated at St. Paul's School and Magdalen College, Cambridge. He was appointed to a clerkship connected with the Exchequer in 1658, Clerk of the Acts of the Navy in June, 1660, and Secretary to the Admiralty in 1673. Having been committed to the

Tower, May 22, 1679, for a supposed hostility to the Protestant cause, he was released without trial, and, after accompanying Lord Dartmouth to Tangier, resumed his post at the Admiralty. Pepys was appointed President of the Royal Society. He died May 26, 1703. He left his books, MSS., &c., to Magdalen College, Cambridge. His diary, from 1659—1669, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, from the original short-hand, edited by Richard Lord Braybrooke, appeared in 1825. Pepys was the author of "Memoirs relating to the State of the Royal Navy of England for ten years, determined December, 1688," published in 1690, and one or two smaller treatises. His "Life, Journals, and Correspondence, including a Narrative of his Voyage to Tangier, and Residence there," appeared in 1841.]

MAY 19, 1663, with Sir John Minnes to the Tower; and by Mr. Slingsby and Mr. Howard, Comptroller of the Mint, we were shown the method of making this new money. That being done, the Comptroller would have us dine with him and his company, the King giving them a dinner every day. And very merry and good discourse upon the business we have been upon, and after dinner went to the Assay Office, and there saw the manner of assaying of gold and silver, and how silver melted down with gold do part, [upon] just being put into aqua-fortis, the silver turning into water, and the gold lying whole, in the very form it was put in, mixed of gold and silver, which is a miracle; and to see no silver at all, but turned into water, which they can bring again into itself out of the water: and at table they told us of many cheats, the best I ever heard. One of a labourer discovered to convey away bits of silver cut out for pence by swallowing them, and so they could not find him out, though, of course, they searched all the labourers: but, having reason to doubt him, they did, by threats and promises, get him to confess, and did find 7*l*. of it in his house at one time. The other, of one that got a way of coyning as good and passable, and large as the true money is, and yet saved fifty per cent. to himself, which was by getting moulds made to stamp groats like old groats, which is done so well, and I did beg two of them, which I keep for rarities, that there is not better in the world, and is as good and better than those that commonly go, which was the only thing that they could find out to doubt them by, besides the number that the party do go to put off, and then, coming to the Comptroller of the Mint, he could not, I say, find out any other thing to raise any doubt upon, but only their being so truly round or near it. He was neither hanged nor burned; the thing was thought so ingenious, and being the first time they could ever trap him in it, and so little hurt to any man in it, the money being as good as commonly goes. They now coin between 16 and 24,000 pounds in a week. At dinner they did discourse very finely to us of the probability that there is a vast deal of money hid in the land, from this: that in King Charles's time there was near ten millions of money coined, besides what was

then in being of King James's and Queen Elizabeth's, of which there is a good deal at this day in being. Next, that there was but 750,000*l.* coined of the Harp and Crosse money,\* and of this there was 400,000*l.* brought in upon its being called in. And from very good arguments they find that there cannot be less of it in Ireland and Scotland than 100,000*l.*; so that there is but 150,000*l.* missing; and of that, suppose that there should be not above 50,000*l.* still remaining, either melted down, hid, or lost, or hoarded up in England, there will then be but 100,000*l.* left to be thought to have been transported. Now, if 750,000*l.* in twelve years' time lost but a 100,000*l.* in danger of being transported, then 10,000,000*l.* in thirty-five years' time will have lost but 3,888,880*l.* and odd pounds; and, as there is 650,000*l.* remaining after twelve years' time in England, so, after thirty-five years' time, which was within this two years, there ought in proportion to have been resting 6,111,120*l.* or thereabouts, besides King James and Queen Elizabeth's money. Now, that most of this must be hid is evident, as they reckon, because of the dearth of money immediately upon the calling-in of the State's money, which was 500,000*l.* that come in; and then there was not any money to be had in this City, which they say to their own observation and knowledge was so. And, therefore, though I can say nothing in it myself, I do not dispute it.—*Diary of Samuel Pepys.* 1663.

#### THE BOY AND THE ANGEL.

[BROWNING, 1812.

[ROBERT BROWNING, born at Camberwell in 1812, was educated at the University of London. His first acknowledged work, "Paracelsus," was published in 1836. His tragedy, "Strafford," appeared in 1837, and was brought upon the stage, Macready playing the chief character. Browning has written numerous dramas and poems, the best known being "Pippa Passes," published in 1841; "Bells and Pomegranates" in 1842, and "Men and Women" in 1855. In 1852, Browning married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, who died at Florence, June 29, 1861.]

MORNING, evening, noon, and night,  
"Praise God," sang Theocrite.

Then to his poor trade he turned  
By which the daily meal was earned.

\* This was the money coined by the Commonwealth, having on one side a shield bearing the cross of St. George, and on the other a shield, bearing a harp.—*Hawkins's English Coins*, p. 208.

Hard he laboured, long and well ;  
O'er the work his boy's curls fell ;

But ever, at each period,  
He stopped and sang, " Praise God : "

Then back again his curls he threw,  
And cheerful turned to work anew.

Said Blaise, the listening monk, " Well done ,  
" I doubt not thou art heard, my son :

" As well as if thy voice to-day  
" Were praising God the Pope's great way.

" This Easter Day, the Pope at Rome  
" Praises God from Peter's dome."

Said Theocrite " Would God that I  
" Might praise him, that great way, and die ! "

Night passed, day shone,  
And Theocrite was gone.

With God a day endures alway,  
A thousand years are but a day.

God said in Heaven, " Nor day nor night  
Now brings the voice of my delight."

Then Gabriel, like a rainbow's birth,  
Spread his wings and sank to earth,

Entered in flesh, the empty cell,  
Lived there, and played the craftsman well :

And morning, evening, noon, and night,  
Praised God in place of Theocrite.

And from a boy, to youth he grew ;  
The Man put off the Stripling's hue :

The man matured and fell away  
Into the season of decay :

And ever o'er the trade he bent  
And ever lived on earth content

God said, "A praise is in mine ear;  
"There is no doubt in it, no fear:

"So sing old worlds, and so  
"New worlds that from my footstool go.

"Clearer loves sound other ways  
"I miss my little human praise."

Then forth sprang Gabriel's wings, off fell  
The flesh disguise, remained the cell.

'Twas Easter Day: he flew to Rome,  
And paused above Saint Peter's dome.

In the tiring-room close by  
The great outer gallery,

With his holy vestments dight,  
Stood the new Pope, Theocrite:

And all his past career  
Came back upon him clear.

Since when, a boy, he plied his trade  
Till on his life the sickness weighed

And in his cell when death drew near  
An angel in a dream brought cheer:

And rising from the sickness drear  
He grew a priest, and now stood here.

To the East with praise he turned  
And on his sight the angel burned.

"I bore thee from thy craftsman's cell,  
"And set thee here; I did not well.

"Vainly I left my angel's sphere,  
"Vain was thy dream of many a year.

"Thy voice's praise seemed weak; it dropped -  
"Creation's chorus stopped!

"Go back and praise again  
"The early way—while I remain.

" With that weak voice of our disdain,  
 " Take up Creation's pausing strain.

" Back to the cell and poor employ  
 " Become the craftsman and the boy "

Theocrite grew old at home,  
 A new Pope dwelt in Peter's Dome

One vanished as the other died ·  
 They sought God side by side

*Island Pomegranates, No. vii. Dramatic Romances and Lyrics.*

#### GENTLENESS.

[DR H BLAIR, 1718—1799

[HUGH BLAIR, born at Edinburgh, April 7, 1718, was educated at the university of his native city, and entered the church. From 1762 to 1783 he was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University. His sermons, in five volumes, appeared 1777-1801, and his lectures in 1783. He died Dec 27, 1799. A life by Dr. James Finlayson appeared in 1801.]

I BEGIN with distinguishing true gentleness from passive tameness of spirit, and from unlimited compliance with the manners of others. That passive tameness, which submits without struggle to every encroachment of the violent and assuming, forms no part of Christian duty, but, on the contrary, is destructive of general happiness and order. That unlimited complaisance, which, on every occasion, falls in with the opinions and manners of others, is so far from being a virtue, that it is itself a vice, and the parent of many vices. It overthrows all steadiness of principle, and produces that sinful conformity with the world which taints the whole character. In the present corrupted state of human manners, always to assent and to comply is the very worst maxim we can adopt. It is impossible to support the purity and dignity of Christian morals, without opposing the world on various occasions, even though we should stand alone. That gentleness, therefore, which belongs to virtue, is to be carefully distinguished from the mean spirit of cowards, and the fawning assent of sycophants. It renounces no just right from fear. It gives up no important truth from flattery. It is indeed not only consistent with a firm mind, but it necessarily requires a manly spirit, and a fixed principle, in order to give it any real value. Upon this solid ground only, the polish of gentleness can with advantage be superinduced.

It stands opposed, not to the most determined regard for virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekness restrains our angry passions; candour, our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and, by a constant train of human attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

I must warn you, however, not to confound this gentle *wisdom which is from above*, with that artificial courtesy, that studied smoothness of manners, which is learned in the school of the world. Such accomplishments, the most frivolous and empty may possess. Too often they are employed by the artful, as a snare; too often affected by the hard and unfeeling, as a cover to the baseness of their minds. We cannot, at the same time, avoid observing the homage which even in such instances the world is constrained to pay to virtue. In order to render society agreeable, it is found necessary to assume somewhat, that may at least carry its appearance. Virtue is the universal charm. Even its shadow is courted, when the substance is wanting. The imitation of its form has been reduced into an art; and, in the commerce of life, the first study of all who would either gain the esteem or win the heart of others, is to learn the speech, and to adopt the manners, of candour, gentleness, and humanity. But that gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart: and let me add, nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing. For no assumed behaviour can at all times hide the real character. In that unaffected civility which springs from a gentle mind, there is a charm infinitely more powerful than in all the studied manners of the most finished courtier.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflexion on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for everything that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing



habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favour with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets, of others. It delights above all things to alleviate distress, and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit and that tenor of manners, which the Gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us *to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep, to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men.* Sermons, No. vi. *On Gentleness.* James iii. 17.

### THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.

[BURKE, 1730—1797.

[EDMUND BURKE, born in Dublin, Jan. 1, 1730, was educated at the university of his native city, and studied for the English bar, though he was never called. His first work, "Vindication of Natural Society," was published anonymously in 1756, and his essay, "A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," appeared the same year. He was appointed private secretary to Mr. W. G. Hamilton, Irish Secretary, in 1761, entered parliament in 1766, and having filled the office of Paymaster of the Forces, retired in 1794. He was instrumental in bringing Warren Hastings to trial for his Indian administration; and the speech which he delivered on that occasion extended over four days. Burke wrote several treatises and pamphlets. The well-known "Reflections on the French Revolution" appeared in 1790. His last work was "Thoughts on a Regicide Peace." Burke died at Beaconsfield in Buckinghamshire, July 9, 1797. A "Life," by Charles M. Cormick, appeared in 1797; by Dr. Bisset, in 1800; by Dr. Goly, in 1840, and by Jas. Napier, in 1862. Hallam (Lit. His. pt. iii. ch. 3, § 75) says: "Burke, perhaps, comes, of all modern writers, the nearest to him;\* but though Bacon may not be more profound than Burke, he is more copious and comprehensive." Sheridan spoke of him "as a gentleman whose abilities, happily for the glory of the age in which we live, are not entrusted to the perishable eloquence of the day, but will live to be the admiration of that hour, when all of us shall be mute, and most of us forgotten."]

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\* Lord Bacon.

FROM Magna Charta to the Declaration of Right, it has been the uniform policy of our constitution to claim and assert our liberties, as an *entailed inheritance* derived to us from our forefathers, and to be transmitted to our posterity, as an estate specially belonging to the people of this kingdom, without any reference whatever to any other more general or prior right. By this means our constitution preserves an unity in so great a diversity of its parts. We have an inheritable crown; an inheritable peerage, and a House of Commons and a people inheriting privileges, franchises, and liberties, from a long line of ancestors.

The policy appears to me to be the result of profound reflexion; or rather the happy effect of following nature, which is wisdom without reflexion, and above it. A spirit of innovation is generally the result of a selfish temper, and confined views. People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. Besides the people of England well know, that the idea of inheritance furnishes a sure principle of conservation, and a sure principle of transmission, without at all excluding a principle of improvement. It leaves acquisition free, but it secures what it acquires. Whatever advantages are obtained by a state proceeding on these maxims, are locked fast as in a sort of family settlement, grasped as in a kind of mortmain for ever. By a constitutional policy working after the pattern of nature, we receive, we hold, we transmit our government and our privileges, in the same manner in which we enjoy and transmit our property and our lives. The institutions of policy, the goods of fortune, the gifts of Providence, are handed down to us, and from us, in the same course and order. Our political system is placed in a just correspondence and symmetry with the order of the world, and with the mode of existence decreed to a permanent body composed of transitory parts, wherein, by the disposition of a stupendous wisdom, moulding together the great mysterious incorporation of the human race, the whole, at one time, is never old, or middle-aged, or young, but, in a position of unchangeable constancy, moves on through the varied tenor of perpetual decay, fall, renovation, and progression. Thus, by preserving the method of nature in the conduct of the state, in what we improve, we are never wholly new, in what we retain, we are never wholly obsolete. By adhering in this manner and on those principles to our forefathers, we are guided not by the superstition of antiquarians, but by the spirit of philosophic analogy. In this choice of inheritance we have given to our frame of polity the image of a relation in blood, binding up the constitution of our country with our dearest domestic ties, adopting our fundamental laws into the bosom of our family affections, keeping inseparable,

and cherishing with the warmth of all their combined and mutually reflected charities, our state, our hearths, our sepulchres, and our altars.

Through the same plan of a conformity to nature in our artificial institutions, and by calling in the aid of her unerring and powerful instincts, to fortify the fallible and feeble contrivances of our reason, we have derived several other, and those no small benefits, from considering our liberties in the light of an inheritance. Always acting as if in the presence of canonized forefathers, the spirit of freedom, leading in itself to misrule and excess, is tempered with an awful gravity. This idea of a liberal descent inspires us with a sense of habitual native dignity, which prevents that upstart insolence almost inevitably adhering to and disgracing those who are the first acquirers of any distinction. By this means our liberty becomes a noble freedom. It carries an imposing and majestic aspect. It has a pedigree, and illustrating ancestors. It has its bearings and ensigns armorial. It has its gallery of portraits; its monumental inscriptions; its records, evidences, and titles. We procure reverence to our civil institutions on the principle upon which nature teaches us to revere individual men; on account of their age, and on account of those from whom they are descended. All your sophisters cannot produce anything better adapted to preserve a rational and manly freedom, than the course that we have pursued, who have chosen our nature rather than our speculations, our breasts rather than our inventions, for the great conservatories and magazines of our rights and privileges.—*Reflections on the Revolution in France.*

#### THE KNIGHTS OF THE TEMPLE.

[THACKERAY, 1811—1863.

[WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY, born at Calcutta in 1811, was educated at the Charter House and the university of Cambridge, though he did not take a degree. He studied as an artist at Rome, and wrote several sketches for "Fraser's Magazine," under the pseudonyms Michael Angelo Titmarsh, and George Fitz-Boodle, Esq. His "Paris Sketch-book" appeared in 1840, and the first number of the work which rendered him so popular, a serial, "Vanity Fair," appeared in 1846; "Pendennis" followed, in two vols. 8vo., in 1850; and "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.," in three vols. 8vo. in Nov. 1852. His "Lectures on the Humorists," first delivered at Willis's Rooms in 1851, and on the "Four Georges," were afterwards published. For two years he edited the "Cornhill Magazine," of which the first number appeared in Jan. 1860. Though called to the bar in 1848, Thackeray never practised. He retired in his usual health Dec. 23, 1863, and the following morning was found dead in his bed.]

COLLEGES, schools, and inns of court, still have some respect for antiquity, and maintain a great number of the customs and institutions of our ancestors, with which those persons who do not particularly regard

their forefathers, or perhaps are not very well acquainted with them, have long since done away. A well-ordained workhouse or prison is much better provided with the appliances of health, comfort, and cleanliness, than a respectable Foundation School, a venerable College, or a learned Inn. In the latter place of residence men are contented to sleep in dingy closets, and to pay for the sitting-room and the cupboard, which is their dormitory, the price of a good villa and garden in the suburbs, or of a roomy house in the neglected squares of the town. The poorest mechanic in Spitalfields has a cistern and an unbounded supply of water at his command; but the gentlemen of the inns of court, and the gentlemen of the universities, have their supply of this cosmetic fetched in jugs by laundresses and bedmakers, and live in abodes which were erected long before the custom of cleanliness and decency obtained among us. There are individuals still alive who sneer at the people and speak of them with epithets of scorn. Gentlemen, there can be but little doubt that your ancestors were the Great Unwashed and in the Temple especially, it is pretty certain, that, only under the greatest difficulties and restrictions, the virtue which has been pronounced to be next to godliness could have been practised at all.

Old Grump, of the Norfolk Circuit, who had lived for more than thirty years in the chambers under those occupied by Warrington and Pendennis, and who used to be awakened by the roaring of the shower-baths which those gentlemen had erected in their apartments,—a part of the contents of which occasionally trickled through the roof into Mr. Grump's room,—declared that the practice was absurd, new-fangled, dandyfied folly, and daily cursed the laundress who slopped the staircase by which he had to pass. Grump, now much more than half a century old, had indeed never used the luxury in question. He had done without water very well, and so had our fathers before him. Of all those knights and baronets, lords and gentlemen, bearing arms, whose escutcheons are painted upon the walls of the famous hall of the Upper Temple, was there no philanthropist good-natured enough to devise a set of Hummums for the benefit of the lawyers, his fellows and successors? The Temple historian makes no mention of such a scheme. There is Pump Court and Fountain Court, with their hydraulic apparatus, but one never heard of a benchers disporting in the fountain, and can't but think how many a counsel learned in the law of old days might have benefited by the pump.

Nevertheless, those venerable Inns which have the Lamb and Flag and the Winged Horse for their ensigns, have attractions for persons who inhabit them, and a share of rough comforts and freedom, which men always remember with pleasure. I don't know whether the student of law permits himself the refreshment of enthusiasm,

or indulges in poetical reminiscences as he passes by historical chambers, and says, "Yonder Eldon lived—upon this site Coke mused upon Lyttleton—here Chitty toiled—here Barnwell and Alderson joined in their famous labours—here Byles composed his great work upon bills, and Smith compiled his immortal leading cases—here Gustavus still toils, with Solomon to aid him:" but the man of letters can't but love the place which has been inhabited by so many of his brethren, or peopled by their creations as real to us at this day as the authors whose children they were—and Sir Roger de Coverley walking in the Temple Garden, and discoursing with Mr. Spectator about the beauties in hoops and patches who are sauntering over the grass, is just as lively a figure to me as old Samuel Johnson rolling through the fog with the Scotch gentleman at his heels on their way to Dr. Goldsmith's chambers in Brick Court; or Harry Fielding, with inked ruffles and a wet towel round his head, dashing off articles at midnight for the *Covent Garden Journal*, while the printer's boy is asleep in the passage.

If we could but get the history of a single day as it passed in any one of those four-storied houses in the dingy court where our friends Pen and Warrington dwelt, some Temple Asmodeus might furnish us with a queer volume. There may be a great parliamentary counsel on the ground-floor, who drives up to Belgrav'a at dinner time, when his clerk, too, becomes a gentleman, and goes away to entertain his friends, and to take his pleasure. Eat a short time since he was hungry and briefless in some garret of the Inn; lived by stealthy literature; hoped, and waited, and sickened, and no clients came; exhausted his own means and his friends' kindness; had to remonstrate humbly with duns, and to implore the patience of poor creditors. Ruin seemed to be staring him in the face, when, behold, a turn of the wheel of fortune, and the lucky wretch in possession of one of those prodigious prizes which are sometimes drawn in the great lottery of the Bar. Many a better lawyer than himself does not make a fifth part of the income of his clerk, who, a few months since, could scarcely get credit for blacking for his master's unpaid boots. On the first floor, perhaps, you will have a venerable man whose name is famous, who has lived for half a century in the Inn, whose brains are full of books, and whose shelves are stored with classical and legal lore. He has lived alone all these fifty years, alone and for himself, amassing learning, and compiling a fortune. He comes home now at night only from the club, where he has been dining freely, to the lonely chambers where he lives a godless old recluse. When he dies, his Inn will erect a tablet to his honour, and his heirs burn a part of his library. Would you like to have such a prospect for

your old age, to store up learning and moneey, and end so? But we must not linger too long by Mr. Doomsday's door. Worthy Mr. Grump lives over him, who is also an ancient inhabitant of the Inn, and who, when Doomsday comes home to read Catullus, is sitting down with three steady seniors of his standing, to a steady rubber at whist, after a dinner at which they have consumed their three steady bottles of Port. You may see the old boys asleep at the Temple Church of a Sunday. Attorneys seldom trouble them, and they have small fortunes of their own. On the other side of the third landing, where Pen and Warrington live, till long after midnight, sits Mr. Paley, who took the highest honours, and who is a fellow of his college, who will sit and read and note cases until two o'clock in the morning, who will rise at seven and be at the pleader's chambers as soon as they are open, where he will work until an hour before dinner-time, who will come home from Hall and read and note cases again until dawn next day, when perhaps Mr. Arthur Pendennis and his friend Mr. Warrington are returning from some of their wild expeditions. How differently employed Mr. Paley has been! He has not been throwing himself away—he has only been bringing a great intellect laboriously down to the comprehension of a mean subject, and in his fierce grasp of that, resolutely excluding from his mind all higher thoughts, all better things, all the wisdom of philosophers and historians, all the thoughts of poets, all wit, fancy, reflexion, art, love, truth altogether—so that he may master that enormous legend of the law, which he proposes to gain his livelihood by expounding. Warrington and Paley had been competitors for university honours in former days, and had run each other hard, and everybody said now that the former was wasting his time and energies, whilst all people praised Paley for his industry. There may be doubts, however, as to which was using his time best. The one could afford time to think, and the other never could. The one could have sympathies, and do kindnesses, and the other must needs be always selfish. He could not cultivate a friendship or do a charity, or admire a work of genius, or kindle at the sight of beauty or the song of a sweet bird—he had no time, and no eyes for anything but his law-books. All was dark outside his reading-lamp. Love, and Nature, and Art (which is the expression of our praise and sense of the beautiful world of God), were shut out from him. And as he turned off his lonely lamp at night, he never thought but that he had spent the day profitably, and went to sleep alike thankless and remorseless. But he shuddered when he met his old companion Warrington on the stairs, and shunned him as one that was doomed to perdition.—*Pendennis*, chap. xxix.

## EXECUTION OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

[FROUDE, 1818]

[JAMES ANTONY FROUDE, born at Dartington, Devonshire, April 23, 1818, was educated at Westminster and the university of Oxford, where he obtained the Chancellor's prize for the "English Essay" in 1842, and the same year was elected fellow of Exeter College. He contributed to the "Lives of the English Saints," and wrote "The Shadows of the Clouds," published in 1847, and "The Nemesis of Faith" in 1848. He is best known by his "History of England," commencing at the Reformation, of which vols. i and ii appeared in 1856, vols. iii and iv in 1858; vols. v. and vi. in 1860, vols. vii and viii in 1863, and vol. ix in 1870.]

AT daybreak More was awoke by the entrance of Sir Thomas Pope, who had come to confirm his anticipations, and to tell him it was the king's pleasure that he should suffer at nine o'clock that morning. He received the news with utter composure. "I am much bounden to the king," he said, "for the benefits and honours he has bestowed on me, and so help me God, most of all I am bounden to him that it pleaseth his Majesty to rid me so shortly out of the miseries of this present world."

Pope told him the king desired that he would not "use many words on the scaffold." "Mr. Pope," he answered, "you do well to give me warning, for otherwise I had purposed somewhat to have spoken, but no matter wherewith his Grace should have cause to be offended. Howbeit, whatever I intended, I shall obey his Highness's command."

He afterwards discussed the arrangements for the funeral, at which he begged that his family might be present, and when all was settled, Pope rose to leave him. He was an old friend. He took More's hand and wrung it, and, quite overcome, burst into tears.

"Quiet yourself, Mr. Pope," More said, "and be not discomfited, for I trust we shall once see each other full merrily, when we shall live and love together in eternal bliss."

As soon as he was alone, he dressed in his most elaborate costume. It was for the benefit, he said, of the executioner who was to do him so great a service.\* Sir William Kingston remonstrated, and with some difficulty induced him to put on a plainer suit, but that his intended liberality should not fail, he sent the man a gold angel in compensation, "as a token that he maliced him nothing, but rather loved him extremely."

So about nine of the clock he was brought by the Lieutenant out of the Tower, his beard being long, which fashion he had never before used, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hands a red cross, casting his eyes often towards heaven. He had been unpopular as a judge, and

\* The executioner received the clothes worn by the sufferer.

one or two persons in the crowd were insolent to him ; but the distance was short and soon over, as all else was nearly over now.

The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. "See me safe up," he said to Kingston. "For my coming down I can shift for myself." He began to speak to the people, but the sheriff begged him not to proceed, and he contented himself with asking for their prayers, and desiring them to bear witness for him that he died in the faith of the holy Catholic church, and a faithful servant of God and the king. He then repeated the *Miserere* psalm\* on his knees ; and when he had ended and had risen, the executioner, with an emotion which promised ill for the manner in which his part in the tragedy would be accomplished, begged his forgiveness. More kissed him. "Thou art to do me the greatest benefit that I can receive," he said. "Pluck up thy spirit, man, and be not afraid to do thine office. My neck is very short. Take heed therefore that thou strike not awry for saving of thine honesty." The executioner offered to tie his eyes. "I will cover them myself," he said ; and binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt, and laid his head upon the block. The fatal stroke was about to fall, when he signed for a moment's delay while he moved aside his beard. "Pity that should be cut," he murmured, "that has not committed treason." With which strange words, the strangest perhaps ever uttered at such a time, the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed for ever.

"So," concludes his biographer, "with alacrity and spiritual joy he received the fatal axe, which no sooner had severed the head from the body, but his soul was carried by angels into everlasting glory, where a crown of martyrdom was placed upon him which can never fade nor decay ; and then he found those words true which he had often spoken, that a man may lose his head and have no harm."

This was the execution of Sir Thomas More, an act which sounded out into the far corners of the earth, and was the world's wonder as well for the circumstances under which it was perpetrated, as for the preternatural composure with which it was borne. Something of his calmness may have been due to his natural temperament, something to an unaffected weariness of a world which in his eyes was plunging into the ruin of the latter days. But those fair hues of sunny cheerfulness caught their colour from the simplicity of his faith ; and never was there a Christian's victory over death more grandly evidenced than in that last scene lighted with its lambent humour.—*History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth*, vol. ii. ch. ix.

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\* Psalm li.



"THE KING OF ALL THE FRIENDLY ISLES."

[CAPT. COOK, 1728—1779.]

[JAMES COOK, born at Marton, in Yorkshire, Oct. 27, 1728, was apprenticed to a haberdasher, and afterwards went to sea. Having accepted the command of an expedition to the Pacific Ocean, he left Plymouth in the *Endeavour*, Aug. 26, 1768, and after visiting Otaheite, New Zealand, and Australia, arrived in the Downs June 12, 1771. Captain Cook left Plymouth on his second voyage July 13, 1772, returning to England July 30, 1775. Soon after his return Captain Cook tendered his services to attempt the discovery of the North West Passage, and sailed from Plymouth in the *Resolution*, July 12, 1776. During the voyage he visited the Sandwich Islands, in one of which he was killed in a skirmish with the natives, Feb. 14, 1779. His account of the second voyage appeared in 1777, and the account of the third voyage, edited from Capt. Cook's papers, by Capt. James King, appeared in 1784. His Life, by Dr. Kippis, was published in 1788. Dibdin remarks:—"The spirit, disinterestedness, penetration, physical and intellectual energies of Captain James Cook fitted him in an especial manner for the various and extraordinary discoveries which he so successfully accomplished, and to which, alas! he fell a victim and a sacrifice. Never were such labours closed by such a tragical catastrophe; and if the eulogies of the good and the wise of all countries be grateful to departed spirits, surely there is no spirit which can be soothed with purer attestations of worth, and higher acknowledgments of excellence, than that of this unparalleled and most unfortunate commander."]

On the 6th (May, 1777,) we were visited by a great chief from Tongataboo, whose name was Feenou, and whom Taipa was pleased to introduce to us as King of all the Friendly Isles. I was now told, that, on my arrival, a canoe had been dispatched to Tongataboo with the news; in consequence of which, this chief immediately passed over to Annamooka. The officer on shore informed me, that when he first arrived, all the natives were ordered out to meet him, and paid their obeisance by bowing their heads as low as his feet, the soles of which they also touched with each hand, first with the palm, and then with the back part. There could be little room to suspect that a person, received with so much respect, could be any thing less than the king.

In the afternoon I went to pay this great man a visit, having first received a present of two fish from him, brought on board by one of his servants. As soon as I landed, he came up to me. He appeared to be about thirty years of age, tall, but thin, and had more of the European features than any I had yet seen here. When the first salutation was over, I asked if he was the king. For, notwithstanding what I had been told, finding he was not the man whom I remembered to have seen under that character during my former voyage, I began to entertain doubts. Taipa officiously answered for him, and enumerated no less than one hundred and fifty-three islands, of which, he said, Feenou was the sovereign. After a short stay, our new visitor, and five or six of his attendants, accompanied me on board. I gave

suitable presents to them all, and entertained them in such a manner, as I thought would be most agreeable.

In the evening, I attended them on shore in my boat, into which the chief ordered three hogs to be put, as a return for the presents he had received from me. I was now informed of an accident which had happened, the relation of which will convey some idea of the extent of the authority exercised here over the common people. While Feenou was on board my ship, an inferior chief, for what reason our people on shore did not know, ordered all the natives to retire from the post we occupied. Some of them having ventured to return, he took up a large stick, and beat them most unmercifully. He struck one man, on the side of his face, with so much violence, that the blood gushed out of his mouth and nostrils; and, after lying some time motionless, he was at last removed from the place in convulsions. The person who had inflicted the blow, being told that he had killed the man, only laughed at it; and it was evident that he was not in the least sorry for what had happened. We heard, afterwards, that the poor sufferer had recovered.

The *Discovery* having found again her small bower anchor, shifted her berth on the 7th; but not before her best bower cable had shared the fate of the other. This day, I had the company of Feenou at dinner; and also the next day, when he was attended by Taipa, Toobou, and some other chiefs. It was remarkable, that none but Taipa was allowed to sit at table with him, or even to eat in his presence.

I own that I considered Feenou as a very convenient guest, on account of this etiquette. For, before his arrival, I had generally a larger company than I could well find room for, and my table overflowed with crowds of both sexes. For it is not the custom at the Friendly Islands, as it is at Otaheite, to deny to their females the privilege of eating in company with the men.—*A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*, vol. i. ch. iv.

#### FORTITUDE IN ADVERSITY.

[R. GREENE, 1550—1592.

[ROBERT GREENE, born at Norwich, in 1550, was educated at Cambridge, and after taking his degree visited Spain, Italy, and other parts of the Continent. He is said to have entered the church, and to have been one of the Queen's chaplains in 1576. His first work in prose, entitled "Mamillia, or the Triumph of Pallas, a Mirror or Looking Glass for the Ladies of England," appeared in 1583. "Arcadia, or Menaphon," was first published in 1587. These were followed by numerous works in prose and verse. His "Groat's Worth of Wit," containing the well-known allusion to Shakespeare, appeared in 1592. Greene wrote several dramatic pieces, none of which were published until after his death, which occurred Sept. 3, 1592. "The History of Orlando Furioso," "A Looking Glass for London and England,"

and "The Honorable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," his three best known dramas, though often acted during his lifetime, were first published in 1594. His *Life*, by the Rev. A. Dyce, is prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1831. Hallam remarks (*Lit. Hist.*, part II. ch. 6) : "Greene succeeds pretty well in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakespeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in his historic plays effective and brilliant. There is great talent shown, though upon a very strange canvas, in Greene's 'Looking Glass for London and England.'"]

SEPHESTIA, thou seest no physic prevails against the gaze of the basilisk, no charm against the sting of the tarantula, no prevention to divert the decree of the Fates, nor no means to recall back the baleful hurt of Fortune. Incurable sores are without Avicenna's\* aphorisms, and therefore no salve for them but patience. Then, my SEPHESTIA, sith† thy fall is high and fortune low, thy sorrows great and thy hope little, seeing me partaker of thy miseries, set all upon this, *solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*, "it is a consolation to the wretched to have companions in their sorrow." Chance is like Janus, double-faced, as well full of smiles to comfort as of frowns to dismay, the ocean at the dearest ebb returns to a full tide, when the eagle means to soar highest, he raiseth his flight in the lowest dales so fareth it with Fortune, who in her highest extremes is most inconstant, when the tempest of her wrath is most fearful, then look for a calm, when she beats thee with nettles, then think she will strew thee with roses; when she is most familiar with furies, her intent is to be most prodigal, SEPHESTIA. Thus are the arrows of Fortune feathered with the plumes of the bird halcyon, that changeth colour with the moon, which, however she shoots them, pierce not so deep but they may be cured. But, SEPHESTIA, thou art daughter to a king, exiled by him from the hope of a crown, banished from the pleasures of the court to the painful fortunes of the country, parted for love from him thou canst not but love, from MAXIMUS,‡ SEPHESTIA, who for thee hath suffered so many disfavours as either discontent or death can afford. What of all this, is not Hope the daughter of Time? Have not stars their favourable aspects, as they have froward opposition? Is there not a Jupiter as there is a Saturn? Cannot the influence of smiling Venus stretch as far as the frowning constitution of Mars? I tell thee, SEPHESTIA, Juno foldeth in her brows the volumes of the destinies, whom melancholy Saturn deposeth from a crown, she

\* Avicenna, whose real name was Abu Ali Al-Hossein Abdallah Ibn Sina, an Arabian philosopher and physician, was born at Charmatain, near Bokhara, in 980 and died on a journey to Hamadan in 1037.

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‡ Since.

‡ This person is the husband of Sephestua

mildly advanceth to a diadem ; then fear not, for if the mother live in misery, yet hath she a sceptre for the son : let the unkindness of thy father be buried in the cinders of obedience, and the want of *MAXIMUS* be supplied with the presence of his pretty babe, who, being too young for Fortune, lies smiling on thy knee, and laughs at Fortune. Learn by him, *SEPHESTIA*, to use patience, which is like the balm in the Vale of Jehosaphat, that findeth no wound so deep but it cureth : thou seest already Fortune begins to change her view, for after the great storm that pent our ship, we found a calm that brought us safe to shore ; the mercy of Neptune was more than the envy of *Æolus*, and the discourtesy of thy father is proportioned with the favour of the gods. Thus, *SEPHESTIA*, being copartner of thy misery, yet do I seek to allay thy martyrdom ; being sick to myself, yet do I play the physician to thee, wishing thou mayst bear thy sorrows with as much content as I brook my misfortunes with patience.—*Arcadia, or Menaphon.*

#### THE SHADES OF NIGHT.

[WORDSWORTH, 1770—1850.

[*WILLIAM WORDSWORTH*, born at Cockermouth April 7, 1770, was educated at Cambridge. During some continental tours he imbibed republican principles. His first publication, "Descriptive Sketches during a Pedestrian Tour on the Italian, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps," appeared in 1793 ; "An Evening Walk, an epistle in verse, addressed to a Young Lady," was published the same year. In June, 1797, he formed an acquaintance with Coleridge, and the "Lyrical Ballads," their joint production, appeared in 1798. Wordsworth removed to Rydal Mount in 1813, and the same year obtained the appointment of distributor of stamps for Westmoreland. "The Excursion" appeared in 1814, and "The Prelude, or Growth of the Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem," in 1850. He received the degree of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford in 1839, resigned his appointment as Distributor of Stamps in 1842, receiving a pension of £300 per annum, and succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate in 1843. Wordsworth, who died at Rydal Mount, April 23, 1850, was one of the most distinguished of the Lake Poets, ridiculed by Lord Byron,\*

- \* Next comes the dull disciple of the school,  
That mild apostate from poetic rule,  
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay  
As soft as evening in his favourite May,  
Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil and trouble,  
'And quit his books for fear of growing double.'†  
Who, both by precept and example, shows  
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose ;  
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,  
Poetic souls delight in prose insane ;

† *Lyrical Ballads. The Tables Turned.*

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the "Edinburgh Review," and writers of that period. His "Life," by Dr Wordsworth, Archdeacon of Westminster, appeared in 1851. Several biographies have been published. "Wordsworth, a biography," by E. Paxton Hood, appeared in 1856.]

Now, with religious awe, the farewell light  
 Blends with the solemn colouring of the night,  
 'Mid groves of clouds that crest the mountain's brow,  
 And round the west's proud lodge their colours throw,  
 Like Una shining on her gloomy way,  
 The half-seen form of Twilight roams astray,  
 Shedding, through paly loop-holes mild and small,  
 Gleams that upon the lake's still bosom fall,  
 Soft o'er the surface creep those lustres pale,  
 Tracking the motions of the fitful gale.  
 With restless interchange at once a bright  
 Wins on the shade, the shade upon the light.  
 No favoured eye was e'er allowed to gaze  
 On lovelier spectacle in fairy days,  
 When gentle spirits urged a sportive chase,  
 Brushing with lucid wands the water's face,  
 While music, stealing round the glimmering deeps,  
 Charmed the tall circle of the enchanted steeps  
 —The lights are vanished from the watery plains  
 No wreck of all the pageantry remains  
 Unheeded night has overcome the vales  
 On the dark earth the wearied vision fails  
 The latest lingerer of the forest train,  
 The lone black fir, forsakes the faded plain;  
 Last evening sight, the cottage smoke, no more,  
 Lost in the thickened darkness, glimmers hoar;  
 And towering from the sullen dark-brown mere,  
 Like a black wall, the mountain-steeps appear.

And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme  
 Contain the essence of the true sublime  
 Thus when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,  
 The idiot mother of "an idiot boy,"  
 A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,  
 And like his bard, confounded night with day;  
 So close on each pathetic part he dwells,  
 And each adventure so sublimely tells,  
 That all who view the "idiot in his glory,"  
 Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*

—Now o'er the soothed accordant heart we feel  
A sympathetic twilight slowly steal,  
And ever, as we fondly muse, we find  
The soft gloom deepening on the tranquil mind.  
Stay ! pensive, sadly-pleasing visions, stay !  
Ah no ! as fades the vale, they fade away :  
Yet still the tender, vacant, gloom remains :  
Still the cold cheek its shuddering tear retains.

The bird who ceased, with fading light, to thread  
Silent the hedge, or steamy rivulet's bed,  
From his grey re-appearing tower shall soon  
Salute with gladsome note the rising moon,  
While with a hoary light she frosts the ground,  
And pours a deeper blue to Æther's bound ;  
Pleased, as she moves, her pomp of clouds to fold  
In robes of azure, fleecy-white, and gold.

Above yon eastern hill, where darkness broods,  
O'er all its vanished dells, and lawns, and woods ;  
Where but a mass of shade the sight can trace,  
Even now she shews, half-veiled, her lovely face :  
Across the gloomy valley flings her light,  
Far to the western slopes with hamlets white ;  
And gives, where woods the chequered upland strew,  
To the green corn of summer autumn's hue.  
Thus Hope, first pouring from her blessed horn  
Her dawn, far lovelier than the moon's own morn ;  
'Till higher mounted, strives in vain to cheer  
The weary hills, imperious, blackening near ;  
—Yet does she still, undaunted, throw the while  
On darling spots remote her tempting smile.

Even now she decks for me a distant scene,  
(For dark and broad the gulf of time between)  
Gilding that cottage with her fondest ray,  
Sole bourn, sole wish, sole object of my way ;  
How fair its lawns and sheltering woods appear !  
How sweet its streamlet murmurs in mine ear !  
Where we, my Friend, to happy days shall rise,  
'Till our small share of hardly-paining sighs  
(For sighs will ever trouble human breath)  
Creep hushed into the tranquil breast of death

But now the clear bright moon her zenith gains,  
And, rimy without speck, extend the plains:  
The deepest cleft the mountain's front displays,  
Scarce hides a shadow from her searching rays;  
From the dark-blue faint silvery threads divide  
The hills, while gleams below the azure tide;  
Time softly treads; throughout the landscape breathes  
A peace enlivened, not disturbed, by wreaths  
Of charcoal-smoke, that o'er the fallen wood  
Steal down the hill, and spread along the flood.

The song of mountain-streams, unheard by day,  
Now hardly heard, beguiles my homeward way.  
Air listens, like the sleeping water, still,  
To catch the spiritual music of the bill,  
Broke only by the slow clock tolling deep,  
Or shout that wakes the ferry-man from sleep,  
The echoed hoof nearing the distant shore,  
The boat's first motion—made with dashing oar;  
Sound of closed gate, across the water borne,  
Hurrying the timid hare through rustling corn;  
The sportive outcry of the mocking owl;  
And at long intervals the mill-dog's howl;  
The distant forge's swinging thump profound;  
Or yell, in the deep woods, of lonely hound.

*Poems. An Evening Walk.*

#### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

[REV. DR. CHALMERS, 1780—1847.]

[THOMAS CHALMERS, born at Anstruther, March 17, 1780, and educated at the university of St. Andrews, was ordained minister of Kilmany in 1803, and transferred to Glasgow in July, 1815. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at the university of St. Andrews in 1823, and Professor of Theology at the university of Edinburgh in 1824. He received the degree of D.C.L. from the university of Oxford, and was the leader in the Free Church Movement, which took place in 1843. Dr. Chalmers, who was a prolific writer, is best known by "The Evidence and Authority of the Christian Revelation," published in 1814, and the Bridgewater treatise, "On the Power, Wisdom, and Goodness of God, as manifested in the Adaptation of External Nature to the Moral and Intellectual Constitution of Man," in 1833. He died at Edinburgh, May 30, 1847. "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Dr. Chalmers," by Dr. W. Hanna, appeared in 1851.]

**MAN** is the direct agent of a wide and continual distress to the lower animals, and the question is, Can any method be devised for its allevia-

tion? On this subject that Scriptural image is strikingly realized, "The whole inferior creation groaning and travailing together in pain," because of him. It signifies not to the substantive amount of the suffering, whether this be prompted by the hardness of his heart, or only permitted through the heedlessness of his mind. In either way it holds true, not only that the arch-devourer man stands pre-eminent over the fiercest children of the wilderness as an animal of prey, but that for his lordly and luxurious appetite, as well as for his service or merest curiosity and amusement, Nature must be ransacked throughout all her elements. Rather than forego the veriest gratifications of vanity, he will wring them from the anguish of wretched and ill-fated creatures; and whether for the indulgence of his barbaric sensuality, or barbaric splendour, can stalk paramount over the sufferings of that prostrate creation which has been placed beneath his feet. That beauteous domain whereof he has been constituted the terrestrial sovereign, gives out so many blissful and benignant aspects; and whether we look to its peaceful lakes, or its flowery landscapes, or its evening skies, or to all that soft attire which overspreads the hills and the valleys, lighted up by smiles of sweetest sunshine, and where animals disport themselves in all the exuberance of gaiety—this surely were a more befitting scene for the rule of clemency, than for the iron rod of a murderous and remorseless tyrant. But the present is a mysterious world wherein we dwell. It still bears much upon its materialism of the impress of Paradise. But a breath from the air of Pandemonium has gone over its living generations, and so "the fear of man, and the dread of man, is now upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, and upon all that moveth upon the face of the earth, and upon all the fishes of the sea; into man's hands are they delivered: every moving thing that liveth is meat for him; yea, even as the green herbs, there have been given to him all things." Such is the extent of his jurisdiction, and with most full and wanton license has he revelled among its privileges. The whole earth labours and is in violence because of his cruelties; and, from the amphitheatre of sentient Nature, there sounds in fancy's ear the bleat of one wide and universal suffering—a dreadful homage to the power of Nature's constituted lord.

These sufferings are really felt. The beasts of the field are not so many automata without sensation, and just so constructed as to give forth all the natural expressions of it. Nature hath not practised this universal deception upon our species. These poor animals just look, and tremble, and give forth the very indications of suffering that we do. Theirs is the distinct cry of pain. Theirs is the unequivocal physiognomy of pain. They put on the same aspect of terror on the



demonstrations of a menaced blow. They exhibit the same distortions of agony after the infliction of it. The bruise, or the burn, or the fracture, or the deep incision, or the fierce encounter with one of equal or superior strength, just affects them similarly to ourselves. Their blood circulates as ours. They have pulsations in various parts of the body like ours. They sicken, and they grow feeble with age, and, finally, they die just as we do. They possess the same feelings; and what exposes them to like sufferings from another quarter, they possess the same instincts with our own species. The lioness robbed of her whelps causes the wilderness to ring aloud with the proclamation of her wrongs; or the bird whose little household has been stolen, fills and saddens all the grove with melodies of deepest pathos. All this is palpable even to the general and unlearned eye; and when the physiologist lays open the recesses of their system by means of that scalpel, under whose operation they just shrink and are convulsed as any living subject of our own species, there stands forth to view the same sentient apparatus, and furnished with the same conductors for the transmission of feeling to every minutest pore upon the surface. Theirs is unmixed and unmitigated pain—the agonies of martyrdom, without the alleviation of the hopes and the sentiments, whereof they are incapable. When they lay them down to die, their only fellowship is with suffering; for in the prison-house of their beset and bounded faculties, there can no relief be afforded by communion with other interests or other things. The attention does not lighten their distress as it does that of man, by carrying off his spirit from that existing pungency and pressure which might else be overwhelming. There is but room in their mysterious economy for one inmate; and that is, the absorbing sense of their own single and concentrated anguish. And so in that bed of torment whereon the wounded animal lingers and expires, there is an unexplored depth and intensity of suffering which the poor dumb animal itself cannot tell, and against which it can offer no remonstrance; an untold and unknown amount of wretchedness, of which no articulate voice gives utterance. But there is an eloquence in its silence; and the very shroud which disguises it, only serves to aggravate its horrors.—*Sermon on Cruelty to Animals*. Proverbs xii. 10.

CHARACTER OF LORD MANSFIELD.\*

[JUNIUS. —

[THE question of the authorship of the Letters of Junius, which has given rise to much controversy, remains unsolved, though it is now generally attributed to Sir Philip Francis.† The first letter with this signature was published in "The Public Advertiser," January 21, 1769, and the last, the 44th, Jan. 21, 1772. Other letters by the same writer appeared under different signatures. In these anonymous contributions the policy of the Grafton and North Administrations was assailed, and many of the more prominent members were singled out for censure. Lord Macaulay, in a letter to John Murray, dated Albany, January 3, 1852, remarks on the question of authorship: "Lord Lyttleton's claims to the authorship of Junius are better than those of Burke or Barre, and quite as good as those of Lord George Sackville or Single-Speech Hamilton. But the case against Francis, or, if you please, in favour of Francis, rests on grounds of a very different kind, and on coincidences such as would be sufficient to convict a murderer."]

THE mischiefs you have done this country are not confined to your interpretation of the laws. You are a minister, my Lord, and, as such, have long been consulted. Let us candidly examine what use you have made of your ministerial influence. I will not descend to little matters, but come at once to those important points, on which your resolution was waited for, on which the expectation of your opinion kept a great part of the nation in suspense.—A constitutional question arises upon a declaration of the law of parliament, by which the freedom of election, and the birth-right of the subject, were supposed to have been invaded.—The King's servants are accused of violating the constitution.—The nation is in a ferment.—The ablest men of all parties engage in the question, and exert their utmost abilities in the discussion of it.—What part has the honest Lord Mansfield acted? As an eminent judge of the law, his opinion would have been respected.—As a peer, he had a right to demand an audience of his sovereign, and inform him that his ministers were pursuing unconstitutional measures.—Upon other occasions, my Lord, you have no difficulty in finding your way into the closet. The pretended neutrality of belonging to no party will not save your

\* William Murray, born at Perth, March 2, 1704, and educated at Oxford, was called to the bar in 1731. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1743, and King's Attorney in 1754. He became Chief Justice of the King's Bench in 1756, taking the title of Baron Mansfield, and was created an Earl in 1776. His house was burned during the Gordon Riots. Retiring from the bench in 1788, he died March 20, 1793.

† Born in Dublin, Oct. 20, 1740, went to India in 1774, became a member of the Council of Bengal, and fought a duel with Warren Hastings. He returned to England in 1781, was elected a member of the House of Commons in 1784, received the order of the Bath in 1806, and died Dec. 22, 1818.

reputation. In questions merely political, an honest man may stand neuter. But the laws and constitution are the general property of the subject;—not to defend is to relinquish;—and who is there so senseless as to renounce his share in a common benefit, unless he hopes to profit by a new division of the spoil? As a lord of parliament you were repeatedly called upon to condemn or defend the new law declared by the House of Commons. You affected to have scruples, and every expedient was attempted to remove them.—The question was proposed, and urged to you in a thousand different shapes.—Your prudence still supplied you with evasion;—your resolution was invincible. For my own part, I am not anxious to penetrate this solemn secret. I care not to whose wisdom it is intrusted, nor how soon you carry it with you to your grave. You have betrayed your opinion by the very care you have taken to conceal it. It is not from Lord Mansfield that we expect any reserve in declaring his real sentiments in favour of government, or in opposition to the people; nor is it difficult to account for the motions of a timid, dishonest heart, which neither has virtue enough to acknowledge truth, nor courage to contradict it.—Yet you continue to support an administration which you know is universally odious, and which, on some occasions, you yourself speak of with contempt. You would fain be thought to take no share in government, while, in reality, you are the main spring of the machine.—Here, too, we trace the *little*, prudential policy of a Scotchman.—Instead of acting that open, generous part, which becomes your rank and station, you meanly skulk into the closet, and give your sovereign such advice as you have not spirit to avow or defend. You secretly ingross the power, while you decline the title of minister; and though you dare not be Chancellor, you know how to secure the emoluments of the office.—Are the seals to be for ever in commission, that you may enjoy five thousand pounds a year?—I beg pardon, my Lord;—your fears have interposed at last, and forced you to resign.—The odium of continuing Speaker of the House of Lords, upon such terms, was too formidable to be resisted. What a multitude of bad passions are forced to submit to a constitutional infirmity! But though you have relinquished the salary, you still assume the rights of a minister.—Your conduct, it seems, must be defended in parliament.—For what other purpose is your wretched friend, that miserable serjeant, posted to the House of Commons? Is it in the abilities of Mr. Leigh to defend the great Lord Mansfield?—Or is he only the Punch of the Puppet-show, to speak as he is prompted by the Chief Juggler behind the curtain?

In public affairs, my Lord, cunning, let it be ever so well wrought, will not conduct a man honourably through life. Like bad money,

it may be current for a time, but it will soon be cried down. It cannot consist with a liberal spirit, tho' it be sometimes united with extraordinary qualifications. When I acknowledge your abilities, you may believe I am sincere. I feel for human nature when I see a man, so gifted as you are, descend to such vile practice.—Yet do not suffer your vanity to console you too soon. Believe me, my good Lord, you are not admired in the same degree in which you are detested. It is only the partiality of your friends that balances the defects of your heart with the superiority of your understanding. No learned man, even among your own tribe, thinks you qualified to preside in a court of common law. Yet it is confessed that, under *Justinian*, you might have made an incomparable *Prætor*.—It is remarkable enough, but I hope not ominous, that the laws you understand best, and the judges you affect to admire most, flourished in the decline of a great empire, and are supposed to have contributed to its fall. Here, my Lord, it may be proper for us to pause together.—It is not for my own sake that I wish you to consider the delicacy of your situation. Beware how you indulge the first emotions of your resentment. This paper is delivered to the world, and cannot be recalled. The persecution of an innocent printer cannot alter facts, nor refute arguments.—Do not furnish me with farther materials against yourself.—An honest man, like the true religion, appeals to the understanding, or modestly confides in the internal evidence of his conscience. The impostor employs force instead of argument, imposes silence where he cannot convince, and propagates his character by the sword.—*Letter to Lord Mansfield*, Nov. 14, 1770.

#### MIDNIGHT VISIT TO A FATHER'S GRAVE.

[MRS. RADCLIFFE, 1764—1823.]

[ANN WARD, born in London, July 9, 1764, was married in 1787 to William Radcliffe, afterwards proprietor and editor of the "English Chronicle." Her first work, "The Castles of Athlin and Dunbayne; a Highland Story," appeared in 1789, "A Sicilian Romance," in 1790, "The Romance of the Forest," in 1791, "The Mysteries of Udolpho: A Romance," in 1794, and "The Italian. or, the Confessional of the Black Penitent, a Romance," in 1797. Mrs. Radcliffe, who wrote other works and some poetry, is called by Dr. Drake "the Shakespeare of romance writers, who to the wild landscape of Salvator Rosa, has added the softer graces of a Claude." A memoir is prefixed to one of her works published in 1826, and Sir Walter Scott's *Life* appears in vol. xi. of Ballantyne's *Novelist's Library*. Mrs. Radcliffe died Feb. 7, 1823.]

It was several days after the arrival of Madame Cheron's servant before Emily was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey to

La Vallée. On the evening preceding her departure, she went to the cottage to take leave of La Voisin and his family, and to make them a return for their kindness. The old man she found sitting on a bench at his door, between his daughter and his son-in-law, who was just returned from his daily labour, and who was playing upon a pipe that in tone resembled an oboe. A flask of wine stood beside the old man, and, before him, a small table with fruit and bread, around which stood several of his grandsons, fine rosy children, who were taking their supper, as their mother distributed it. On the edge of the little green that spread before the cottage, were cattle and a few sheep reposing under the trees. The landscape was touched with the mellow light of the evening sun, whose long slanting beams played through a vista of the woods, and lighted up the distant turrets of the chateau. She paused a moment, before she emerged from the shade, to gaze upon the happy group before her—on the complacency and ease of healthy age, depicted on the countenance of La Voisin; the maternal tenderness of Agnes, as she looked upon her children; and the innocence of infantine pleasures, reflected in their smiles. Emily looked again at the venerable old man, and at the cottage: the memory of her father rose with full force upon her mind, and she hastily stepped forward, afraid to trust herself with a longer pause. She took an affectionate and affecting leave of La Voisin and his family: he seemed to love her as his daughter, and shed tears: Emily shed many. She avoided going into the cottage, since she knew it would revive emotions such as she could not now endure.

One painful scene yet awaited her—for she determined to visit again her father's grave; and that she might not be interrupted, or observed, in the indulgence of her melancholy tenderness, she deferred her visit till every inhabitant of the convent, except the nun who promised to bring her the key of the church, should be retired to rest. Emily remained in her chamber till she heard the convent bell strike twelve, when the nun came, as she had appointed, with the key of a private door that opened into the church; and they descended together the narrow winding staircase that led thither. The nun offered to accompany Emily to the grave, adding, "It is melancholy to go alone at this hour;" but the former, thanking her for the consideration, could not consent to have any witness of her sorrow; and the sister, having unlocked the door, gave her the lamp. "You will remember, sister," said she, "that in the east aisle, which you must pass, is a newly opened grave: hold the light to the ground, that you may not stumble over the loose earth." Emily, thanking her again, took the lamp, and, stepping into the church, sister Mariette departed. But Emily paused a moment at the door; a sudden fear came over her, and she

returned to the foot of the staircase, where as she heard the steps of the nun ascending, and, while she held up the lamp, saw her black veil waving over the spiral balusters, she was tempted to call her back. While she hesitated, the veil disappeared, and in the next moment, ashamed of her fears, she returned to the church. The cold air of the aisles chilled her; and their deep silence and extent, feebly shone upon by the moonlight, that streamed through a Gothic window, would at any other time have awed her into superstition; now, grief occupied all her attention. She scarcely heard the whispering echoes of her own steps, or thought of the open grave, till she found herself almost on its brink. A friar of the convent had been buried on the preceding evening, and, as she had sat alone in her chamber at twilight, she heard at a distance the monks chanting the requiem for his soul. This brought freshly to her memory the circumstances of her father's death; and as the voices, mingling with a low querulous peal of the organ, swelled faintly, gloomy and affecting visions had arisen upon her mind. Now she remembered them, and, turning aside to avoid the broken ground, these recollections made her pass on with quicker steps to the grave of St. Aubert; when, in the moonlight that fell athwart a remote part of the aisle, she thought she saw a shadow gliding between the pillars. She stopped to listen, and not hearing any footstep, believed that her fancy had deceived her, and, no longer apprehensive of being observed, proceeded. St. Aubert was buried beneath a plain marble, bearing little more than his name, and the date of his birth and death, near the foot of the stately monument of the Villerois. Emily remained at his grave, till a chime, that called the monks to early prayers, warned her to retire; then she wept over it a last farewell, and forced herself from the spot. After this hour of melancholy indulgence, she was refreshed by a deeper sleep than she had experienced for a long time, and, on awakening, her mind was more tranquil and resigned than it had been since St. Aubert's death.—*Mysteries of Udolpho*, vol. i. ch. ix.

#### THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN MARY.

[REV. J. STRYPE, 1643—1737.

[JOHN STRYPE, the son of John Van Stryp, a refugee from Brabant, was born at Stepney, Nov. 1, 1643, and educated at St. Paul's School, and the university of Cambridge. He was appointed to the perpetual curacy of Theydon-Bois, in Essex, in 1669, and obtained other preferment. His "Life of Archbishop Cranmer" was published in 1694; his "Life of Sir Thomas Smith" in 1698; his "Annals of the Reformation" 1709—31; and "Ecclesiastical Memorials" 1721—33. This prolific

author wrote other historical and biographical works, all of which were republished at the Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1812—28. He died at Hackney, Dec. 11, 1737.]

Now, while all was in confusion and disturbance, every one running to arms, as he stood affected either to Jane\* or Mary; and the realm seemed generally to verge towards the latter; great were the fears and anxieties that possessed the hearts of the best men, and such as loved King Edward's reformation. For they were very apprehensive, that the good religion and pious orders established in his reign were going to wreck. They dreaded Mary's marriage with some popish foreigner; and they foresaw how she, being so nearly related to the Emperor, that professed enemy of *reformation*, would take her measures of rule and government by his influence and direction. The faithful preachers, very painfully, in their several places, set before the people their imminent danger, and shewed them, that this judgment of the loss of their excellent king was come upon them for their unprofitableness under those opportunities of grace and spiritual knowledge they enjoyed under him; and that this was the effect of God's angry hand. They exhorted them much to steadfastness, and by no means to comply with the popish superstitions that were now ready to break in upon them. Which if they did, they assured them utter destruction was at hand; otherwise, that there was a door open, after some sorrowful days, for their deliverance.

Knox,† the Scotchman, who was one of the chief preachers of the nation then, at this time, and for some time before, preached in Buckinghamshire: and just while the great tumult was in England, and Sir Edward Hastings, Sir Edmund Peckham, and others, were busy in that county raising forces, he preached at Amersham before a great assembly: where, with sorrowful heart and weeping eyes, (as he tells us of himself,) he fell into this exclamation: "O England! now is God's wrath kindled against thee; now hath he begun to punish, as he hath threatened a long while by his true prophets and messengers. He hath taken from thee the crown of thy glory, and hath left thee without honour, as a body without a head. And this appeareth to be only the beginning of sorrows, which appear to increase. For I perceive that the heart, the tongue, and hand of one Englishman is

\* Lady Jane Grey, daughter of the Duke of Suffolk, born in 1537, married to Lord Guildford Dudley in May, 1553, proclaimed Queen July 10, 1553, was tried Nov. 13, 1553, and beheaded at the Tower, at the same time as her husband, Feb. 12, 1554.

† Born in 1505, professed himself a Protestant in 1543, resided in England from 1549 to 1554, and was one of Edward the Sixth's chaplains. He died at Edinburgh, Nov. 24, 1572.

bent against another, and division to be in the whole realm : which is an assured sign of desolation to come. O England, England! dost thou not consider, that thy commonwealth is like a ship sailing on the sea? If thy mariners and governors shall one consume another, shalt thou not suffer shipwreck in short process of time? O England, England! alas! these plagues are poured upon thee, for that thou wouldest not know the most happy time of thy gentle visitation. But wilt thou yet obey the voice of thy God, and submit thyself to his holy word? Truly, if thou wilt, thou shalt find mercy in his sight, and the state of thy commonweal shall be preserved. But, O England, England! if thou obstinately wilt return into Egypt, that is, if thou contract marriage, confederacy, or league with such princes as do maintain and advance idolatry, such as the Emperor, which is no less enemy unto Christ than ever was Nero; if for the pleasure and friendship of such princes, I say, thou return to thy old abominations before used under Papistry; then, assuredly, O England! thou shalt be plagued and brought to desolation, by the means of those whose favour thou seekest, and by whom thou art procured to fall from Christ, and to serve Antichrist." These were the lessons now inculcated upon the people.

Mary, therefore, the only child surviving of Queen Katharine of Spain, King Henry's first wife, succeeded Queen of England; one very much addicted to the Pope and papal superstitions. She, or rather some of her friends in London for her, on the 19th day of July, that is, thirteen days after King Edward's death, issued out a proclamation, entitling herself *supreme Head of the Churches of England and Ireland*, signifying to her loving subjects, "that she took upon her the crown imperial of the realms of England and Ireland, and title of France; and that she was in lawful and just possession of the same: assuring them, that in reputing and taking her for their natural liege sovereign Lady and Queen, they should find her their benign and gracious Lady, as others her most noble progenitors had been." But Grafton, the printer of this proclamation, found her not so; soon after turning him out of his place of printing state-papers, (which he seems to have had by letters patent from King Edward, or his father,) and constituting John Cawood her printer in his room. And this, no question, because Grafton was a Protestant, and had printed the Bible in English, and the public books of religion in the former reign: nor was this all the hard measure he found; for the next month he was clapped up in prison.

She was proclaimed between five and six of the clock in the afternoon, by four trumpeters and three heralds of arms. There were present the Earls of Arundel, Shrewsbury, Pembroke, also the Lord



Treasurer, Lord Privy Seal, Lord Cobham, Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, Sir John Mason, the Lord Mayor, and divers other noblemen. This proclamation was published at the Cross in Cheap from whence they went unto St. Paul's; and there was sung *Te Deum laudamus*, with songs, and the organs playing. All the bells throughout London rung, every street enlightened with bonfires, and everywhere tables set out furnished with beer and wine for all comers, and much money thrown about. By which significations the people showed their complacency in the right legal heir's succession.

The Duke of Northumberland,\* who was departed a few days ago with a force against the Queen, to establish his daughter-in-law, (who, by his means, was seated upon the throne,) thought he had secured all at home but the nobles, as soon as he was gone, and, some of them his confidants, turned about for Mary. And on the 21st of July, the Duke being then in Cambridge, was seized as a traitor, with divers lords and knights in his company. And, on the same day, was Queen Mary proclaimed in the same town, and so throughout all England. And thus, on a sudden, all that fine-spun laboured artifice of constituting a new queen, contrary to a law in force, came to nothing, and brought ruin upon the contrivers—*Ecclesiastical Memorials*.

#### EXCAVATIONS AT NIMROUD.

[LAYARD, 1817.

[AUSTEN HENRY LAYARD was born in Paris, March 5, 1817. In 1839 he travelled through Albania to Constantinople, where he acted as correspondent to a London newspaper. In 1845 he commenced his excavations at Nineveh, and succeeded in exhuming several specimens of Assyrian art, many of which have been placed in the British Museum. He was appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in 1852, and sat for Aylesbury from that year till 1857, when he lost his seat. In 1860 he was returned for Southwark, and in 1861 was re-appointed Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. His "Nineveh and its Remains" appeared in 1848, and "Monuments of Nineveh" in 1849.]

I HAD slept little during the night. The hovel in which we had taken shelter, and its inmates, did not invite slumber, but such scenes and companions were not new to me they could have been forgotten, had my brain been less excited. Hopes, long cherished, were now to be realized, or were to end in disappointment. Visions of palaces under ground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, floated before me.

\* Was taken prisoner at Cambridge July 21, 1553, sent to the Tower July 25, tried Aug. 18, and beheaded Aug. 22.

After forming plan after plan for removing the earth, and extricating these treasures, I fancied myself wandering in a maze of chambers from which I could find no outlet. Then again, all was re-buried, and I was standing on the grass-covered mound. Exhausted, I was at length sinking into sleep, when hearing the voice of Awad, I rose from my carpet, and joined him outside the hovel.

The day already dawned; he had returned with six Arabs, who agreed for a small sum to work under my direction.

The lofty cone and broad mound of Nimroud broke like a distant mountain on the morning sky. But how changed was the scene since my former visit! The ruins were no longer clothed with verdure and many-coloured flowers; no signs of habitation, not even the black tent of the Arab, was seen upon the plain. The eye wandered over a parched and barren waste, across which occasionally swept the whirlwind dragging with it a cloud of sand. About a mile from us was the small village of Nimroud, like Naifa, a heap of ruins.

Twenty minutes' walk brought us to the principal mound. The absence of all vegetation enabled me to examine the remains with which it was covered. Broken pottery and fragments of bricks, both inscribed with the cuneiform character, were strewed on all sides. The Arabs watched my motions as I wandered to and fro, and observed with surprise the objects I had collected. They joined, however, in the search, and brought me handfuls of rubbish, amongst which I found with joy the fragment of a bas-relief. The material on which it was carved had been exposed to fire, and resembled, in every respect, the burnt gypsum of Khorsabad. Convinced from this discovery that sculptured remains must still exist in some part of the mound, I sought for a place where excavations might be commenced with a prospect of success. Awad led me to a piece of alabaster which appeared above the soil. We could not remove it, and on digging downward, it proved to be the upper part of a large slab. I ordered all the men to work round it, and they shortly uncovered a second slab to which it had been united. Continuing in the same line, we came upon a third; and, in the course of the morning, laid bare ten more, the whole forming a square, with one stone missing at the N.W. corner. It was evident that the top of a chamber had been discovered, and that the gap was its entrance. I now dug down the face of the stones, and an inscription in the cuneiform character was soon exposed to view. Similar inscriptions occupied the centre of all the slabs, which were in the best preservation; but plain, with the exception of the writing. Leaving half the workmen to uncover as much of the chamber as possible, I led the rest to

the S.W. corner of the mound, where I had observed many fragments of calcined alabaster.

I dug at once into the side of the mound, which was here very steep, and thus avoided the necessity of removing much earth. We came almost immediately to a wall, bearing inscriptions in the same character as those already described; but the slabs had evidently been exposed to intense heat, were cracked in every part, and, reduced to lime, threatened to fall to pieces as soon as uncovered.

Night interrupted our labours. I returned to the village well satisfied with their result. It was now evident that buildings of considerable extent existed in the mound; and that although some had been destroyed by fire, others had escaped the conflagration. As there were inscriptions, and as a fragment of a bas-relief had been found, it was natural to conclude that sculptures were still buried under the soil. I determined to follow the search at the N.W. corner, and to empty the chamber partly uncovered during the day.—*Nineveh and its Remains*, vol. i. ch. ii.

## THE STRAND.

[LEIGH HUNT, 1784—1859.

[JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT, born at Southgate, Middlesex, Oct. 19, 1784, was educated at Christ's Hospital. In 1808 he became joint editor of the "Examiner," and from this time devoted himself entirely to literature. His first effort, "Juvenilia, or a Collection of Poems written between the ages of twelve and sixteen," appeared in 1801; "The Story of Rimini, a Poem," appeared in 1816; "Recollections of Lord Byron," in 1828; the "Legend of Florence, a play," in 1840; and "The Town, its Character and Events," in 1848. Leigh Hunt, who was a most prolific writer, established various periodicals and wrote several successful dramas. He received a pension from the Crown in 1847, and died at Highgate, Aug. 28, 1859.]

IN going through Fleet Street and the Strand, we seldom think that the one is named after a rivulet, now running underground, and the other from its being on the banks of the river Thames. As little do most of us fancy that there was once a line of noblemen's houses on the one side, and that, at the same time, all beyond the other side, to Hampstead or Highgate, was open country, with the little hamlet of St. Giles's in a copse. So late as the reign of Henry VIII. we have a print containing the village of Charing. Citizens used to take an evening stroll to the well now in St. Clement's Inn.

In the reign of Edward III. the Strand was an open country road, with a mansion here and there, on the banks of the river Thames, most probably a castle or stronghold. In this state it no doubt re-

mained during the greater part of the York and Lancaster period. From Henry VII's time the castles most likely began to be exchanged for mansions of a more peaceful character. These gradually increased, and in the reign of Edward VI the Strand consisted, on the south side, of a line of mansions with garden walls, and on the north, of a single row of houses, behind which all was field. The reader is to imagine wall all the way from Temple Bar to Whitehall, on his left hand, like that of Kew Palace, or a succession of Burlington Gardens, while the line of humbler habitations stood on the other side, like a row of servants in waiting.

As wealth increased, not only the importance of rank diminished, and the nobles were more content to recollect James's advice of living in the country (where, he said, they looked like ships in a river, instead of ships at sea), but the value of ground about London, especially on the river side, was so much augmented, that the proprietors of these princely mansions were not unwilling to turn the premises into money. The civil wars had given another jar to the stability of their abodes in the metropolis, and in Charles the Second's time the great houses finally gave way, and were exchanged for streets and wharfs. An agreeable poet of the last century lets us know what he used to think of this great change in going up the Strand

"Come, Fortescue, sincere experienced friend,  
Thy briefs, thy deeds, and even thy fees suspend,  
Come, let us leave the Temple's silent walls,  
Me, business to my distant lodging calls,  
Through the long Strand together let us stray,  
With thee conversing I forget the way  
Behold that narrow street which steep descends,  
Whose building to the slimy shore extends,  
Here Arundel's famed structure reared its frame  
The street alone retains the empty name  
Where Titian's glowing paint the canvas warmed,  
And Raphael's fair design with judgment charmed,  
Now hangs the bellman's song, and pasted here  
The coloured prints of Overton appear  
Where statues breathed, the works of Phidias hands  
A wooden pump, or lonely watch-house stands.  
There Essex stately fete adorned the shore,  
There Cecil's, Bedford's, Villiers',—now no more."

*The Town, vol. 1.*

## ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS,

[KIRKE-WHITE, 1785—1806]

[HENRY KIRKE-WHITE, born at Nottingham, March 21, 1785, was placed at a stocking-loom, and then articled to a lawyer. A small volume, entitled "Clifton Grove, and other Poems," published by him in 1803, attracted the attention of Southey. In 1804 he went to Cambridge, and fell a victim to consumption, Oct. 19, 1806. His remains, with an account of his life by Robert Southey, appeared in 1807. Byron alludes to Kirke-White's untimely fate in the following lines in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—

"Unhappy White ! while life was in its spring,  
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,  
The spoiler swept that soaring lyre away,  
Which else had sounded an immortal lay.  
Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When Science' self destroyed her favourite son !  
Yes, she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
She sowed the seeds, but death has reaped the fruit.  
'Twas thine own genius gave the fatal blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low :  
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart ;  
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel  
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ,  
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,  
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast."

YE many twinkling stars, who yet do hold  
Your brilliant places in the sable vault  
Of night's dominions !—Planets, and central orbs  
Of other systems,—big as the burning sun  
Which lights this nether globe,—yet to our eye  
Small as the glow-worm's lamp !—To you I raise  
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,  
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts,  
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,  
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,  
And sagely comprehend. Thence higher soaring  
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,  
The mighty Founder of this wond'rous maze,  
The great Creator ! Him ! who now sublime,  
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude  
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres  
Sits on his silent throne, and meditates.

The angelic hosts, in their inferior Heaven,  
Hymn to the golden harps his praise sublime,  
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great,"  
In varied harmonies. The glorious sounds  
Roll o'er the air serene. The Æolian spheres,  
Harping along their viewless boundaries,  
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great,"  
Responding to the Seraphim. O'er all,  
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge  
Of the created world, the sound is borne,  
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now  
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,  
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile  
On the vain world and all its bustling cares,  
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss.  
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height?  
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale  
Of these stupendous worlds? Almighty God!  
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works,  
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,  
One look of kind benevolence? Thou canst;  
For Thou art full of universal love,  
And in thy boundless goodness wilt impart  
Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,  
The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,  
How insignificant do all the joys,  
The gauds, and honours of the world appear!  
How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp  
Outwatched the slow-paced night?—Why on the page,  
The schoolman's laboured page, have I employed  
The hours devoted by the world to rest,  
And needful to recruit exhausted nature?  
Say, can the voice of narrow Fame repay  
The loss of health? or can the hope of glory  
Lend a new throb unto my languid heart,  
Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,  
Relume the fires of this deep-sunken eye,  
Or paint new colours on this pallid cheek?

Say, foolish one, can that unbodied fame,  
 For which thou barterest health and happiness,  
 Say, can it soothe the slumbers of the grave?  
 Give a new zest to bliss, or chase the pangs  
 Of everlasting punishment condign?  
 Alas! how vain are mortal man's desires!  
 How fruitless his pursuits! Eternal God!  
 Guide Thou my footsteps in the way of truth,  
 And, oh! assist me so to live on earth,  
 That I may die in peace, and claim a place  
 In thy high dwelling. All but this is folly,  
 The vain illusions of deceitful life.

*Remains.*

#### REDEEMED FROM SIN.

[ABP. TRENCH, 1807.

[RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, born Sep. 9, 1807, was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1829, and was soon afterwards ordained. His first publication, "Salvation, and other Poems," appeared in 1838. MR. TRENCH, who was Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, 1845-6, having held various appointments in the church, was made Dean of Westminster in 1856, and Archbishop of Dublin, Jan. 1, 1864. In addition to numerous poems, Dr. Trench is the author of several volumes of sermons, and other works, the best known being "Notes on the Parables," published in 1841; "Notes on the Miracles of our Lord," in 1846, and "Five Lectures on the Study of Words," in 1851.]

WHAT again is "Know thyself"—that great saying of the heathen philosophy, in which, when it turned from being merely physical and a speculation about natural appearances, the sun, the moon and the stars, to the making of man and man's being the region in which it moved, the riddles of humanity the riddles which it sought to solve—what was that "Know thyself," that great word in which it embodied and expressed so well its own character and aim, and all that it proposed to effect, but a preparation afar off for a higher word, the "Repent ye," of the Gospel? Since, let that precept only be faithfully carried out, and in what else could it issue but repentance? or at least in what else but in an earnest longing after this great change of heart and life? For out of this self-knowledge what else can grow but self-loathing? So that men being once come, as they presently must, to a consciousness of their error and their departure from goodness and truth, should hate themselves, and flee from themselves to whatever higher guide was offered them; to the end that they might become different men, and not remain the same which before they were.

What could man behold himself, if only he beheld himself aright, but, to use the wonderful comparison of Plato, as that sea-god, in whom the pristine form was now scarcely to be recognised, so were some limbs of his body broken off, and some marred and battered by the violence of the waves, while to the rest shells and stones and sea-weed had clung and overgrown them, till he bore a resemblance rather to some monster than to that which by nature he was? What was man but such a wreck of his nobler self, what but such a monster could he show in his own eyes, if only he could be prevailed to fix those eyes steadfastly upon himself?

And when men, thus learning their fall, and how great it was, learned also to long for their restoration, very interesting and instructive is it to observe how Christ realized for yearning souls not only the very thing which they asked for, but that in the very forms under which they had asked it; most instructive to observe how the very language of Scripture, in which it sets forth the gifts which a Saviour brings, was a language which more or less had been used already to set forth the blessings which men wanted, or which from others they had most imperfectly obtained. The Gospel falls in not only with the wants of souls, but with the expression of those wants.

Thus there had continually spoken out in men a sense of that which they needed to be done for them, as a *healing*, as a binding up of hurts, a stanching of wounds. The art of the physician did but image forth a higher cure and care, which should concern itself not with the bodies, but with the souls, of men. They were but the branches of one and the same discipline, so much so, that the same god who was conceived master in one, the soother of passions, was master also in the other, the healer of diseases. It was conceived of sins as of stripes and wounds, leaving their livid marks, their enduring scars, on the miserable souls which had committed them, and which carried those evidences of their guilt, visibly impressed on them for ever, into that dark world, and before those awful judgment-seats, whither after death they were bound.—*Hulsean Lectures for 1845*. Lect. vi. Romans vii. 21, 23.

### THE FAVOURITE OF THE PEOPLE.

[DELOLME, 1740—1806.

[JEAN LOUIS DELOLME, born at Geneva, in 1740, followed the profession of an advocate. In consequence of the very prominent part which he took in political affairs he was compelled to quit his native country, and he settled in England. For many years he lived in great poverty, devoting himself almost entirely to literary



labours. His "*Constitution de l'Angleterre*," &c., written in French, was published at Amsterdam, in 1771, and the English edition, translated by himself, appeared under the title of "*The Constitution of England*," in 1772. "*The History of the Flagellants, or the Advantages of Discipline*," appeared in 1777, and was re-issued under a new title, "*Memorials of Human Superstition*," in 1784. Delolme, who wrote some smaller treatises, returned to Switzerland in 1775, and died July 16, 1806. His life, by John Macgregor, is prefixed to an edition of "*The Constitution of England*," published in Bohn's Standard Library in 1853. Junius speaks of this work as "A performance deep, solid, and ingenious."]

THE only man, therefore, who, to persons unacquainted with the constitution of England, might at first sight appear in a condition to put the government in danger, would be one who, by the greatness of his abilities and public services, might have acquired in a high degree the love of the people, and obtained a great influence in the House of Commons.

But how great soever this enthusiasm of the public may be, barren applause is the only fruit which the man whom they favour can expect from it. He can hope neither for a dictatorship, nor a consulship, nor in general for any power under the shelter of which he may at once safely unmask that ambition with which we might suppose him to be actuated, or, if we suppose him to have been hitherto free from any, grow insensibly corrupt. The only door which the constitution leaves open to his ambition, of whatever kind it may be, is a place in the administration, during the pleasure of the king. If, by the continuance of his services, and the preservation of his influence, he becomes able to aim still higher, the only door which again opens to him is that of the House of Lords.

But this advance of the favourite of the people towards the establishment of his greatness is at the same time a great step towards the loss of that power which might render him formidable.

In the first place, the people, seeing that he is become much less dependent on their favour, begin, from that very moment, to lessen their attachment to him. Seeing him moreover distinguished by privileges which are the objects of their jealousy, I mean their political jealousy, and member of a body whose interests are frequently opposite to theirs, they immediately conclude that this great and new dignity cannot have been acquired but through a secret agreement to betray them. Their favourite, thus suddenly transformed, is going, they make no doubt, to adopt a conduct entirely opposite to that which has till then been the cause of his advancement and high reputation, and, in the compass of a few hours, completely to renounce those principles which he has so long and so loudly professed. In this, certainly, the people are mistaken, but yet neither would they be wrong, if they feared that a zeal hitherto so warm, so constant, I will

even add, so sincere, when it concurred with their favourite's private interest, would—by being thenceforth often in opposition to it—become gradually much abated.

Nor is this all; the favourite of the people does not even find in his new dignity all the increase of greatness and *eclat* that might at first be imagined. Hitherto he was, it is true, only a private individual; but then he was the object in which the whole nation interested themselves—his actions and words were set forth in the public prints, and he everywhere met with applause and acclamation.

All these tokens of public favour are, I know, sometimes acquired very lightly, but they never last long, whatever people may say, unless real services are performed. Now, the title of benefactor to the nation, when deserved, and universally bestowed, is certainly a very handsome title, and which does nowise require the assistance of outward pomp to set it off. Besides, though he was only a member of the inferior body of the legislature, we must observe, he was the first, and the word *first* is always a word of very great moment.

But now that he is made a lord, all his greatness, which hitherto was indeterminate, becomes defined. By granting him privileges established and fixed by known laws, that uncertainty is taken from his lustre which is of so much importance in those things which depend on imagination, and his value is lowered, just because it is ascertained.—*The Constitution of England* Book II chap. 1.

## MR PECKSNIFF AND HIS PUPIL

[DICKENS, 1812—1870]

[CHARLES DICKENS, born at Portsmouth in 1812, was for a short time an attorney's clerk, and then became a reporter. Some of his contributions to the *Morning Chronicle* were republished in 1836, under the title "Sketches by Boz." This was his first work. The first number of the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club," completed in twenty parts, appeared in 1837. "The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby" followed in 1839, and "Martin Chuzzlewit" in 1844. Mr. Dickens was the first editor of *Bentley's Miscellany*, which appeared in Jan. 1837. In 1841, he visited America, and on his return in 1842, published his "American Notes for General Circulation." In 1843 he published "A Christmas Carol," a new style of Christmas boöl, of which series four more appeared, viz., "The Chimes" in 1844, "The Cricket on the Hearth" in Jan. 1846, "The Battle of Life" in Dec. 1846, and "The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain" in Dec. 1848. Mr. Dickens was the first editor of the *Daily News*, established Jan. 1, 1846, and he brought out a new weekly periodical entitled "Household Words" in 1851. In 1859 "All the Year Round" was established in its place. "Our Mutual Friend" appeared in May, 1864; "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," April 1, 1870. It was left unfinished in consequence of the author's sudden death.]

MR. PECKSNIFF had clearly not expected them for hours to come; for he was surrounded by open books, and was glancing from volume to volume, with a black-lead pencil in his mouth, and a pair of compasses in his hand, at a vast number of mathematical diagrams, of such extraordinary shapes that they looked like designs for fireworks. Neither had Miss Charity expected them, for she was busied, with a capacious wicker basket before her, in making impracticable nightcaps for the poor. Neither had Miss Mercy expected them, for she was sitting upon her stool, tying on the—oh, good gracious!—the petticoat of a large doll that she was dressing for a neighbour's child; really, quite a grown-up doll, which made it more confusing: and had its little bonnet dangling by the ribbon from one of her fair curls, to which she had fastened it, lest it should be lost, or sat upon. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive a family so thoroughly taken by surprise as the Pecksniffs were on this occasion.

"Bless my life!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking up, and gradually exchanging his abstracted face for one of joyful recognition. "Here already! Martin, my dear boy, I am delighted to welcome you to my poor house!"

With this kind greeting, Mr. Pecksniff fairly took him to his arms, and patted him several times upon the back with his right hand the while, as if to express that his feelings during the embrace were too much for utterance.

"But here," he said, recovering, "are my daughters, Martin: my two only children, whom (if you ever saw them) you have not beheld—ah, these sad family divisions!—since you were infants together. Nay, my dears, why blush at being detected in your every-day pursuits? We had prepared to give you the reception of a visitor, Martin, in our little room of state," said Mr. Pecksniff, smiling, "but I like this better—I like this better!"

Oh, blessed star of Innocence, wherever you may be, how did you glitter in your home of ether, when the two Miss Pecksniffs put forth, each her lily hand, and gave the same, with mantling cheeks, to Martin! How did you twinkle, as if fluttering with sympathy, when Mercy, reminded of the bonnet in her hair, hid her fair face and turned her head aside: the while her gentle sister plucked it out, and smote her, with a sister's soft reproof, upon her buxom shoulder!

"And how," said Mr. Pecksniff, turning round after the contemplation of these passages, and taking Mr. Pinch in a friendly manner by the elbow, "how has our friend here used you, Martin?"

"Very well indeed, sir. We are on the best terms, I assure you."

"Old Tom Pinch!" said Mr. Pecksniff, looking on him with affectionate sadness. "Ah! It seems but yesterday that Thomas was

a boy, fresh from a scholastic course. Yet years have passed, I think, since Thomas Pinch and I first walked the world together!"

Mr. Pinch could say nothing. He was too much moved. But he pressed his master's hand, and tried to thank him.

"And Thomas Pinch and I," said Mr. Pecksniff, in a deeper voice, "will walk it yet, in mutual faithfulness and friendship!" And if it comes to pass that either of us be run over, in any of those busy crossings which divide the streets of life, the other will convey him to the hospital in Hope, and sit beside his bed in Bounty!"

"Well, well, well!" he added in a happier tone, as he shook Mr. Pinch's elbow, hard. "No more of this!" Martin, my dear friend, that you may be at home within these walls, let me show you how we live, and where. Come!"

With that he took up a lighted candle, and, attended by his young relative, prepared to leave the room. At the door he stopped.

"You'll bear us company, Tom Pinch?"

Ay, cheerfully, though it had been to death, would Tom have followed him glad to lay down his life for such a man!

"This," said Mr. Pecksniff, opening the door of an opposite parlour, "is the little room of state I mentioned to you. My girls have pride in it, Martin!" This, opening another door, "is the little chamber in which my works (slight things at best) have been concocted. Portrait of myself, by Spiller. Bust by Spoker. The latter is considered a good likeness. I seem to recognise something about the left-hand corner of the nose, myself."

Martin thought it was very like, but scarcely intellectual enough. Mr. Pecksniff observed that the same fault had been found with it before. It was remarkable it should have struck his young relation too. He was glad to see he had an eye for art.

"Various books, you observe," said Mr. Pecksniff, waving his hand towards the wall, "connected with our pursuit. I have scribbled myself, but have not yet published. Be careful how you come up stairs. This," opening another door, "is my chamber. I read here when the family suppose I have retired to rest. Sometimes I injure my health, rather more than I can quite justify to myself, by doing so, but art is long and time is short. Every facility you see for jotting down crude notions, even here."

These latter words were explained by his pointing to a small round table, on which were a lamp, divers sheets of paper, a piece of India rubber, and a case of instruments all put ready, in case an architectural idea should come into Mr. Pecksniff's head in the night; in which event he would instantly leap out of bed, and fix it for ever.

Mr. Pecksniff opened another door on the same floor, and shut it

again, all at once, as if it were a Blue Chamber. But before he had well done so, he looked smilingly round, and said, "Why not?"

Martin couldn't say why not, because he didn't know anything at all about it. So Mr. Pecksniff answered himself, by throwing open the door, and saying :

"My daughters' room. A poor first-floor to us, but a bower to them. Very neat. Very airy. Plants you observe ; hyacinths ; books again ; birds." These birds, by the bye, comprised in all one staggering old sparrow without a tail, which had been borrowed expressly from the kitchen. "Such trifles as girls love are here. Nothing more. Those who seek heartless splendour, would seek here in vain."

With that he led them to the floor above.

"This," said Mr. Pecksniff, throwing wide the door of the memorable two-pair front ; "is a room where some talent has been developed, I believe. This is a room in which an idea for a steeple occurred to me, that I may one day give to the world. We work here, my dear Martin. Some architects have been bred in this room : a few, I think, Mr. Pinch?"

Tom fully assented ; and, what is more, fully believed it.

"You see," said Mr. Pecksniff, passing the candle rapidly from roll to roll of paper, "some traces of our doings here. Salisbury Cathedral from the north. From the south. From the east. From the west. From the south-east. From the nor'-west. A bridge. An alms-house. A jail. A church. A powder-magazine. A wine-cellar. A portico. A summer-house. An ice-house. Plans, elevations, sections, every kind of thing. And this," he added, having by this time reached another large chamber on the same story, with four little beds in it, "this is your room, of which Mr. Pinch here, is the quiet sharer. A southern aspect ; a charming prospect ; Mr. Pinch's little library, you perceive ; everything agreeable and appropriate. If there is any additional comfort you would desire to have here at any time, pray mention it. Even to strangers—far less to you, my dear Martin—there is no restriction on that point."

It was undoubtedly true, and may be stated in corroboration of Mr. Pecksniff, that any pupil had the most liberal permission to mention anything in this way that suggested itself to his fancy. Some young gentlemen had gone on mentioning the very same thing for five years without ever being stopped.

"The domestic assistants," said Mr. Pecksniff, "sleep above ; and that is all." After which, and listening complacently as he went, to the encomiums passed by his young friend on the arrangements generally, he led the way to the parlour again.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, chap. v.

## THE ISLAND OF UTOPIA.

[SIR T. MORE, 1480—1535.]

[THOMAS MORE, born in Milk Street, London, in 1480, was educated at Oxford, where he formed a friendship with Erasmus. He applied himself to the study of the law, was made a Privy Councillor in 1516, and Speaker of the House of Commons in 1523. Henry VIII. sought his society, and on the fall of Wolsey in 1529 gave him the Great Seal Oct. 17. Sir Thomas More, disapproving of the King's divorce from Catherine of Aragon, resigned the Chancellorship May 16, 1532, was attainted in 1534, condemned for denying the King's supremacy July 1, 1535, and beheaded on Tower Hill July 6.\* He was the author of several works, the best known of which are his "Life of Richard III." written in English, and first published in 1641, and the "Utopia," written in Latin, published in 1515, of which a translation by Ralphe Robynson appeared in 1551. It has been frequently translated. Bishop Burnet's version was published in 1684. There are numerous biographies of this illustrious man, of whom Erasmus wrote, "What mind was ever framed by nature more gentle, more pleasing, more gifted? It is incredible what a treasure of old books is found here† far and wide. There is so much erudition, not of a vulgar and ordinary kind, but recondite, accurate, ancient, both Latin and Greek, that you would not seek anything in Italy but the pleasure of travelling."]

THE island of Utopia, in the middle of it, where it is broadest, is two hundred miles broad, and holds almost at the same breadth over a great part of it; but it grows narrower towards both ends. Its figure is not unlike a crescent: between its horns, the sea comes in eleven miles broad, and spreads itself into a great bay, which is environed with land to the compass of about five hundred miles, and is well secured from winds; there is no great current in the bay, and the whole coast is, as it were, one continued harbour, which gives all that live in the island great convenience for mutual commerce: but the entry into the bay, what by rocks on one hand, and shallows on the other, is very dangerous. In the middle of it there is one single rock which appears above water, and so is not dangerous; on the top of it there is a tower built, in which a garrison is kept. The other rocks lie under water, and are very dangerous. The channel is known only to the natives, so that if any stranger should enter into the bay without one of their pilots, he would run a great danger of shipwreck: for even they themselves could not pass it safe if some marks that are on their coast did not direct their way; and if these should be but a little shifted, any fleet that might come against them, how great soever it were, would be certainly lost.

On the other side of the island there are likewise many harbours, and the coast is so fortified, both by nature and art, that a small number of men can hinder the descent of a great army. But they

\* See page 314.

† Oxford.

report (and there remain good marks of it to make it credible) that this was no island at first, but a part of the continent. Utopus, that conquered it (whose name it still carries, for Abraxa was its first name), and brought the rude and uncivilized inhabitants into such a good government, and to that measure of politeness, that they do now far excel all the rest of mankind, having soon subdued them, he designed to separate them from the continent, and to bring the sea quite about them, and in order to that, he made a deep channel to be digged, fifteen miles long that the natives might not think he treated them like slaves, he not only forced the inhabitants to work at it, but likewise his own soldiers and having set vast numbers of men to work, he brought it to a speedy conclusion, beyond all men's expectations. By this, their neighbours, who laughed at the folly of the undertaking at first, were struck with admiration and terror when they saw it brought to perfection. There are fifty-four cities in the island, all large and well built. The manners, customs, and laws of all their cities are the same, and they are all contrived as near in the same manner as the ground on which they stand will allow the nearest lie at least twenty-four miles distance from one another, and the most remote are not so far distant but that a man can go on foot in one day from it to that which lies next it. Every city sends three of their wisest senators once a year to Amaurot, for consulting about their common concerns for that is the chief town of the island, being situated near the centre of it, so that it is the most convenient place for their assemblies. Every city has so much ground set off for its jurisdiction that there is twenty miles of soil round it assigned to it, and where the towns lie wider they have much more ground no town desires to enlarge their bounds, for they consider themselves rather as tenants than landlords of their soil. They have built over all the country farm-houses for husbandmen, which are well contrived, and are furnished with all things necessary for country labour. Inhabitants are sent by turns from the cities to dwell in them, no country family has fewer than forty men and women in it, besides two slaves. There is a master and a mistress set over every family, and over thirty families there is a magistrate settled. Every year twenty of this family come back to the town, after they have stayed out two years in the country; and in their room there are other twenty sent from the town, that they may learn country work from those that have been already one year in the country, which they must teach those that come to them the next year from the town. By this means such as dwell in those country farms are never ignorant of agriculture, and so commit no errors in it, which might otherwise be fatal to them and bring them under a scarcity of corn. But though there is every year such a

shifting of the husbandmen, that none may be forced against his mind to follow that hard course of living too long, yet many among them take such pleasure in it, that they desire leave to continue many years in it. These husbandmen labour the ground, breed cattle, hew wood, and convey it to the towns, either by land or water, as is most convenient. They breed an infinite multitude of chickens in a very curious manner; for the hens do not sit and hatch them, but they lay vast numbers of eggs in a gentle and equal heat, in which they are hatched; and they are no sooner out of the shell and able to stir about, but they seem to consider those that feed them as their mothers, and follow them as other chickens do the hen that hatched them. They breed very few horses, but those they have are full of mettle, and are kept only for exercising their youth in the art of sitting and riding of them; for they do not put them to any work either of ploughing or carriage, in which they employ oxen: for though horses are stronger, yet they find oxen can hold out longer; and as they are not subject to so many diseases, so they are kept upon a less charge and with less trouble: and when they are so worn out that they are no more fit for labour they are good meat at last. They sow no corn but that which is to be their bread, for they drink either wine, cider, or perry, and often water, sometimes pure, and sometimes boiled with honey or licorice, with which they abound, and though they know exactly well how much corn will serve every town, and all that tract of country which belongs to it, yet they sow much more and breed more cattle than are necessary for their own consumption; and they give that overplus of which they make no use to their neighbours. When they want anything in the country which it does not produce, they fetch that from the town, without carrying anything in exchange for it; and the magistrates of the town take care to see it given them, for they meet generally in the town once a month, upon a festival day. When the time of harvest comes the magistrates in the country send to those in the towns, and let them know how many hands they will need for reaping the harvest; and the number they call for being sent to them, they commonly despatch it all in one day.—*Utopia, or the Happy Republic; a Philosophical Romance.* Book ii.

## MECCA.

[BURCKHARDT, 1784—1817.

[JEAN LOUIS BURCKHARDT, born at Lausanne in Switzerland, Nov. 24, 1784, was educated at Leipzig and Göttingen. He came to London in 1806, and left Malta, under the auspices of the African Association, to explore the route of Hornemann in



the interior of Africa, Feb. 14, 1809. Having visited Damascus, Aleppo, Nubia, Mount Sinai, Upper Egypt, Mecca, he was seized with dysentery at Cairo, whilst waiting for the Fezzan caravan, and died Oct. 15, 1817, without having attained the main object of his mission—a visit to Central Africa. The African Association undertook the publication of his journals. His “Travels in Nubia” appeared in 1819; “Travels in Syria and the Holy Land,” in 1822; “Travels in Arabia,” in 1829; “Notes on the Bedouins and Wahabys,” in 1830, and “Arabic Proverbs; or the Manners and Customs of the Modern Egyptians illustrated from their Proverbial Sayings,” in 1830. A life of Burckhardt is prefixed to his “Travels in Arabia.”]

MEKKA is dignified among the Arabs with many lofty-sounding titles. The most common are Om el Kora (the mother of towns); El Mo-sherefe (the noble); Beled al Ameyn (the region of the faithful). Firuzabâdi, the celebrated author of the *Kamus*, has composed a whole treatise on the different names of Mekka. This town is situated in a valley, narrow and sandy, the main direction of which is from north to south; but it inclines towards the north-west near the southern extremity of the town. In breadth this valley varies from one hundred to seven hundred paces, the chief part of the city being placed where the valley is most broad. In the narrower part are single rows of houses only, or detached shops. The town itself covers a space of about fifteen hundred paces in length, from the quarter called El Shebeyka, to the extremity of the Mala; but the whole extent of ground comprehended under the denomination of Mekka, from the suburb called Djerouel (where is the entrance from Djidda) to the suburb called Moabede (on the Tayf road), amounts to three thousand five hundred paces. The mountains inclosing this valley (which before the town was built, the Arabs had named Wady Mekka or Bekka) are from two to five hundred feet in height, completely barren and destitute of trees. The principal chain lies on the eastern side of the town; the valley slopes gently towards the south, where stands the quarter called El Mesfale (the low place). The rain-water from the town is lost towards the south of Mesfale in the open valley named Wadyel Tarafeyn. Most of the town is situated in the valley itself; but there are also parts built on the sides of the mountains, principally of the eastern chain, where the primitive habitations of the Koreysah and the ancient town appear to have been placed.

Mekka may be styled a handsome town: its streets are in general broader than those of eastern cities; the houses lofty, and built of stone; and the numerous windows that face the street gives them a more lively and European aspect than those of Egypt or Syria, where the houses present but few windows towards the exterior. Mekka (like Djidda) contains many houses three stories high; few at Mekka are whitewashed; but the dark grey colour of the stone is much preferable to the glaring white that offends the eye in Djidda. In most

towns of the Levant the narrowness of a street contributes to its coolness: and in countries where wheel-carriages are not used, a space that allows two loaded camels to pass each other is deemed sufficient. At Mekka, however, it was necessary to leave the passages wide, for the innumerable visitors who here crowd together; and it is in the houses adapted for the reception of pilgrims and other sojourners, that the windows are so contrived as to command a view of the streets.—*Travels in Arabia.*

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## THE CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.

[W. H. RUSSELL, 1821.]

[WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, born at Lily Vale, in the county of Dublin, March 28, 1821, and educated at Trinity College, Dublin, joined the staff of the *Times* in 1843, and was called to the bar in 1850. His letters in the *Times* from the Crimea, which attracted considerable attention, were republished in 1855-6, and have gone through several editions. Mr. Russell joined Lord Clyde's head-quarters in India in 1857, went as special correspondent to America in 1861, and was on board the *Great Eastern* in the unsuccessful attempt to lay the Atlantic Telegraph in 1865. Mr. Russell's "Diary in India" appeared in 1860, "My Diary North and South" in 1863, and "The Atlantic Telegraph" in 1865. The *Army and Navy Gazette* was established by Mr. Russell in 1859.]

THE cavalry who have been pursuing the Turks on the right are coming up to the ridge beneath us, which conceals our cavalry from view. The heavy brigade in advance is drawn up in two lines. The first line consists of the Scots Greys, and of their old companions in glory, the Enniskillens; the second of the 4th Royal Irish, of the 5th Dragoon Guards, and of the 1st Royal Dragoons. The Light Cavalry Brigade is on their left, in two lines also. The silence is oppressive; between the cannon bursts one can hear the champing of bits and the clink of sabres in the valley below. The Russians on their left drew breath for a moment, and then in one grand line dashed at the Highlanders. The ground flies beneath their horses' feet; gathering speed at every stride, they dash on towards that *thin red streak topped with a line of steel*. The Turks fire a volley at eight hundred yards, and run. As the Russians come within six hundred yards, down goes that line of steel in front, and out rings a rolling volley of Minié musketry. The distance is too great; the Russians are not checked, but still sweep onward through the smoke, with the whole force of horse and man, here and there knocked over by the shot of our batteries above. With breathless suspense every one awaits the bursting of the wave upon the line of Gaelic rock; but ere they come within a hundred and fifty yards, another deadly volley flashes from the

levelled rifle, and carries death and terror into the Russians. They wheel about, open files right and left, and fly back faster than they came. "Bravo, Highlanders! well done!" shout the excited spectators, but events thicken. The Highlanders and their splendid front are soon forgotten, men scarcely have a moment to think of this fact, that the 93rd never altered their formation to receive that tide of horsemen. "No," said Sir Colin Campbell, "I did not think it worth while to form them even four deep!" The ordinary British line, two deep, was quite sufficient to repel the attack of these Muscovite cavaliers. Our eyes were, however, turned in a moment on our own cavalry. We saw Brigadier-General Scarlett ride along in front of his massive squadrons. The Russians—evidently *corps d'élite*—their light blue jackets embroidered with silver lace, were advancing on their left, at an easy gallop, towards the brow of the hill. A forest of lances glistened in their rear, and several squadrons of grey-coated dragoons moved up quickly to support them as they reached the summit. The instant they came in sight the trumpets of our cavalry gave out the warning blast which told us all that in another moment we should see the shock of battle beneath our very eyes. Lord Raglan, all his staff and escort, and groups of officers, the Zouaves, French generals and officers, and bodies of French infantry on the height, were spectators of the scene, as though they were looking on the stage from the boxes of a theatre. Nearly every one dismounted and sat down, and not a word was said. The Russians advanced down the hill at a slow canter, which they changed to a trot, and at last nearly halted. Their first line was at least double the length of ours—it was three times as deep. Behind them was a similar line, equally strong and compact. They evidently despised their insignificant looking enemy, but the time was come. The trumpets rang out again through the valley, and the Greys and Enniskilleners went right at the centre of the Russian cavalry. The space between them was only a few hundred yards—it was scarce enough to let the horses "gather way," nor had the men quite space sufficient for the full play of their sword arms. The Russian line brings forward each wing as our cavalry advance, and threatens to annihilate them as they pass on. Turning a little to their left so as to meet the Russian right, the Greys rush on with a cheer that thrills to every heart—the wild shout of the Enniskilleners rises through the air at the same instant. As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Enniskilleners pierced through the dark masses of Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the Greys and the redcoats disappear in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another

moment we see them emerging and dashing on with diminished numbers, and in broken order, against the second line, which is advancing against them as fast as it can to retrieve the fortune of the charge. It was a terrible moment. "God help them! they are lost!" was the exclamation of more than one man, and the thought of many. With unabated fire the noble hearts dashed at their enemy. It was a fight of heroes. The first line of Russians, which had been smashed utterly by our charge, and had fled off at one flank and towards the centre, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Enniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons, and already grey horses and red coats had appeared right at the rear of the second mass, when, with irresistible force, like one bolt from a bow, the 1st Royals, the 4th Dragoon Guards, and the 5th Dragoon Guards rushed at the remnants of the first line of the enemy, went through it as though it were made of pasteboard, and dashing on the second body of Russians as they were still disordered by the terrible assault of the Greys and their companions, put them to utter rout.

This Russian Horse in less than five minutes after it met our dragoons, was flying with all its speed before a force certainly not half its strength. A cheer burst from every lip—in the enthusiasm, officers and men took off their caps and shouted with delight, and thus keeping up the scenic character of their position, they clapped their hands again and again. Lord Raglan at once despatched Lieutenant Curzon, aide-de-camp, to convey his congratulations to Brigadier-General Scarlett, and to say "Well done." The gallant old officer's face beamed with pleasure when he received the message. "I beg to thank his lordship very sincerely," was his reply. The cavalry did not long pursue the enemy. Their loss was very slight—about thirty-five killed and wounded in both affairs. There were not more than four or five men killed outright, and our most material loss was from the cannon playing on our heavy dragoons afterwards, when covering the retreat of our light cavalry.—*The War, from the Landing at Gallipoli to the Death of Lord Raglan.*

#### THE LAST DAY.

[DR. YOUNG, 1684—1765.]

[EDWARD YOUNG, born at Upham in June, 1684, was educated at the University of Oxford. His first poem, an "Epistle to Lord Lansdowne," was published in 1713. "A Poem on the Last Day" appeared during the same year. "Busiris," a tragedy, was brought out at Drury Lane in 1719, and "The Revenge" in 1721. Young, who took

the degree of LL.D. in 1719, entered into holy orders in 1728, and was afterwards appointed chaplain to George II. He wrote other works in prose and verse, the principal being "The Universal Passion," seven satires, 1725-6; "The Complaint; or Night Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality," in eight parts, 1742-3; the "Centaur not Fabulous," in 1755; and his last work, "Resignation," in two parts, in 1762. He was appointed Clerk of the Closet to the Princess Dowager of Wales in 1761, and he died April 12, 1765, at Welwyn, Herts, to which living he had been presented in 1730. A life of Young was prefixed to an edition of his works published in 1802; another, by the Rev. J. Mitford, appeared in 1834; and another, by J. Doran, in 1851.]

INDULGENT God! oh how shall mortal raise  
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,  
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,  
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind?  
 Shall I, who some few years ago, was less  
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express—  
 Was Nothing; shall I live, when every fire  
 And every star shall languish and expire?  
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,  
 And through the radiant files of angels move?  
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,  
 See new worlds rolling from His spacious hand,  
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,  
 As we now tell how Michael sung or fought?  
 All that has being in full concert join,  
 And celebrate the depths of *Love Divine*!  
 But oh! before this blissful state, before  
 Th' aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,  
 The judge, descending, thunders from afar,  
 And all mankind is summoned to the Bar.  
 This mighty scene I next presume to draw:  
 Attend, great Anna, with religious awe.  
 Expect not here the known successful arts  
 To win attention, and command our hearts;  
 Fiction, be far away; let no machine  
 Descending here, no fabled God, be seen;  
 Behold the God of *Gods* indeed descend,  
 And worlds unnumbered his approach attend!  
 Lo! the wide theatre, whose ample space  
 Must entertain the whole of human race,  
 At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepared,  
 And tenced around with an immortal guard.  
 Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow  
 The mighty plain, and deluge all below:

And every age, and nation, pours along;  
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:  
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign  
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,  
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart?  
What volumes have been swelled, what time been spent,  
To fix a hero's birthday, or descent?  
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,  
To see the glorious race of antient days?  
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood  
Illustrious on record before the flood?  
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands,  
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands,  
How vast the concourse! not in number more  
The waves that break on the resounding shore,  
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,  
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above:  
Those overwhelming armies, whose command  
Said to one empire, *Fall*; another *Stand*:  
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn  
Roused the broad front, and called the battle on:  
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud *Cannæ's* field,  
Where *Carthage* taught victorious *Rome* to yield,  
(Another blow had broke the fates' decree,  
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)  
Immortal *Blenheim*, famed *Ramillia's* host,  
They All are here, and here they All are lost:  
Their millions swell to be discerned in vain,  
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

*The Last Day.*

#### RESTORATION OF THE JEWS.

[REV. E. BICKERSTETH, 1786—1850.]

[EDWARD BICKERSTETH, born at Kirby Lonsdale, Westmoreland, March 19, 1786, commenced life as a solicitor, entered the Church in 1815, and was sent by the Church Missionary Society, to re-organize their mission stations in Africa. Having accomplished this work, he was appointed secretary to the Church Missionary Society, and in 1830 exchanged this post for the living of Watton, Herts, where he laboured till his death, which occurred Feb. 24, 1850. The Rev. E. Bickersteth, who was a prominent member of the Evangelical section of the Church of England,

published numerous sermons and other works. "Scripture Help, designed to assist in reading the Bible profitably," "The Christian Student," and "The Restoration of the Jews," are the best known. A collected edition of his works, in 17 vols., appeared in 1853.]

IMMENSE have been the stones of offence laid in the way of the Jews, by ages of wrong and injury, insult and oppression, and more especially by ages of a degraded Christianity. Look only at the present state of the Christian world, wherever the Jews are scattered and dispersed.

The churches on the Continent, with the exception of the comparatively small, though, blessed be God, increasing number of the faithful followers of Christ, have been described as divided into two great sects, one, baptized infidels, and the other, worshippers of images, all professing to be followers of Jesus, but not doing the things which he commands. And to this day the Jews are exposed to insult and oppression of varied kinds, and are suffering wrongs from Christians in name. They behold, in Roman Catholic countries, not Christianity in its simplicity, holiness, and loveliness, but a spurious profession, deformed with adored crucifixes and images, idolatry of created beings, and innumerable and most gross superstitions or with ungodly lives of infidel and licentious men. How can they embrace such a Christianity, when they know that for similar sins the Jews endured their first captivity in Babylon, and their descendants have ever since been witnesses against these sins? Nor are things better in the Greek and Eastern churches, in which pictures are honoured, and ignorance, vice, and superstition, dishonour, most fearfully and extensively, the name of Christ.

And do the Protestant churches present no stumbling-blocks to the Jews? Alas! how much must we sigh over our own churches, when they see, in the Reformed churches, infidelity and formality, ungodliness and worldliness, enmity and bitterness, strife and divisions, railing against and devouring each other! Nor do I conceive that our too generally accredited system of spiritualizing the prophecies, taking all the promises to the Christian church, and leaving all the threatenings to the Jewish nation, has been a harmless perversion, however justly spiritual Christians are entitled in Christ Jesus to all the promises of spiritual blessings, and unbelieving Jews have forfeited them while in unbelief: yet is there a rich reserve of blessing for the Jewish nation. Nor let us ever forget the apostle's advice,\* not to boast against the branches that are broken off, not to be high-minded, but fear. What is past, we explain literally, and so must we what is to come. To tell the Jews that Zion and Jerusalem mean only the

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\* Romans xi. 18—20.

Gentile Church; and the land where their forefathers dwelt means only Heaven, is wrongfully to leave a stone of offence in their way.

Oh! when we look back on the dealings of professed Christians with the Jews, we might think that the directions which Christians had received from their divine Master had been, not to labour incessantly in preaching the gospel of peace to them, but "Despise the Jews; mock them in every form; inflict pains and cruelties upon them: leave everywhere stones of offence: make Christianity as hateful to them as possible." Thus have we, in our wickedness, dealt with them in the way of imposing penalties and sufferings, instead of in Christian love, unwearied patience, and Christ-like compassion, mourning over them, and seeking to lead them to their only shepherd and Saviour.

And can we think these wrongs leave no guilt on Christendom? Is it in vain that God has said, "I am jealous for Jerusalem and for Zion with a great jealousy. And I am very sore displeased with the heathen that are at ease: for I was but a little displeased, and they helped forward the affliction."\* Most awful are the divine judgments to be inflicted on impenitent nations that have heretofore punished the Jews. "I will," says God, "feed them that oppress thee with their own flesh; and they shall be drunken with their own blood, as with sweet wine."† "I will undo all that afflict thee."‡ "The Lord thy God will put all these curses upon thine enemies, and on them that hate thee, which persecuted thee."§—*Restoration of the Jews. Sermon preached in St. Clement Danes, London, May 8, 1834.*—Isaiah lxii. 10—12.

#### MEMORY IN DIFFERENT INDIVIDUALS.

[DUGALD STEWART, 1753—1828.

[DUGALD STEWART, born in Edinburgh, Nov. 22, 1753, was educated at the High School and University of his native city, and went in 1771 to the university of Glasgow. He took charge of the mathematical classes in the university of Edinburgh in 1772, was appointed Professor of Mathematics June 14, 1775, and Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1785. The first volume of his first work, "Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind," appeared in March, 1792, the second volume in 1814, and the third volume in 1827. Mr. Stewart is the author of several other works, the best known being "Philosophical Essays," published in 1810; and "The Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man," in 1828. He received the appointment of the writership to the *Edinburgh Gazette* in 1806, and he died at Edinburgh, June 11, 1828. A memoir is given in Sir W. Hamilton's edition of his collected works, published 1854—58.]

It is generally supposed, that of all our faculties, Memory is that which nature has bestowed in the most unequal degrees on different

\* Zech i. 14 and 15.

† Isaiah xlix. 26.

‡ Zeph. iii. 19.

§ Deut. xxx. 7.



individuals; and it is far from being impossible that this opinion may be well founded. If, however, we consider that there is scarcely any man who has not memory sufficient to learn the use of language, and to learn to recognise, at the first glance, the appearances of an infinite number of familiar objects; besides acquiring such an acquaintance with the laws of nature, and the ordinary course of human affairs, as is necessary for directing his conduct in life, we shall be satisfied that the original disparities among men, in this respect, are by no means so immense as they seem to be at first view; and that much is to be ascribed to different habits of attention, and to a difference of selection among the various events presented to their curiosity.

It is worthy of remark, also, that those individuals who possess unusual powers of memory with respect to any one class of objects, are commonly as remarkably deficient in some of the other applications of that faculty. I knew a person who, though completely ignorant of Latin, was able to repeat over thirty or forty lines of Virgil, after having heard them once read to him,—not indeed with perfect exactness, but with such a degree of resemblance, as (all circumstances considered) was truly astonishing; yet this person (who was in the condition of a servant) was singularly deficient in memory in all cases in which that faculty is of real practical utility. He was noted in every family in which he had been employed for habits of forgetfulness, and could scarcely deliver an ordinary message without committing some blunder.

A similar observation, I can almost venture to say, will be found to apply to by far the greater number of those in whom this faculty seems to exhibit a preternatural or anomalous degree of force. The *varieties* of memory are indeed wonderful, but they ought not to be confounded with *inequalities* of memory. One man is distinguished by a power of recollecting names, and dates, and genealogies; a second, by the multiplicity of speculations, and of general conclusions treasured up in his intellect; a third by the facility with which words and combinations of words (the *ipsissima verba* of a speaker or of an author) seem to lay hold of his mind; a fourth by the quickness with which he seizes and appropriates the sense and meaning of an author, while the phraseology and style seem altogether to escape his notice; a fifth, by his memory for poetry; a sixth, by his memory for music; a seventh, by his memory for architecture, statuary, and painting, and all the other objects of taste which are addressed to the eye. All these different powers seem miraculous to those who do not possess them; and as they are apt to be supposed by superficial observers to be commonly united in the same individuals, they contribute much to encourage those exaggerated estimates concerning the original in-

equalities among men in respect to this faculty, which I am now endeavouring to reduce to their first standard.

As the great purpose to which this faculty is subservient, is to enable us to collect and to retain, for the future regulation of our conduct, the results of our past experience, it is evident that the degree of perfection which it attains in the case of different persons must vary; first, with the facility of making the original acquisition; secondly, with the permanence of the acquisition; and thirdly, with the quickness or readiness with which the individual is able, on particular occasions, to apply it to use. The qualities, therefore, of a good memory are, in the first place, to be susceptible; secondly, to be retentive; and thirdly, to be ready.

It is but rarely that these three qualities are united in the same person. We often, indeed, meet with a memory which is at once susceptible and ready; but I doubt much if such memories be commonly very retentive; for the same set of habits which are favourable to the two first qualities are adverse to the third. Those individuals, for example, who with a view to conversation, make a constant business of informing themselves with respect to the popular topics of the day, or of turning over the ephemeral publications subservient to the amusement or to the politics of the times, are naturally led to cultivate a *susceptibility* and *readiness* of memory, but have no inducement to aim at that *permanent retention of select ideas* which enables the scientific student to combine the most remote materials, and to concentrate at will, on a particular object, all the scattered lights of his experience, and of his reflections. Such men (as far as my observation has reached) seldom possess a familiar or correct acquaintance even with those classical remains of our own earlier writers, which have ceased to furnish topics of discourse to the circles of fashion. A stream of novelties is perpetually passing through their minds, and the faint impressions which it leaves soon vanish to make way for others—like the traces which the ebbing tide leaves upon the sand. Nor is this all. In proportion as the associating principles which lay the foundation of susceptibility and readiness predominate in the memory, those which form the basis of our more solid and lasting acquisitions may be expected to be weakened, as a natural consequence of the general laws of our intellectual frame.—*Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, ch. vi. § 2.

## LOWOOD SCHOOL.

[MRS. NICHOLLS, 1816—1855.]

[CHARLOTTE BRONTË, daughter of a clergyman, was born at Thornton, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, April 21, 1816. Her father removed to Haworth, in the same county in 1821, and his wife died soon after, leaving him with six young children, two of whom died at an early age. Charlotte was sent to a school at Cowan Bridge, described in her novel, "Jane Eyre," in 1824, was removed to another school at Roe Head in 1831, and went to a *pensionnat* at Brussels in 1842. On her return home in 1844, her father's sight began to fail. Charlotte and her sister, Emily Jane,\* and Anne,† under the *nom de plume* of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, published a volume of poems in 1846. "Jane Eyre," a novel rejected by many publishers, was accepted by Messrs. Smith and Elder, who brought it out in 1847. This work established her reputation. "Shirley" appeared in 1849, and "Villette" in 1852. In the meantime her two surviving sisters and only brother had been cut off and she was left alone with her aged father, of whose curate, the Rev. A. Nicholls, she became the wife in 1854. Their union was not of long duration, for this gifted woman fell a victim to the disease which had carried off the rest of the family, March 31, 1855. Her life by Mrs. Gaskell,‡ appeared in 1857, and an unfinished novel in the "Cornhill Magazine" for 1860.]

BUSINESS now began · the day's Collect was repeated, then certain texts of Scripture were said, and to these succeeded a protracted reading of chapters in the Bible which lasted an hour. By the time that exercise was terminated, day had fully dawned. The indefatigable bell now sounded for the fourth time · the classes were marshalled and marched into another room to breakfast: how glad I was to behold a prospect of getting something to eat! I was now nearly sick from inanition, having taken so little the day before.

The refectory was a great, low-ceiled, gloomy room; on two long tables smoked basins of something hot, which, however, to my dismay, sent forth an odour far from inviting. I saw an universal manifestation of discontent when the fumes of the repast met the nostrils of those destined to swallow it: from the van of the procession, the tall girls of the first class, rose the whispered words:—"Disgusting! the porridge is burnt again!" "Silence!" ejaculated a voice; not that of Miss Miller, but of one of the upper teachers, a little and dark personage, smartly dressed but of somewhat morose aspect, who installed herself at the top of one table, while a more buxom lady presided\* at the other. I looked in vain for her I had first seen the night before; she was not visible. Miss Miller occupied the foot of the table where I sat, and a strange foreign-looking, elderly lady, the French teacher, as I afterwards found, took the corresponding seat at the other board.

\* Born in 1818, died Dec. 19, 1848. † Born in 1820, died May 28, 1849.

‡ Died suddenly at Alton, Nov. 19, 1865.

A long grace was said and a hymn sung ; then the servant brought in some tea for the teachers and the meal began.

Ravenous, and now very faint, I devoured a spoonful or two of my portion without thinking of its taste ; but the first edge of hunger blunted, I perceived I had got in hand a nauseous mess : burnt porridge is almost as bad as rotten potatoes ; famine itself soon sickens over it. The spoons were moved slowly : I saw each girl taste her food and try to swallow it ; but in most cases the effort was soon relinquished. Breakfast was over and none had breakfasted. Thanks being returned for what we had not got, and a second hymn chanted, the refectory was evacuated for the schoolroom. I was one of the last to go out, and in passing the tables I saw one teacher take a basin of the porridge and taste it ; she looked at the others ; all their countenances expressed displeasure, and one of them, the stout one, whispered :—" Abominable stuff. How shameful ! "

A quarter of an hour passed before lessons again begun, during which the schoolroom was in a glorious tumult ; for that space of time it seemed to be permitted to talk loud and more freely, and they used that privilege. The whole conversation ran on the breakfast, which one and all abused roundly. Poor things ! it was the sole consolation they had. Miss Miller was now the only teacher in the room : a group of great girls standing about her, spoke with serious and sullen gestures. I heard the name of Mr. Brocklehurst pronounced by some lips ; at which Miss Miller shook her head disapprovingly ; but she made no great effort to check the general wrath : doubtless she shared in it.

A clock in the schoolroom struck nine ; Miss Miller left her circle, and standing in the middle of the room, cried :—" Silence ; to your seats ! "

Discipline prevailed : in five minutes the confused throng was resolved into order, and comparative silence quelled the Babel clamour of tongues. The upper teachers now punctually resumed their posts ; but still, all seemed to wait. Ranged on benches down the sides of the room the eighty girls sat motionless and erect : a quaint assemblage they appeared, all with plain locks combed from their faces, not a curl visible ; in brown dresses, made high and surrounded by a narrow tucker about the throat, with little pockets of holland (shaped something like a Highlander's purse), tied in front of their frocks, and destined to serve the purpose of a work-bag : all, too, wearing woollen stockings, and country-made shoes fastened with brass buckles. Above twenty of those clad in this costume were full-grown girls, or rather young women : it suited them ill, and gave an air of oddity even to the prettiest.—*Jane Eyre*, chap. v.

## THE FESTIVAL OF THE BAMBINO.

[WHITESIDE, 1806.]

[JAMES WHITESIDE, born in the county of Wicklow in 1806, educated at Trinity College, Dublin, was called to the Irish bar in 1830. In 1843 he was one of the counsel chosen to defend Daniel O'Connell, and in 1848 acted in the same capacity for Mr. Smith O'Brien. In 1851 he was returned for Enniskillen, which borough he represented until 1859, when he was elected for the University of Dublin. Mr. Whiteside acted as Solicitor-General for Ireland in Lord Derby's first administration in 1852, was appointed Attorney-General for Ireland in Lord Derby's second administration in 1858, when he was made a privy councillor for Ireland, and was made Chief Justice for Ireland in July, 1866. His "Italy in the Nineteenth Century" appeared in 1848, and "Vicissitudes of the Eternal City" in 1849.]

WE descend slowly to the piazza before the Capitol and found it crowded with people. Peasants from the Campagna are loitering on the flight of steps parallel to those already described, and leading to the church of S. Maria d'Ara Cœli, built on the site of the celebrated temple of the Capitoline Jove. What means this excitement? It is the festival of the *Benedizione del Bambino*. I am reminded of the history of the Bambino, which shortly before had been given me by an Italian lady, and which I will here set down in her words—"Many centuries ago a Franciscan Pilgrim came to the convent of the Ara Cœli and asked for shelter. This was afforded, and on the departure of the pilgrim he left behind him a small box which lay for a year unnoticed. At the expiration of that time, a monk passing near the chamber where the box lay beheld a great and unusual light. He alarmed the brethren by the intelligence that the convent was on fire. They rushed into the apartment and found no fire, but a marvellous and brilliant lustre shining round the long-forgotten box. It was opened and there was discovered a Bambino, being no other than a figure of the infant Saviour, which had been carved by the Franciscan out of the wood of a peculiar kind of tree that grew on the Mount of Olives, and painted by St. Luke himself, who was distinguished in that art."

Here I ventured to suggest that the Franciscan order of monks did not exist in the time of St. Luke. The Signora, nothing disconcerted, thought they did, and proceeded

"The Bambino was preserved and adorned, but at first had not the repute it now possesses. A princess, however, borrowed it from the convent, and pleased with the image determined to keep it; accordingly, in execution of her pious fraud, she procured another image, and dressed it up so exactly like the true Bambino that the good monks were deceived, believing that they had got back their own precious deposit, whereas in fact the false image had been palmed upon them. They laid it up carefully and thought no more about the matter, till one day when the monks were all at mass they heard the

great bell ring. This surprised them. They looked about and saw that all the brethren were present. The bell still tolled. They rushed up to the belfry, and lo ! they found the veritable Bambino right under the tongue of the bell. Amazed, they brought away the precious relic, and then inquired from the princess to whom they had lent it, what she had done. She, terrified, confessed the imposition, and selling all her jewels bestowed the produce upon the miraculous Bambino, which transported itself from the house of the lady to the belfry of the convent, and rang the great bell to arouse the monks. From that time the Bambino has been the consolation of Rome. When good Christians are dying they send for it. A chosen party of monks, dressed in the habit of their order (a carriage being provided for the sacred image, which is always taken abroad locked in a case), proceed to the bed of the sick man, and then touch his forehead with the head of the Bambino. This was done (said the Signora) when my dear father was dying, and he departed this life in peace."

The above narrative prepared us for the spectacle we were about to witness. We ascended the hundred and twenty-four marble steps facing the Capitol, which are said to have belonged to the Temple of Venus at Rome, and which are worn by the knees of pilgrims and penitents. Now they were crowded by peasants from the Campagna, dressed in their picturesque costume. We entered the church ; to the left was the chapel, where the scene of the Nativity was acted by figures as large as life. It was the strangest sight I ever beheld. The Bambino, an image of the infant Jesus, was exposed in front of the stage, with precious stones shining on its wooden forehead. All the other figures were placed suitably to their characters throughout the long stage, the church being dark, the hour four. There was a dim light, showing clearly however the spectacle to the eyes of the devout worshippers. A monk stood on guard over the Bambino, below the stage, and received the contributions of the faithful,—an important part of this business. Seats were arranged on each side of the centre aisle, a space wide enough for a procession being reserved between. The altar at the upper end of the church and the ancient columns were decorated as for a festa. The Franciscan monks, priests, and friars were chanting. There was a guard in attendance in military costume and with bayonets fixed.

After some time there was a great bustle near the altar, and a grand procession was formed, consisting of priests, an immense train of monks, incense burners, and a flag-bearer carrying a long narrow banner, on which was depicted a monk of the Franciscan order, with the image of a Bambino at his feet. This represented, I believe, the finding of the very image (now to be exhibited) in a miraculous manner. As the procession moved on I followed in the train. What

was my amazement when a band close behind the priests struck up a lively air, which sounded to my ears not unlike a polka, and played till the priests reached the spot before described, where the old monk stood on guard before the Bambino. Here there was a halt, a priest in rich attire, with gloves on, stepped forward. A way was made for him to the foot of the little stage, and he saluted the Bambino reverentially. Then it was well incensed. The priest next took the Bambino from the arms of the virgin, and bringing it out into the church, held it up amidst a general obeisance, a chant, and flourish of music. I was close to the image, and thought it badly carved and ugly, although covered with jewels and necklaces of precious stones. The procession moved on to the door of the church, and out to the top of the huge flight of steps. There it remained a few minutes on the platform, music playing as before. The peasants, who were loitering about, became instantly attentive and devout, gazed at the Bambino with reverence, accepted the benediction of the priests, and departed. The procession then crossing the platform outside, entered the church by another door, and passed up the opposite aisle to the altar, where the Bambino was placed in a prominent position and a religious service performed. The guards never for a moment deserted the image.

Gibbon\* informs us that it was here, on the 15th of October, 1764, as he sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers, that he first conceived the idea of writing the *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Supposing the historian to have witnessed such an exhibition as I have described, it might not be difficult to guess what effect it would produce on a mind inclined to scepticism. He might possibly contrast the ignorant monks he beheld with Cicero and Pliny, and confounding ceremonies with creeds, visit his contempt unphilosophically on the Christian religion. There cannot be a greater mistake than the assertion that such exhibitions do no harm. When the educated followers of the Italian church discourse upon ceremonies such as here described, and can give no more valid reason for their continuance than that they *do no harm*, they admit they are indefensible. Those who add to the simplicity of truth are to be censured no less than those who take away from its integrity, and I must frankly confess it would require a strong exercise of faith to discover in such a ceremony as the benediction of the Bambino, any vestige of the spiritual religion of the Gospel—*Italy in the Nineteenth Century*, (new edition, abridged and revised,) chap. xxviii.

## SAILING THROUGH THE ICE.

[SIR JOHN ROSS, 1777—1856.]

[JOHN ROSS, born June 24, 1777, at Balsarroch, in Wigtownshire, Scotland, entered the navy in 1786 as a volunteer, and was appointed Lieutenant in 1805. In command of the *Isabella*, he set out to discover the north-west passage Jan. 15, 1818, accompanied by the *Alexander*, under Lieut. Parry. He arrived in the Thames Dec. 14, 1818. He sailed again May 24, 1829, in the *Victory*, and was frozen up in the Gulf of Boothia for more than a year. In April, 1832, the ship was abandoned, and the officers and crew travelled northwards in sledges till Aug. 26, 1833, when they were enabled to set sail in boats, and were picked up by the *Isabella* that Ross had previously commanded. In Sept. 1833, he arrived in England, and was knighted in 1834. Sir John Ross, in 1850, fitted out an expedition at his own expense, in order to discover Sir John Franklin. He obtained the rank of Admiral in 1851, and died Aug. 30, 1856. His "Voyage of Discovery, for the Purpose of exploring Baffin's Bay, and inquiring into the probability of a North-West Passage," appeared in 1819; a treatise on Steam Navigation in 1828; and his "Narrative of a Second Voyage in search of a North-West Passage in 1829—33," in 1835.]

THE wind having increased, we got considerably ahead of the *Alexander*, and explored a spacious bay to the south of Cape Cockburn, which I named Banks' Bay, after the Right Honourable Baronet and President of the Royal Society.

This bay, like the last, was occupied by ice, and surrounded by a continuation of the mountains which have been already mentioned. Here I was obliged to shorten sail for the *Alexander*, the weather becoming thick; and we lost sight of the land, having made twenty-five miles southing. When the *Alexander* came up we again made sail, and having proceeded about twelve miles further, which I calculated would bring me as far south as I had distinctly seen the land and determined its situation, I shortened sail; and, under the topsails, endeavoured to maintain our position, which I judged to be the most favourable one for pushing on in any direction that circumstances might point out. Our progress which, during the last twenty-four hours, was thirty-six miles in distance, was accomplished with considerable difficulty, from the innumerable masses of ice with which we were surrounded. Sometimes we were obliged to bear up, and, by giving the ship fresh way through the water, endeavour to separate the masses of ice which lay in streams across our course. In this we occasionally succeeded, and the *Isabella* being larger and a better sailer than the *Alexander*, consequently her momentum more powerful, she had, as in the whole of our progress through the ice, a decided advantage in a breeze. But this operation often failed, and we were then obliged to have recourse to warping hawsers, in order to heave the ship through; or extricate her from the situation into which she had been thrown; at other times we were obliged to make several tacks to weather certain large masses, or to enable us to fetch the most likely place to be penetrated.



In all these manœuvres, the greatest care is requisite to avoid the *tongues*, or projections of the ice under water, which are often at the depth of six or eight feet. For the purpose of observing them experienced seamen are placed on each bow, who, on discovering the danger by the green appearance of the water, call out, *Starboard*, or *Port*, as the occasion may require, thereby directing the helmsman to steer clear of it. Although the leading ship has in these cases some disadvantages in forcing through the ice, being the first to break it, and thereby make a passage for the next, yet the ship which follows has difficulties, which more than balance the advantage of sailing through a breach already made, for, if her leader passes between pieces of ice with considerable velocity, through any narrow *chañnel*, some of these pieces immediately receive a tendency towards the space the ship had occupied, in order to fill up where the water had been displaced. They therefore rush towards the ship's wake, their motion being also often accelerated by the concussion of the ship against some particular piece, which produces a re-action in the rest. Hence it generally happens, that when the ship astern arrives at the entrance of the channel, she has more difficulties to encounter than her leader, from the accumulation of pieces in the passage. It is also not uncommon for the obstruction to be so great as to render forcing through totally impracticable, this often happened to the *Alexander*, but it only served to redouble the zeal and perseverance of her commander, officers, and crew, who were unremitting in their labours, to keep up with the *Isabella*. The unavoidable detention arising from these circumstances, and the inferiority of that ship in sailing, were not more than sufficient to give me an opportunity of exploring the coast as I passed it, by enabling me, without loss of time, to stand in whenever it was clear, and make the necessary observations.—*Voyage of Discovery*, chap. x. Aug. 27, 1818.

#### HOW THE VICTORY OF BLENHEIM WAS CELEBRATED.

[BUDGE]LL, 1685—1736.

[EUSTACE BUDGE]LL, born at St. Thomas, near Exeter, in 1685, was educated at Oxford, and entered the Inner Temple. Instead of studying for the law, he applied himself to literature, wrote for the *Tatler*, and contributed to the *Spectator* the papers marked X, and to the *Guardian* those marked with an asterisk. He was under-secretary to Addison, and having filled various appointments, was made Accountant and Comptroller-General for Ireland in 1717. He lost a large sum of money by the South Sea scheme. In 1733 he commenced a weekly periodical called the *Bee*. It did not, however, prove successful, and though called to the bar, Budge]ll became very much reduced in circumstances. Having engaged a boat at

Somerset stairs, whilst it was passing under the bridge, he jumped into the river, and was drowned May 4, 1736. Budgell wrote "Memoirs of the Illustrious Family of the Boyles," of which the second edition appeared in 1732, the first being without date.]

UPON the arrival of the news of the Victory of Blenheim, the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, in the Fulness of his Joy, meeting with the late Lord Halifax, told him, It was pity the Memory of such a Victory should be ever forgot. He added, That he was pretty sure his Lordship, who was so distinguished a Patron of Men of Letters, must know some Person whose Pen was capable of doing Justice to the action. My Lord Halifax replied, That he did indeed know such a Person, but would not desire him to write upon the subject his Lordship had mentioned. The Lord Treasurer, entreating to know the Reason of so unkind a Resolution, Lord Halifax briskly told him, That he had long with Indignation observed, that while too many Fools and Blockheads were maintained in their Pride and Luxury, at the expense of the Public, such men as were really an Honour to their Country, and to the age they lived in, were shamefully suffered to languish in Obscurity. That, for his own part he would never desire any Gentleman of Parts and Learning to employ his Time in celebrating a Ministry who had neither the Justice or Generosity to make it worth his while. The Lord Treasurer calmly replied, That he would seriously consider of what his Lordship had said, and endeavour to give no occasion for such Reproaches for the future, but that in the present Case, he took it upon himself to promise, That any Gentleman whom his Lordship should name to him as a Person capable of celebrating the late Action, should find it worth his while to exert his Genius on that subject.

The Lord Halifax, upon this Encouragement, named Mr. Addison; but insisted that the Lord Treasurer himself should send to him. His Lordship promised to do so, and accordingly desired Mr. Boyle to go to him. Mr. Addison, who was at that Time but indifferently Lodged, was surprized the next Morning with a visit from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, after having acquainted him with his business, added, That the Lord Treasurer, to encourage him to enter upon his Subject, had already made him one of the Commissioners of Appeals, but entreated him to look upon that Post only as an Earnest of something more considerable. In short, the Chancellor said so many obliging Things, and in so graceful a manner, as gave Mr. Addison the utmost spirit and encouragement to begin that Poem, which he afterwards published, and entitled, *The Campaign* a Poem equal to the action it celebrates, and in which that Presence of Mind, for which the late Duke of Marlborough was so remarkable in a Day of Battle

is illustrated by a nobler simile than any to be found in Homer or Virgil.

The Lord Treasurer kept the promise he had made by Mr. Boyle; and Mr. Addison, soon after the Publication of his Poem, was preferred to a considerable Post.—*Memoirs of the Boyles.*

### THE GARLAND.

[Prior, 1664—1721.

[MATTHEW PRIOR, born at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, July 21, 1664, was educated at Westminster, and St. John's College, Cambridge, where he wrote his first poem, "The Deity." "The Country Mouse and the City Mouse," written in conjunction with Mr. Montague, in ridicule of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," appeared in 1687. Prior was sent as secretary to the Congress at the Hague, in 1691, and to that of Ryswick in 1697, and of Paris in 1698. He was returned member for East Grinstead in 1701; was employed in the negotiations for peace at Utrecht, in 1711; and became ambassador at Paris in August, 1713. On the fall of the Harley Administration in 1714, he was dismissed. He suffered various indignities, and Sir Robert Walpole moved his impeachment. Prior, who was released after a short imprisonment, died at Wimpole, the seat of the Earl of Oxford, Sept. 18, 1721, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Seven collected editions of his works, with Memoir, have been published. Thackeray classes his writing amongst "the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems." Dr. Johnson ("Lives of the Poets") remarks: "Prior has written with great variety, and his variety has made him popular. He has tried all styles, from the grotesque to the solemn, and has not so failed in any as to incur censure or disgrace. His works may be distinctly considered as (comprising) Tales, Love-verses, Occasional Poems, 'Alma' and 'Solomon.'"]

THE pride of every grove I chose,  
The violet sweet, and lily fair,  
The dappled pink, and blushing rose,  
To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaft to place  
Upon her brow the various wreath;  
The flowers less blooming than her face,  
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day:  
And every nymph and shepherd said,  
That in her hair they looked more gay,  
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undrest at evening when she found  
Their odours lost, their colours passed;  
She changed her look, and on the ground  
Her garland and her eye she cast.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,  
 As any Muse's tongue could speak,  
 When from its lid a pearly tear  
 Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,  
 My love, my life, said I, explain  
 This change of humour: pry thee tell:  
 That falling tear—what does it mean?

She sighed; she smiled: and to the flowers  
 Pointing, the lovely moralist said:  
 See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,  
 See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May,  
 And that of beauty are but one:  
 At morn both flourished bright and gay,  
 Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung;  
 The amorous youth around her bowed;  
 At night her fatal knell was rung:  
 I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is, who died to-day,  
 Such I, alas! may be to-morrow;  
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display  
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

*Poetical Works.*

#### GOD CALLETH THEE.

[DR. PUSEY, 1800.

EDWARD BOUVERIE, son of the late Hon. Philip Bouverie, who assumed the name of Pusey by royal licence, was born in 1800. He was educated at Christ Church, Oxford, and became Fellow of Oriel College. In 1828 he was appointed Regius Professor of Hebrew in the University of Oxford, and Canon of Christ Church. He was one of the earnest contributors to the "Tracts for the Times," and a section of the High Church party received the name of Puseyites. On account of a sermon on the Eucharist, he was suspended from preaching before the University in 1843. Dr. Pusey is the author of a variety of pamphlets and sermons. His "Parochial Sermons, 1848—53" appeared in 1857, "The Councils of the Church from the Council of Jerusalem to that of Constantinople, A.D. 381," in 1857, and "The Church of

England a Portion of Christ's one Holy Catholic Church, and a Means of Restoring Visible Unity, An Eirenicon, in a letter to the Author of 'The Christian Year,'" in 1865.]

THE world is one great mirror. As we are who look into it or on it, so is it to us. It gives us back ourselves, it speaks to us the language of our own hearts. Such as we are, so doth it speak to us of pleasure, gain, honour, vanity, worldly happiness, or of everlasting rest and peace, out of itself, in God. Our inmost self is the key to all. Our ruling thought or passion, the thought or love, that is, which has the mastery of us, and governs us, and occupies our soul, is touched by everything around us. In grief, all things alike, the most joyous or the most sorrowful, suggest to the mourner thoughts of grief; yea, joyous sounds and sights speak mostly, most heavily to it of its own heaviness, or of the absence of the lost object of *its* love. Self love sees everything as it bears on self; love of pleasure or of gain looks on all, as it may minister to its pleasure or gain, or to envy those which have what it has not. The heart where God dwelleth, is by all things called anew to God; His Blessed Presence draws it by Its Sweetness: or His seeming absence by the very void, may absorb it yet more, by the very vehemence of longing into Himself.

It matters not what things are. Things like or things unlike; things Divine or things devilish; the obedience, order, growth, harmony, beauty of nature, or the disobedience, disorder, decay, discord of men, and the loathsomeness of sin; sounds of harmony, which echo, as it were, the Choirs of Heaven, or sounds of discord, hatred, blasphemy, bad words uttered by the tongue, which "is set on fire of hell;" things good, by their loveliness, or things bad, by their dreadfulness, draw the soul upward to God, or drive it onward, lest, like them, it lose Him.

Everything preaches Eternity to the awakened soul. All love of gain it sees, preaches of Him, the True Riches; all disquiet "about many things," of Him, our Only Rest, all seeking after pleasure, of Him, the Ever-flowing Torrent of Pleasure; all sickness of soul and body, of Him, our soul's Only Health; all things passing, of Him, Who Alone abideth. Perhaps no place may more preach to the soul the vanity of all things beneath the sun, and the Verity of Him, the Eternal Verity, Whose and of Whom, are all things, as the vast solitude of this great, crowded, tumultuous city, "full of stirs," where "all things are full of labour; man cannot utter it; the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing;" where well-nigh all countenances or motions are full of eagerness, anxiety; all bent on something, seeking, but finding not, because they are seeking all things out of God; all but Himself except when, here and there.

they at last become very emptiness, because they know no more what to seek or find, but have lost themselves.

But, chiefly, we know, Brethren, in our inmost selves, that whether we have obeyed the Call, first or last, or, if any are even yet disobeying it or hearing it listlessly, obeying it for awhile in solemn seasons, and then forgetting it, or thinking they obey it when untempted, and then anon, when the temptation comes, ever anew disobeying, we know that we have been called manifoldly, perhaps our whole lives through. All perhaps can recollect when, in their childhood, some Sermon or deep Scripture words touched them, or some grave look or word of parents; or they felt ill at ease, or their soul yearned for something better than this world's poor fleeting vanities, or they felt that within them, not made for this world, which could not rest in it, but soared up and up, as though it would find Him from Whom it came, Whose it is, or they were affrighted within themselves, at thoughts of Judgment, or they were inwardly bidden not to put off turning to God with their whole heart. God adapts His Calls to each several soul. He calleth gently or in Awe, in Love or in some form of displeasure, quickening or checking us, within or without, directly or indirectly, in the secret chambers of the heart or "in the chief place of concourse," "in the openings of the gates," "in the city," "Wisdom," that is Himself, "uttereth Her Words," "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity, and the scorers delight in their scorning, and fools hate knowledge? Turn you at My Reproof, behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known My Words unto you," (Prov. i 21-3) All things stand at His Command, all hearts are in His Hand, Who made them, and for Whom He made them, all things may be the channels of His Holy Inspirations, all times may be seasons of His Grace, all words may convey His Voice to the soul. As "all things work together for good to them that love" (Rom. viii 28) Him, so may and do all things call us to love Him. All things have, in turn, called to our souls, all nature, the world, grace or sin, shame at our folly and our very misery, have repeated His Words in our ears, "Why stand ye all the day idle?"—*Sermons during the Season from Advent to Whitsuntide.* No. viii. Matthew xx. 6—7.

#### VERBAL QUESTIONS MISTAKEN FOR REAL.

[ABP. WHATELY, 1787—1863.

[RICHARD WHATELY, born in Cavendish Square, London, Feb 1, 1787, was educated at Oriel College, Oxford, and obtained a fellowship in 1811. He was appointed Bampton Lecturer in 1822, President of St Alban's Hall in 1825, was made Archbishop of Dublin in 1835, and died Oct 8, 1863. Dr Whately, who was a most prolific writer, is best known by his "Historic Doubts relative to Napo-

leon," published in 1819; his *Essays*, of which the first series appeared in 1825, the second in 1828, and the third in 1830; and his *Treatises on Logic, Rhetoric, and Political Economy*. This indefatigable writer published a number of charges, sermons, lectures, and treatises on various subjects.]

It is by no means to be supposed that all Verbal Questions are trifling and frivolous. It is often of the highest importance to settle correctly the meaning of a word, either according to ordinary use, or according to the meaning of any particular writer or class of men. But when Verbal Questions are *mistaken* for Real, much confusion of thought and unprofitable wrangling,—what is usually designated as *Logomachy*,—will be generally the result. Nor is it always so easy and simple a task, as might at first sight appear, to distinguish them from each other. For, several objects to which one common name is applied, will often have many points of difference; and yet that name may perhaps be applied to them all [univocally] in the same sense, and may be fairly regarded as the Genus they come under, if it appear that they all agree in what is designated by that name, and that the differences between them are in points not essential to the character of that genus. A cow and a horse differ in many respects, but agree in all that is implied by the term "quadruped," which is therefore applicable to both in the same sense. So also the houses of the ancients differed in many respects from ours, and their ships still more; yet no one would contend that the terms "house" and "ship," as applied to both, are ambiguous, or that *οἶκος* might not fairly be rendered *house*, and *ναῦς* ship; because the essential characteristic of a house is, not its being of this or that form or materials, but its being a dwelling for men; these therefore would be called *two different kinds* of houses, and consequently the term "house" would be applied to each, without any equivocation, [univocally] in the same sense: and so in the other instances.

On the other hand, two or more things may bear the same name, and may also have a resemblance in many points, nay, and may from that resemblance have come to bear the same name, and yet if the circumstance which is essential to each be wanting in the other, the term may be pronounced ambiguous. *E.G.* The word "Plantain" is the name of a common herb in Europe, and of an Indian fruit-tree: both are *vegetables*; yet the term is ambiguous, because it does not denote them *so far forth as they agree*.

Again, the word "Priest" is applied to the Ministers of the Jewish and of the Pagan religions, and also to those of the Christian; and doubtless the term has been so transferred in consequence of their being both *ministers* (in some sort) of religion. Nor would every difference that might be found between the Priests of different religions constitute the term ambiguous, provided such differences

were non-essential to the idea suggested by the word Priest, as *e.g.*, the Jewish Priest served the true God, and the Pagan, false Gods, this is a most important difference, but does not constitute the term ambiguous, because neither of these circumstances is implied and suggested by the term 'ἱερεὺς, which accordingly was applied both to Jewish and Pagan Priests. But the term 'ἱερεὺς does seem to have implied the office of offering *sacrifice*,—atoning for the sins of the people,—and acting as mediator between Man and the object of his worship. And accordingly that term is never applied to any one under the Christian system, except to the ONE great Mediator. The Christian ministers not having that office which was implied as essential in the term 'ἱερεὺς, [sacerdos] were never called by that name, but by that of πρεσβύτερος. It may be concluded, therefore, that the term Priest is ambiguous, as corresponding to the terms ἱερεὺς and πρεσβύτερος respectively, notwithstanding that there are points in which these two agree. These therefore should be reckoned, not two different *kinds* of Priests, but Priests in two different *senses*, since (to adopt the phraseology of Aristotle) the definition of them, so far forth as they are Priests, would be different.

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It is evidently of much importance to keep in mind the above distinctions, in order to avoid, on the one hand, stigmatizing, as Verbal controversies, what in reality are not such, merely because the Question turns (as *every* question must) on the applicability of a certain Predicate to a certain Subject, or, on the other hand, falling into the opposite error of mistaking words for things, and judging of men's agreement or disagreement in opinion in every case, merely from their agreement or disagreement in the terms employed.—*Elements of Logic* Book iv. chap. iv. § 2.

### ARTHUR LYGON

[SHIRLEY BROOKS, 1816—1874]

[CHARLES SHIRLEY BROOKS, born in 1816, studied for the bar, and distinguished himself in an examination before the Incorporated Law Society. He was the author of several dramas, contributed largely to periodical literature, and was one of the earliest writers for *Punch*. His best-known novels are 'Aspen Court,' published in 1855, 'The Gordian Knot,' in 1858, and 'The Silver Cord,' which appeared in *Once a Week* in 1861-2. Died 1874.]

"FOUR," remarked St. Mary of the Strand, successor to the tall May-pole that once overlooked what is now the pleasantest, and handsomest, and most English street in London.

The vibration of the Saint's voice had by no means ceased from out of the ears of the passers-by, when, with an honourable promptitude



and a delicate anxiety not to put the country under the obligation of receiving more service than she had bargained for, groups of gentlemen of all ages and sizes came pouring out at the gate of Somerset House. One might have thought that they had been listening for the summons, and had prepared themselves to obey it on the instant. In the old days, that church did not collect the saints of Drury Lane so rapidly as it now called forth the clerks of the Civil Service.

But not among the early ones at the gate was Mr. Arthur Lygon.

He heard the last stroke of the bell, and the single note with which the little black clock on his mantelpiece ratified the announcement, before he closed the large volume in which he was making entries from some half-printed, half-written papers by his side; and he proceeded to arrange all his documents with the precision of a man who intends to resume an interrupted duty, and who knows the value of order and of time. He was exact, but not the least fidgety—a man, happily married, seldom becomes a fidget at five-and-thirty.

Nor did Arthur Lygon at once take up his hat and depart. A handsome man, happily married, seldom loses, at the age of thirty-five, his bachelor habit of paying some attention to appearances; and Mr. Lygon went to the other end of his comfortable, double-sashed apartment—exclusively his own—brushed his wavy dark brown hair, washed his aristocratic hands, and gave himself that good-natured look-over which a man who has no objectionable vanity, but has the laudable desire to be as presentable as he conveniently can, usually performs before rejoining society. King Henry the Fifth, when courting, vowed that he had never looked in the glass for the love of anything he saw there; and the vows of kings—and emperors—are always truthful; but all of us have not the regal faculty of self-abnegation. Arthur Lygon, finishing his arrangements with a touch at his rather effective brown whiskers, saw, and was perfectly content to see in the glass the reflection of a set of intellectual features, somewhat of the Grecian type, but manifesting much power of decision, despite the good-tempered expression which they habitually wore. He perceived also that the person thus reflected was rather slight, but well made, and a little above the average height, and that his dress was in accordance with the fashion of the day, with a little more lightness and colour about it than one usually sees in the costume of a man of business. Lygon was a good-looking, well-dressed man, and if he had been previously unaware of the fact, he had been told it, with other things of a pleasant character, in one of a highly complimentary series of sketches called *Our Civilians*, which were appearing in a pictorial paper devoted to the immortalising British Worthies of various degrees of worthiness.

In the memoir annexed to the likeness of the civilian in question it

was stated, with perfect accuracy, that Mr. Arthur Lygon had entered the Plaudit Office when young, had risen, by his own merits, to a responsible and lucrative situation, was much liked by his comrades, and much respected by his superiors, and was in every respect a valuable public servant. It was further stated, in classical language, that he had given hostages to society, a process that was explained to mean that he had married Laura, third daughter of Archibald Vernon, of Liphthwaite, in the county of Surrey, and had three children. Society, therefore, had only to purchase the respectable journal containing the sketches of *Our Civilians*, in order to avoid betraying any ignorance upon so important a matter as the social position of Mr. Arthur Lygon, of the Plaudit Office, and if it were in his destiny to distinguish himself in after-time, and to join the legislative assembly of his country, here were materials ready at hand for the Parliamentary Handbooks—one is glad to be able to supply some vindication of the biographical zeal of the present age—*The Silver Cord A Story*. Chap. 1.

#### GOLDSMITH PREPARING FOR A MEDICAL DEGREE

[FORSTER, 1812—1876.]

[JOHN FORSTER, born at Newcastle in 1812, and educated at the London University, studied for the bar. In 1834 he became connected with the *Examiner*, of which he obtained the editorship in 1846. He was appointed Secretary to the Commissioners in Lunacy in 1856, and a Commissioner in Lunacy in 1861. His "Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England" appeared in 1840, his "Life of Oliver Goldsmith," in 1848, his "Biographical and Historical Essays," in 1858, his "Arrest of the Five Members by Charles I.," in 1859, his "Debates on the Grand Remonstrance," in 1860, and "Sir John Eliot, a Biography, 1590—1632," in 1864. Mr. Forster's last work was a biography of his friend, Charles Dickens. He died 1876.]

THE years of idleness must nevertheless come to a close. To do nothing, no matter how melodiously accompanied by flute and harpsichord, is not what a man is born into this world to do, and it required but a casual word from a not very genial visitor to close for ever Goldsmith's happy nights at uncle Contarine's. There was a sort of cold grandee of the family, Dean Goldsmith of Cloyne, who did not think it unbecoming his dignity to visit the good clergyman's parsonage now and then, and Oliver having made a remark which showed him no fool, the dean gave it as his opinion to Mr. Contarine that his young relative would make an excellent medical man. The hint seemed a good one, and was the dean's contribution to his young relative's fortune. The small purse was contributed by Mr. Contarine, and in the autumn of 1752, Oliver Goldsmith started for Edinburgh, medical student.

Anecdotes of amusing simplicity and forgetfulness in this new

character are, as usual, more rife than notices of his course of study. But such records as have been preserved of the period rest upon authority too obviously doubtful to require other than a very cursory mention here. On the day of his arrival he is reported to have set forth for a ramble round the streets, after leaving his luggage at hired lodgings where he had forgotten to inquire the name either of the street or the landlady, and to which he only found his way back by the accident of meeting the porter who had carried his trunk from the coach. He is also said to have obtained, in this temporary abode, a knowledge of the wondrous culinary expedients with which three medical students might be supported for a whole week on a single loin of mutton, by a brandered chop served up one day, a fried steak another, chops with onion sauce a third, and so on till the fleshy parts should be quite consumed, when finally, on the seventh day, a dish of broth manufactured from the bones would appear, and the ingenious landlady rested from her labours. It is moreover recorded, in proof of his careless habits in respect to money, that being in company with several fellow-students on the first night of a new play, he suddenly proposed to draw lots with any one present which of the two should treat the whole party to the theatre; when the real fact was, as he afterwards confessed in speaking of the secret joy with which he heard them all decline the challenge, that had it been accepted, and had he proved the loser, he must have pledged a part of his wardrobe in order to raise the money. This last anecdote, if true, reveals to us at any rate that he had a wardrobe to pledge. Such resource in the matter of dress is one of his peculiarities found generally peeping out in some form or other: and, unable to confirm any other fact in these recollections, I can at least establish that.

But first let me remark that no traditions remain of the character or extent of his studies. It seems tolerably certain that any learned celebrity he may have got in the schools, paled an ineffectual fire before his amazing social repute, as inimitable teller of a humorous story and capital singer of Irish songs. But he was really fond of chemistry, and was remembered favourably by the celebrated Black; other well known fellow-students, as William Farr, and his whilome college acquaintance, Lauchlan Maclean, conceived a regard for him, which somewhat later Farr seems to have had the opportunity of showing; certainly of kind quaker Sleigh, afterwards known as the eminent physician of that name, as painter Barry's first patron, Burke's friend, and one of the many victims of Foote's witty malice, so much may without contradiction be affirmed; and it is therefore to be supposed that his eighteen months' residence in Edinburgh was, on the whole, not unprofitable. It had its mortifications, of course; for all his life had these. "An ugly and a poor man

is society only for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance:" "nor do I envy my dear Bob his blessings, while I may sit down and laugh at the world; and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it:" are among his expressions of half bitter half good-natured candour, in a letter to his cousin Bryanton.—*The Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith*, Book i. chap. iv.

### THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHERINE.

[LORD LINDSAY, 1812.

[ALEXANDER WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Lord Lindsay, eldest son of the Earl of Crawford, born in 1812, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1833. Lord Lindsay afterwards travelled in Europe and Asia, and in 1838 published "Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land." His "Letter on the Theory and Evidences of Christianity," appeared in 1841; his "Progression by Antagonism," in 1846; his "Sketches of the History of Christian Art," in 1847; and "Lives of the Lindsays," in 1849.]

IN a few minutes more, advancing up a narrow ravine at the extremity of the plain, and passing the garden with its lofty cypresses, we arrived under the walls of the Convent of St. Catherine, a regular monastic fortress—it has exactly the appearance of one, and is indeed, defended by guns against the Arabs. A window, under a projecting shed, was presently opened, and a rope (Sir Frederick Henniker calls it a halter) dropped, by which first our luggage and letter of introduction from the Greek Convent at Cairo, and then ourselves, were hoisted up by a windlass; there once was a door, but it had been walled up, for, whenever it was opened, which only took place on the arrival of the Archbishop, the Bedouins had the right of entrance. For this reason the Archbishops always reside now at Cairo.

The monks are obliged to supply the Bedouins with bread *à discretion*, and an ample provision in that kind was lowered to them after our ascent. No Arabs are ever allowed to enter, except the servants of the convent. The maxim "*quis custodiat ipsos custodes*," is literally acted upon here; our conference with Hussein, the Sheikh or chief protector of the convent, about conveyance to Akaba, was carried on through a hole in the wall; we squatted on one side, and he stood at the other; it was like talking through a key-hole.

We were received by the Superior and some of the monks on the landing-place, but could not answer their greeting, nor make ourselves understood, till Missirie came up, not one of them apparently, speaking any language that we were acquainted with. Modern Greek and Arabic seem to be the only tongues in use here. The Superior, a fine old man, with a mild benevolent countenance, a long beard and

immense moustaches, (sadly in need of Princess Parizade's scissors,) showed us to our apartment, carpeted and divaned in the eastern style, and adorned by a print of the Virgin and Child, with a lamp burning before it, we sat down with him, and he welcomed us kindly to Mount Sinai. He is a Greek from Candia, I had the pleasure of informing him a day or two afterwards, when he told me of his birth-place, that an ancestor of mine, Sir Alexander de Lindesay of Glenesk, a brave and adventurous knight, died there on his pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, in 1382. Dried fruit and rakie, a strong brandy made from dates, were presented to us while dinner was in preparation—*maigre*, it being Lent.

Father Dimitri ciceroned us over the convent two or three days afterwards. It resembles a little fortified town, irregularly built on the steep side of the mountain, and surrounded by lofty walls, the passages and courts are kept very neat and clean, balconies with wooden balustrades run round each area, on which the doors of the several apartments open, texts of Scripture are inscribed on the walls in every direction—in inextricably contracted Greek.

The principal church, built by the Emperor Justinian, the founder of the convent, is really beautiful, the richly ornamented roof is supported by rows of granite pillars barbarously whitewashed, the pavement is of marble,—the walls are covered with portraits of saints, the Virgin and Child, and scenes from the Bible, in the old Byzantine style of the middle ages. Most of them are modern, but some very ancient and very interesting for the history of the art, they are almost all in good preservation. The concha of the tribune displays in mosaic work, contemporary with Justinian, the Transfiguration of our Saviour. The chapels are also full of paintings, some of them Russian, but in the same style, the painting of Russia being a branch of that of Byzantium. The nave is lighted by a superb silver chandelier, presented by Elizabeth of Russia, and I saw several candelabra of great beauty. The reading-desks, &c., are of tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl inlaid. In the choir is preserved the coffin in which Saint Catherine's bones are said to repose, and the silver lid of a sarcophagus, embossed with the portrait of Anne of Russia, who intended being buried here.

We put off our shoes from off our feet before approaching the most revered spot on Mount Sinai, or rather Horeb, (as they call this part of the mountain,)—where our Lord is said to have appeared to Moses in the burning bush. This little chapel is gorgeously ornamented, a New Testament in modern Greek, with superbly embossed covers, lies on the altar,—behind it, they show—not exactly the burning bush, but a shrub which they say has flourished there ever since, its lineal descendant. The kind, hospitable monks are not to blame—

they believe as the tale has been handed down to them; but on what authority, we must again and again ask, are these spots pointed out as the scenes mentioned in the Bible?—*Letters on Egypt, Edom, and the Holy Land. Letters on Edom and the Holy Land, No. i.*

### PLATO.

[SIR J. MACKINTOSH, 1765—1832.

[JAMES MACKINTOSH, born at Aldourie, Inverness-shire, Oct. 24, 1765, was educated at Glasgow and Edinburgh. Having studied medicine he settled in London and applied himself to literary pursuits. His "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," in answer to Burke's "*Reflections on the French Revolution*," appeared in 1791, and he was called to the bar in 1795. He defended Peltier, Feb. 21, 1803, was appointed Recorder for Bombay in 1804, and Judge of the Admiralty Court in 1806. He returned to England in 1811, and was elected for Nairn in 1813. Sir James Mackintosh, appointed Professor of Law in the College at Haileybury in 1818, and a member of the Board of Control in 1830, died May 22, 1832. His "*Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*," written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, was re-published in 1830, and his "*History of England*," in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, appeared in 1830—2. His "*History of the Revolution in England in 1688*," with a notice of his Life, appeared in 1834, and "*Memoirs of his Life*," edited by his son, in 1835.]

PLATO, the most famous of his scholars,\* the most eloquent of Grecian writers, and the earliest moral philosopher whose writings have come down to us, employed his genius in the composition of dialogues, in which his master performed the principal part. These beautiful conversations would have lost their charm of verisimilitude, of dramatic vivacity, of picturesque representation of character, if they had been subjected to the constraint of method. They necessarily pre-suppose much oral instruction. They frequently quote, and doubtless oftener allude to, the opinions of predecessors and contemporaries whose works have perished, and of whose doctrines only some fragments are preserved.

In these circumstances, it must be difficult for the most learned and philosophical of his commentators to give a just representation of his doctrines, if he really framed or adopted a system. The moral part of his works is more accessible. The vein of thought which runs through them is always visible. The object is to inspire the love of truth, of wisdom, of beauty, especially of goodness—the highest Beauty, and of that supreme and Eternal Mind, which contains all truth and wisdom, all beauty and goodness. By the love or delightful contemplation and pursuit of these transcendent aims for their own sake only, he represented the mind of man as raised from low and perishable objects, and prepared for those

\* Socrates.

high destinies which are appointed for all those who are capable of them.

The application to moral qualities of terms which denote outward beauty, though by him perhaps carried to excess, is an illustrative metaphor, as well warranted by the poverty of language as any other employed to signify the acts or attributes of mind. The *beautiful* in his language denoted all that of which the mere contemplation is in itself delightful, without any admixture of organic pleasure, and without being regarded as the means of attaining any farther end. The feeling which belongs to it he called *love*; a word which, as comprehending complacency, benevolence, and affection, and reaching from the neighbourhood of the senses to the most sublime of human thoughts, is foreign from the colder and more exact language of our philosophy; but which perhaps then happily served to lure both the lovers of poetry, and the votaries of superstition to the school of truth and goodness in the groves of the Academy. He enforced these lessons by an inexhaustible variety of just and beautiful illustrations,—sometimes striking from their familiarity, sometimes subduing by their grandeur; and his works are the storehouse from which moralists have from age to age borrowed the means of rendering moral instruction easier and more delightful. Virtue he represented as the harmony of the whole soul;—as a peace between all its principles and desires, assigning to each as much space as they can occupy without encroaching on each other; as a state of perfect health, in which every function was performed with ease, pleasure, and vigour;—as a well-ordered commonwealth, where the obedient passions executed with energy the laws and commands of reason. The vicious mind presented the odious character, sometimes of discord, of war;—sometimes of disease—always of passions warring with each other in eternal anarchy. Consistent with himself, and at peace with his fellows, the good man felt in the quiet of his conscience a foretaste of the approbation of God. “Oh what ardent love would virtue inspire if she could be seen.” “If the heart of a tyrant could be laid bare, we should see how it was cut and torn by its own evil passions, and by an avenging conscience.”

Perhaps in every one of these illustrations, an eye trained in the history of Ethics may discover the germ of the whole, or of a part, of some subsequent theory. But to examine it thus would not be to look at it with the eye of Plato. His aim was as practical as that of Socrates. He employed every topic, without regard to its place in a system, or even always to its force as argument, which could attract the small portion of the community then accessible to cultivation; who, it should not be forgotten, had no moral instructor but the philosopher,

unaided, if not thwarted, by the reigning superstition; for religion had not then, besides her own discoveries, brought down the most awful and the most beautiful forms of moral truth to the humblest station in human society.—*Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy, chiefly during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* Section ii., Retrospect of Ancient Ethics.

### THE FEAST OF ROSES.

[MOORE, 1779—1852.

[THOMAS MOORE, born in Dublin May 28, 1779, was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and studied for the English bar. Though he had before contributed verses to the magazines, his first work, "Odes of Anacreon, translated into English Verse, with Notes," appeared in 1800; and "The Poetical Works of the late Thomas Little," followed in 1801. Lord Moira procured him a Government appointment at Bermuda, where he arrived in Jan. 1804. This he soon resigned, and after a tour in the United States, which quite cured him of republican views imbibed in early life, he returned to England. His "Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," appeared in 1806; "Intercepted Letters; or the Twopenny Post Bag," in 1812; "Lalla Rookh," in 1817; "The Fudge Family in Paris," in 1818; "The Loves of the Angels," in 1823; and "Alciphron," in 1839. In 1835 he obtained a pension of £300 per annum. He was the author of some prose works, the principal being a "Life of Sheridan," published in 1825; a "Life of Byron," in 1830; and a "Life of Lord Edward Fitzgerald," in 1831. He wrote a History of Ireland for Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*, and edited a collected edition of his own poetical works, published in 1840-1. The latter portion of his life was spent at Sloperton Cottage, near Bowood, where he died Feb. 25, 1852. His "Memoirs, Journal and Correspondence," edited by Lord John Russell, appeared in 8 vols. 1852-6, and a "Biography," by H. R. Montgomery, in 1860.]

Who has not heard of the Vale of CASHMERE,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples, and grottos, and fountains as clear  
As the love-lighted eyes that hang over their wave?

Oh! to see it at sunset,—when warm o'er the Lake  
Its splendour at parting a summer eve throws,  
Like a bride, full of blushes, when lingering to take  
A last look of her mirror at night ere she goes!—  
When the shrines through the foliage are gleaming half shown,  
And each hallows the hour by some rites of its own.  
Here the music of prayer from a minaret swells,  
Here the Magian his urn, full of perfume, is swinging,  
And here, at the altar, a zone of sweet bells  
Round the waist of some fair Indian dancer is ringing.  
Or to see it by moonlight,—when mellowly shines  
The light o'er its palaces, gardens, and shrines;



When the water-falls gleam, like a quick fall of stars,  
And the nightingale's hymn from the Isle of Chenars  
Is broken by laughs and light echoes of feet  
From the cool, shining walks where the young people meet—  
Or at morn, when the magic of daylight awakes  
A new wonder each minute, as slowly it breaks,  
Hills, cupolas, fountains, called forth every one  
Out of darkness, as if but just born of the Sun.  
When the Spirit of Fragrance is up with the day,  
From his Harem of night flowers stealing away,  
And the wind, full of wantonness, woos like a lover  
The young aspen-trees, till they tremble all over.  
When the East is as warm as the light of first hopes,  
And Day, with his banner of radiance unfurled,  
Shines in through the mountainous portal that opes,  
Sublime, from that Valley of bliss to the world!

But never yet, by night or day,  
In dew of spring or summer's ray,  
Did the sweet Valley shine so gay  
As now it shines—all love and light,  
Visions by day and feasts by night!  
A happier smile illumines each brow,  
With quicker spread each heart uncloses,  
And all is ecstasy,—for now  
The Valley holds its Feast of Roses,  
The joyous Time, when pleasures pour  
Profusely round, and in their shower,  
Hearts open, like the Season's Rose,  
The Flow'ret of a hundred leaves,  
Expanding while the dew-fall flows,  
And every leaf its balm receives

'Twas when the hour of evening came  
Upon the Lake, serene and cool,  
When Day had hid his sultry flame  
Behind the palms of BARAMOULE,  
When maids began to lift their heads,  
Refresh'd from their embroidered beds  
Where they had slept the sun away,  
And waked to moonlight and to play.  
All were abroad—the busiest hive  
On BELA'S hills is less alive,

When saffron-beds are full in flower,  
 Than looked the Valley in that hour.  
 A thousand restless torches played  
 Through every grove and island shade,  
 A thousand sparkling lamps were set  
 On every dome and minaret,  
 And fields and pathways, far and near,  
 Were lighted by a blaze so clear,  
 That you could see, in wand ring round,  
 The smallest rose-leaf on the ground  
 Yet did the maids and matrons leave  
 Their veils at home, that brilliant eve,  
 And there were glancing eyes about,  
 And cheeks, that would not dare shine out  
 In open day, but thought they might  
 Look lovely then, because 'twas night.  
 And all were free, and wandering,  
 And all exclaimed to all they met,  
 That never did the summer bring  
     So gay a Feast of Roses yet,—  
 The moon had never shed a light  
     So clear as that which blessed them there,  
 The roses ne'er shone half so bright,  
     Nor they themselves looked half so fair  
     *Lalla Rookh—The Light of the Harem.*

#### INDIFFERENCE OF THE WORLD TO RELIGION

[Bp BLOMFIELD, 1786—1857.]

[CHARLES JAMES BLOMFIELD, born at Bury St Edmunds in 1786, was educated at Cambridge and became a Fellow of Trinity College. He edited several Greek plays, was appointed Chaplain to the Bishop of London in 1819, was made Bishop of Chester in 1824, and Bishop of London in 1828, and is the author of several Sermons and Charges. His "Twelve Lectures on the Acts of the Apostles" appeared in 1828. Owing to failing health he resigned his bishopric in 1856, and died Aug 5, 1857. A life by his son was published in 1863.]

WHY does it happen, that when the Church invites her younger members to come forward, and make an open profession of their allegiance to Jesus Christ, and of their devotion to his service, *Choose this day whom ye will serve*, so many still hang back, from ignorant timidity or bashfulness, or from a worse cause, an entire carelessness and unconcern? Why, but because they have never been made to feel the indispensable importance, the absolute necessity of choosing their

religion once for all? and the fault rests too commonly with their parents. Yet it is the duty of their parents, in a far higher degree than it is the duty of their minister, to make their children Christians in understanding, and on principle, as well as by name. What a dreadful responsibility is theirs, who neglect any probable means of putting their children into the way of salvation! What anguish will pierce their hearts, if at the judgment-day their child shall cry out against them, *My father and my mother forsook me; they kept me back from Christ; they gave me no preservative against sin; I perish by their neglect!*

But it is no less incumbent upon *you*, Christian masters and heads of families, to direct your servants, and the younger inmates of your house, in the choice of their religion. When Joshua had proposed to the children of Israel, in the words of the text, *Choose you this day whom ye will serve*, he concluded by declaring, *as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord*. It is a part, a most important part of your duty towards your servants, to assist them, either by your own instructions, or by procuring for them that of others, in forming clear and active notions of religion. It is a part of the duty which you owe to the Church, of which you are members, to bring them into her bosom, and to enable them to profit by her ordinances and means of grace.

To you, my younger friends, let me say, with all the earnestness and sincerity of a real concern for your salvation, *Choose you this day whom ye will serve*. You are old enough to discern between the good and the evil: both are set before you, and God expects that you will make your choice. Do not flatter yourselves that you can remain, for a certain number of years, in a state of neutrality and indifference, and *then* make your election; for that will be in effect choosing at once to serve the world rather than Christ: and you will hereafter be not only less qualified, but less inclined to enter into the service of your Redeemer. Remember, that you have been already solemnly dedicated to him; given to him; redeemed from your lost state; made capable of sanctification, and, in due time, of advancement to glory. This is the great purpose of your life, and ought to be the main object of the whole and every part of it. To choose between Christ and the world, that is, the sinful pleasures of the world, is to choose, in all probability, between happiness and misery in this life, but certainly between eternal bliss and woe in that which is to come. If you *confess not Christ before men*, if you make not an open choice of the Gospel, neither will he *confess you before his Father in heaven*; and if you mean to confess him at all, which you *must* do, to be saved, can there be any period of life so proper for it, as that, when you are first able to form a right judgment of the privileges and

blessings which he offers to you? Believe me, he expects you to come to him now, to bring him the first-fruits of your life, to consecrate to him your reason, yet unperverted, your affection, yet uncorrupt: and in return, he will extend over you the arm of his protecting love; will pour his grace into your hearts, will give you a relish for the things of God, will enlighten you more and more in the saving truths of his Gospel, and will strengthen you to withstand the trials to which your age is most exposed.

But what I say to you, I say to all those, who have no fixed, and well considered, and heartfelt principles of religion, *Choose you this day whom ye will, serve.* You think, perhaps, that you are serving God but it is not serving him, merely to attend the ordinances of public worship, and to abstain from the commission of the more flagrant sins, unless you serve him on principle, from a steady regard to his honour, and a sense of gratitude for the mercies which he has wrought for you in Jesus Christ. It is not serving him, unless you are consistent in your profession and practice, devout in your own closet and in the bosom of your family, as well as at Church, diligent to read the word of God as well as to hear it, actively charitable and beneficent, as well as strictly just and honest, pure and holy in your secret practice and thoughts, as well as in outward appearance, observant of *all* the ordinances of religion, and not of some only, to the neglect of others, cheerfully and devoutly acknowledging the unspeakable mercy of God in the work of your redemption, not only in the ordinary solemnities of public prayer, but in the more characteristic and peculiar act of Christian worship, appointed by the Lord Jesus himself. Certainly no man who has really *chosen* his service, can refuse *him* that mark of honour and thankfulness, or deny *himself* that source of grace and strength.—*Sermons preached in the Parish Church of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate.* Sermon ix., Choice of a Religion, Joshua xxiv. 15.

#### OF SLEEPING LAWS.

[BENTHAM, 1748—1832.

[JEREMY BENTHAM, born in London, Feb. 15, 1748, was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and called to the bar in 1772. His first publication, "A Fragment on Government," appeared in 1776. It was followed by "Defence of Usury" in 1786, "Panopticon, or the Inspection House" in 1791, "Books of Fallacies" in 1824, and a variety of works. In 1817 he was made a Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and he died June 6, 1832. A collected edition of his works appeared in 1843, and a life by Bowring in 1838. Bentham says—"In the phrase, 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' I then saw delineated for the first time\* a plain, as well as a true,

\* In a pamphlet by Priestley.

standard for whatever is right or wrong, useful, useless, or mischievous in human conduct, whether in the field of morals or politics.”]

TYRANNY and anarchy are never far asunder. Dearly indeed must the laws pay for the mischief of which they are thus made the instruments. The weakness they are thus struck with does not confine itself to the peccant spot; it spreads over their whole frame. The tainted parts throw suspicion upon those that are yet sound. Who can say which of them the disease has gained, which of them it has spared? You open the statute-book, and look into a clause: does it belong to the sound part, or to the rotten? How can you say? by what token are you to know? A man is not safe in trusting to his own eyes. You may have the whole statute book by heart, and all the while not know what ground you stand upon under the law. It pretends to fix your destiny: and after all, if you want to know your destiny, you must learn it, not from the law, but from the temper of the times. The temper of the times, did I say? You must know the temper of every individual in the nation; you must know, not only what it is at the present instant, but what it will be at every future one: all this you must know, before you can lay your hand upon your bosom, and say to yourself, *I am safe*. What, all this while, is the character and condition of the law? Sometimes a bugbear, at other times a snare: her threats inspire no efficient terror; her promises, no confidence. The canker-worm of uncertainty, naturally the peculiar growth and plague of the unwritten law, insinuates itself thus into the body, and preys upon the vitals of the written.

All this mischief shows as nothing in the eyes of the tyrant by whom this policy is upheld and pursued, and whose blind and malignant passions it has for its cause. His appetites receive that gratification which the times allow of: and in comparison with that, what are laws, or those for whose sake laws were made? His enemies, that is, those whom it is his delight to treat as such, those whose enemy he has thought fit to make himself, are his footstool: their insecurity is his comfort; their sufferings are his enjoyments; their abasement is his triumph.

Whence comes this pernicious and unfeeling policy? It is tyranny's last shift, among a people who begin to open their eyes in the calm which has succeeded the storms of civil war. It is her last stronghold, retained by a sort of capitulation made with good government and good sense. Common humanity would not endure such laws, were they to give signs of life: negligence, and the fear of change, suffer them to exist so long as they promise not to exist to any purpose. Sensible images govern the bulk of men. What the eye does not see, the heart does not rue. Fellow-citizens dragged in crowds, for con-

science sake, to prison, or to the gallows, though seen but for the moment, might move compassion. Silent anxiety and inward humiliation do not meet the eye, and draw little attention, though they fill up the measure of a whole life.

Of this base and malignant policy an example would scarcely be to be found, were it not for religious hatred, of all hatred the bitterest and the blindest. Debarred by the infidelity of the age from that most exquisite of repasts, the blood of heretics, it subsists as it can upon the idea of secret sufferings—sad remnant of the luxury of better times.

It is possible, that, in the invention of this policy, timidity may have had some share; for between tyranny and timidity there is a near alliance. Is it probable? Hardly: the less so, as tyranny, rather than let go its hold, such is its baseness, will put on the mask of cowardice. It is possible, shall we say, that in England forty should be in dread of one: but can it be called probable, when in Ireland forty suffer nothing from fourscore?

When they who stand up in the defence of tyrannical laws on pretence of their being in a dormant state, vouchsafe to say they wish not to see them in any other, is it possible they should speak true? I will not say: the bounds of possibility are wide. Is it probable? That is a question easier answered. To prevent a law from being executed, which is the most natural course to take? to keep it alive, or to repeal it? Were a man's wishes to see it executed ever so indisputable, what stronger proof could he give of his sincerity than by taking this very course, in taking which he desires to be considered as wishing the law not to be executed? When words and actions give one another the lie, is it possible to believe both? If not, which have the best title to be believed? The task they give to faith and charity is rather a severe one. They speak up for laws against thieves and smugglers: they speak up for the same laws, or worse, against the worshippers of God according to conscience: in the first instance, you are to believe they mean to do what they do; in the other, you are to believe they mean the contrary. Their words and actions are at variance and they declare it: they profess insincerity, and insist upon *being*, shall we say, or upon *not* being believed. They give the same vote that was given by the authors of these laws; they act over again the part that was acted by the first persecutors: but what was persecution in those their predecessors, is in these men, it seems, moderation and benevolence. This is rather too much. To think to unite the profit of oppression with the praise of moderation, is drawing rather too deep upon the credulity of mankind.

For those who insist there is no hardship in a state of insecurity

there is one way of proving themselves sincere : let them change places with those they doom to it. One wish may be indulged without a breach of charity : may they, and they only, be subject to proscription, in whose eyes it is no grievance !—*Draught for the Organization of Judicial Establishments compared with the Draught by the Committee of the National Assembly of France*, Tit. vi. § 6.

### RUTH'S SORROW.

[MRS. GASKELL, 1820—1865.]

[ELIZABETH CLEGHORN STEVENSON, born in 1820, married a Unitarian minister, resident in Manchester. Her first work, "Mary Barton," was published anonymously in 1848; "The Moorland Cottage," a Christmas book, in 1850; and "Ruth," a novel, in 1852. Her "Life of Charlotte Brontë" appeared in 1857; and she contributed to *Household Words* and other periodicals. Mrs. Gaskell died suddenly at Alton, Nov. 19, 1865.]

WAS this the end of all? Had he, indeed, gone? She started up, and asked this last question of the servant, who, half-guessing at the purport of the note, had lingered about the room, curious to see the effect produced.

"Iss, indeed, miss; the carriage drove from the door as I came upstairs. You'll see it now on the Ysphytt road, if you'll please to come to the window of No. 24."

Ruth started up, and followed the chambermaid. Ay, there it was, slowly winding up the steep, white road, on which it seemed to move at a snail's pace.

She might overtake him—she might—she might speak one farewell word to him, print his face on her heart with a last look—nay, when he saw her he might retract, and not utterly, for ever, leave her. Thus she thought; and she flew back to her room, and snatching up her bonnet, ran, tying the strings with her trembling hands as she went down the stairs, out at the nearest door, little heeding the angry words of Mrs. Morgan; for the hostess, more irritated at Mrs. Belingham's severe upbraiding at parting, than mollified by her ample payment, was offended by the circumstance of Ruth, in her wild haste, passing through the prohibited front door.

But Ruth was away before Mrs. Morgan had finished her speech, out and away, scudding along the road, thought-lost in the breathless rapidity of her motion. Though her heart and head beat almost to bursting, what did it signify if she could but overtake the carriage? It was a nightmare, constantly evading the most passionate wishes and endeavours, and constantly gaining ground. Every time it was visible it was in fact more distant, but Ruth

would not believe it. If she could but gain the summit of that weary, everlasting hill, she believed that she could run again, and would soon be nigh upon the carriage. As she ran she prayed with wild eagerness, she prayed that she might see his face once more, even if she died on the spot before him. It was one of those prayers which God is too merciful to grant, but despairing, and wild as it was, Ruth put her soul into it, and prayed it again, and yet again.

Wave above wave of the ever-rising hills were gained, were crossed, and at last Ruth struggled up to the very top and stood on the bare table of moor, brown and purple, stretching far away till it was lost in the haze of the summer afternoon, the white road was all flat before her, but the carriage she sought, and the figure she sought, had disappeared. There was no human being there, a few wild, black-faced mountain sheep, quietly grazing near the road, as if it were long since they had been disturbed by the passing of any vehicle, was all the life she saw on the bleak moorland.

She threw herself down on the ling\* by the side of the road, in despair. Her only hope was to die, and she believed she was dying. She could not think, she could believe anything. Surely life was a horrible dream, and God would mercifully awaken her from it. She had no penitence, no consciousness of error or offence. no knowledge of any one circumstance but that he was gone. Yet afterwards — long afterwards — she remembered the exact motion of a bright green beetle busily meandering among the wild thyme near her, and she recalled the musical, balanced, wavering drop of a skylark into her nest, near the heather bed where she lay. The sun was sinking low, the hot air had ceased to quiver near the hotter earth, when she bethought her once more of the note which she had impatiently thrown down before half mastering its contents. "Oh, perhaps," she thought, "I have been too hasty. There may be some words of explanation from him on the other side of the page, to which, in my blind anguish, I never turned. I will go and find it."

She lifted herself heavily and stiffly from the crushed heather. She stood dizzy and confused with her change of posture, and was so unable to move at first, that her walk was but slow and tottering; but, by-and-by, she was tasked and goaded by thoughts which forced her into rapid motion, as if, by it, she could escape from her agony. She came down on the level ground, just as many gay or peaceful groups were sauntering leisurely home with hearts at ease, with low laughs and quiet smiles, and many an exclamation at the beauty of the summer evening.—*Ruth a Novel*, chap. viii.

\* The heath.



## THE GAMES OF GREECE.

[MITFORD, 1744—1827.

[WILLIAM MITFORD, born in London, Feb. 10, 1744, studied at the university of Oxford, but did not take his degree. In 1761 he succeeded to the family estate, and in 1769 became captain in the South Hampshire Militia, in which corps Gibbon, with whom he became intimate, was a major. His first work, "An Essay upon Harmony in Language, &c.," was published in 1774; the first volume of his "History of Greece" in 1784; the second in 1790, the third in 1796, the fourth in 1808, and the fifth in 1818. His "Observations on the History and Doctrine of Christianity" appeared in 1823. Mitford died Feb. 8, 1827. A memoir, by Lord Redesdale, is prefixed to the edition of the "History of Greece," published in 1829.]

FROM very early times it had been customary among the Greeks to hold numerous meetings for purposes of festivity and social amusement. A foot-race, a wrestling match, or some other rude trial of bodily strength and activity, formed originally the principal entertainment, which seems to have been very similar in character to our country wakes. The almost ceaseless warfare among the little Grecian states gave especial value to military exercises which were accordingly ordinary in those games. Esteem for cudgel-playing among us has arisen from a state of disturbance always formerly to be apprehended, though not so constantly actual, as in elder Greece. The connexion of these games with the warlike character may have occasioned their introduction at funerals in honour of the dead; a custom which, we learn from Homer, was in his time ancient. But all the violence of the early ages was unable to repress that elegance of imagination which seems congenial to Greece. Very anciently a contention for a prize in poetry and music was a favourite entertainment of the Grecian people; and when connected, as it often was, with some ceremony of religion, drew together large assemblies of both sexes. A festival of this kind in the little island of Delos, at which Homer assisted, brought a numerous concourse from different parts by sea; and Hesiod informs us of a splendid meeting for the celebration of various games at Chalcis in Eubœa, where he himself obtained the prize for poetry and song. The contest in music and poetry seems early to have been particularly connected with the worship of Apollo. When this was carried from the islands of the Ægean to Delphi, a prize for poetry was instituted; and thence appear to have arisen the Pythian games. But Homer shows that games, in which athletic exercises and music and dancing were alternately introduced, made a common amusement of the courts of princes; and before his time the manner of conducting them was so far reduced to a system that public judges of the games were of the established magistracy. Thus improved, the games greatly resembled the tilts and tournaments of the

ages of chivalry. Men of high rank only presumed to engage in them : but a large concourse of all orders attended as spectators ; and to keep regularity among these was perhaps the most necessary office of the judges. But the most solemn meetings, drawing together people of distinguished rank and character, often from distant parts, were at the funerals of eminent men. The paramount sovereigns of Peloponnesus did not disdain to attend these, which were celebrated with every circumstance of magnificence and splendour that the age could afford. The funeral of Patroclus, described in the *Iliad*, may be considered as an example of what the poet could imagine in its kind most complete. The games, in which prizes were there contended for, were the chariot-race, the foot-race, boxing, wrestling, throwing the quoit and the javelin, shooting with the bow, and fencing with the spear. And in times when none could be rich or powerful but the strong and active, expert at martial exercises, all those trials of skill appear to have been esteemed equally becoming men of the highest rank ; though it may seem, from the prizes offered and the persons contending at the funeral of Patroclus, the poet himself saw, in the game of the castus, some incongruity with exalted characters.

Traditions are preserved of Games celebrated in Eleia, upon several great occasions, in very early times, with more than ordinary pomp, by assemblies of chiefs from different parts of Greece. Homer mentions such at Elis under King Augeas, contemporary with Hercules, and grandfather of one of the chiefs who commanded the Eleian troops in the Trojan war ; and again at Buprasium in Eleia, for the funeral of Amarynceus, while Nestor was yet in the vigour of youth. But it does not at all appear from Homer that in his time, or ever before him, any periodical festival was established like that which afterward became so famous, under the title of the Olympiad or the Olympian Contest, or, as our writers, translating the Latin phrase, have commonly termed it, the Olympian Games. On the contrary, every mention of such games, in his extant works, shows them to have been only occasional solemnities ; and Strabo has remarked that they were distinguished by a characteristic difference from the Olympian. In these the honour derived from receiving publicly a crown or chaplet, formed of a branch of oleaster, was the only reward of the victor ; but in Homer's games the prizes, not merely honorary, were intrinsically valuable ; and the value was often very considerable. After Homer's age, through the long troubles ensuing from the Dorian conquest, and the great change made in the population of the country, the customs and institutions of the Peloponnesians were so altered and overthrown that even memory of the ancient games was nearly lost.—*History of Greece*, vol. i. ch. iii. § 4.

## THE FRIARS OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

[SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1792—1872.]

[JOHN BOWRING, born at Exeter, October 17, 1792, became the political pupil of Jeremy Bentham, and for some time edited the *Westminster Review*. From 1835 till 1837 he was returned to parliament for the Clyde boroughs, and from 1841 till 1849 for Bolton. In 1849 he was made British consul at Canton. He was knighted in 1854, and the same year appointed Her Majesty's Plenipotentiary in China and Governor of Hong-Kong. In 1855 he proceeded on a special mission to Siam, and concluded a treaty. His work on the subject, "The Kingdom and People of Siam," was published in 1857. Sir John Bowring, who retired in 1859, published "A Visit to the Philippine Islands" in 1859, and was sent to report on the state of commercial relations with the new kingdom of Italy in 1861. Died 1872.]

THE personal courtesies, the kind reception and multifarious attentions which I received from the friars in every part of the Philippines, naturally dispose me to look upon them with a friendly eye. I found among them men worthy of being loved and honoured, some of considerable intellectual vigour, but literary cultivation and scientific acquirements are rare. Occupied with their own concerns, they are little acquainted with mundane affairs. Politics, geography, history, have no charms for those who, even had they the disposition for study, would, in their seclusion and remoteness, have access to few of its appliances. Their convents are almost palatial, with extensive courts, grounds and gardens, their revenues frequently enormous. Though their mode of life is generally unostentatious and simple, many of them keep handsome carriages and have the best horses in the locality, and they are surrounded generally by a prostrate and superstitious population, upon whose hopes and fears, thoughts and feelings, they exercise an influence which would seem magical were it not by their devotees deemed divine. This influence, no doubt, is greatly due to the heroism, labours, sufferings and sacrifices of the early missionaries, and to the admirably organized hierarchy of the Roman Church, whose ramifications reach to the extremest points in which any of the forms or semblances of Christianity are to be discovered. Volumes upon volumes—the folio records of the proceedings of the different religious orders, little known to Protestant readers—fill the library shelves of these Catholic establishments, which are the receptacles of their religious history.

The most extensively influential brotherhood in the Philippines is that of the Augustines (*Agostinos Calzados*), who administer to the cure of more than a million and a half of souls. The barefooted Augustines (*Agostinos Descalzos*, or *Recoletos*) claim authority over about one-third of this number. The Dominicans occupy the next rank, and their congregations are scarcely less

numerous than those of the barefooted Augustines. Next come the Franciscans, who are supposed to rank with the Dominicans in the extent of their authority. Independently of the monastic orders and the superior ecclesiastic authorities, there are but a small number of parochial or secular clergy in the Philippines.

On occasions of installations under the "royal seal," the ceremonies take place in the church of the Augustines the oldest in Manila, where also the regimental flags receive their benediction, and other public civil festivals are celebrated. A convent is attached to the church. Both the regular Augustines and the Recoletos receive pecuniary assistance from the State. The Franciscans rank next to the Augustines in the number of their clergy.

A source of influence possessed by the friars, and from which a great majority of civil functionaries are excluded, is the mastery of the native languages. All the introductory studies of ecclesiastical aspirants are dedicated to this object. No doubt they have great advantages from living habitually among the Indian people, with whom they keep up the most uninterrupted intercourse, and of whose concerns they have an intimate knowledge. One of the most obvious means of increasing the power of the civil departments would be in encouragement given to their functionaries for the acquirement of the native idioms. I believe Spanish is not employed in the pulpits anywhere beyond the capital. In many of the pueblos there is not a single individual Indian who understands Castilian, so that the priest is often the only link between the government and the community, and, as society is now organized, a necessary link. It must be recollected, too, that the different members of the religious brotherhoods are bound together by stronger bonds and a more potent and influential organization than any official hierarchy among civilians, and the government can expect no co-operation from the priesthood in any measures which tend to the diminution of ecclesiastical authority or jurisdiction, and yet the subjection of that authority to the State, and its limitation wherever it interferes with the public well-being, is the great necessity and the all-important problem to be solved in the Philippines. But here, too, the *Catholic* character of the government itself presents an enormous and almost invincible difficulty. Nothing is so dear to a Spaniard in general as his religion, his orthodoxy is his pride and glory, and upon this foundation the Romish Church naturally builds up a political power and is able to intertwine its pervading influence with all the machinery of the civil government. The Dutch have no such embarrassment in their archipelago.—*A Visit to the Philippine Islands*. Chap. xii., Ecclesiastical Authority.

## EDUCATION OF THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

[DR. ARNOLD, 1795—1842.]

[THOMAS ARNOLD, born at West Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795, was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, where he obtained a fellowship in 1815. He was ordained in 1818, and resided at Oxford until 1819, when he removed to Laleham, near Staines, and became head-master of Rugby School in 1828. He accepted a seat in the Senate of the London University in 1835, retired in 1838, and was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1841. Dr. Arnold, who was a laborious author, is best known by his "History of Rome," his "Lectures on Modern History," and his edition of Thucydides. He published several volumes of sermons. His death occurred at Rugby June 12, 1842, and he was buried in the chancel of the chapel. A life, by the Rev. A. P. Stanley, appeared in 1844.]

EVERY man, from the highest to the lowest, has two businesses, the one his own particular profession or calling, be it what it will, whether that of soldier, seaman, farmer, lawyer, mechanic, labourer, &c—the other his general calling, which he has in common with all his neighbours, namely, the calling of a citizen and a man. The education which fits him for the first of these two businesses, is called professional, that which fits him for the second, is called liberal. But because every man must do this second business, whether he does it well or ill, so people are accustomed to think that it is learnt more easily. A man who has learnt it indifferently seems, notwithstanding, to get through life with tolerable comfort, he may be thought not to be very wise or very agreeable, yet he manages to get married, and to bring up a family, and to mix in society with his friends and neighbours. Whereas, a man who has learnt his other business indifferently, I mean, his particular trade or calling, is in some danger of starving outright. People will not employ an indifferent workman when good ones are to be had in plenty, and, therefore, if he has learnt his particular business badly, it is likely that he will not be able to practise it at all.

Thus it is that while ignorance of a man's special business is instantly detected, ignorance of his great business as a man and a citizen is scarcely noticed, because there are so many who share in it. Thus we see every one ready to give an opinion about politics, or about religion, or about morals, because it is said these are every man's business. And so they are, and if people would learn them as they do their own particular business, all would do well—but never was the proverb more fulfilled which says that every man's business is no man's. It is worse indeed than if it were no man's; for now it is every man's business to meddle in, but no man's to learn. And this general ignorance does not make itself felt directly,—if it did, it were more likely to be remedied—but the process is long and roundabout, false notions are entertained and acted upon, prejudices and passions multiply; abuses become mani-

fold ; difficulty and distress at last press on the whole community ; whilst the same ignorance which produced the mischief now helps to confirm it or to aggravate it, because it hinders them from seeing where the root of the whole evil lay, and sets them upon some vain attempt to correct the consequences, while they never think of curing, because they do not suspect the cause.

I believe it is generally the case, at least in the agricultural districts, that a boy is taken away from school at fourteen. He is taken away, less than half educated, because his friends want him to enter upon his business in life without any longer delay. That is, the interests of his great business as a man are sacrificed to the interest of his particular business as a farmer or a tradesman. And yet very likely the man who cares so little about political knowledge, is very earnest about political power, and thinks that it is most unjust if he has no share in the election of members of the legislature. I do not blame any one for taking his son from school at an early age when he is actually obliged to do so, but I fear that in too many instances there is no sense entertained of the value of education, beyond its fitting a boy for his own immediate business in life : and until this be altered for the better, I do not see that we are likely to grow much wiser, or that though political power may pass into different hands, that it will be exercised more purely or sensibly than it has been.

“But the newspapers — they are cheap and ready instructors in political knowledge, from whom all may, and all are willing to learn.” A newspaper reader, addressing a newspaper editor, must not speak disrespectfully of that with which they are themselves concerned ; but *we* know, Sir, and every honest man connected with a newspaper would confess also, that our instruction is often worse than useless to him who has never had any other. We suppose that our readers have some knowledge and some principles of their own ; and adapt our language to them accordingly. I am afraid that we in many cases suppose this untruly ; and the wicked amongst our fraternity make their profit out of their readers' ignorance, by telling them that they are wise. But instruction must be regular and systematic ; whereas a newspaper must give the facts of the day or the week, — and if it were to overload these with connected essays upon general principles, it would not be read. I fear that my own letters tax the patience of some of your readers to the utmost allowable length : and that many, perhaps those who might find them most useful, never think of reading them at all. And yet my letters, although the very least entertaining things that could be tolerated in a newspaper, cannot and do not pretend to give instructions to those who are wholly ignorant. All my hope is to set my readers thinking ;

and my highest delight would be that any one should be induced by them to suspect his own ignorance, and to try to gain knowledge where it is to be gained. But assuredly he who does honestly want to gain knowledge will not go to a newspaper to look for it.

No, Sir, real knowledge, like everything else of the highest value, is not to be obtained so easily. It must be worked for,—studied for,—thought for,—and more than all, it must be prayed for. And that is education, which lays the foundation of such habits,—and gives them, so far as a boy's early age will allow, their proper exercise. For doing this, the materials exist in the studies actually pursued in our commercial schools, but it cannot be done effectually, if a boy's education is to be cut short at fourteen. His *schooling* indeed may be ended without mischief, if his parents are able to guide his *education* afterwards, and the way to gain this hereafter, is to make the most of the schooling time of the rising generation,—that finding how much may be done even in their case, within the limited time allowed for their education, they may be anxious to give *their* children greater advantages, that the fruit may be proportionably greater.

It may be that this is impracticable, to which I have only to say that I will not believe it to be so till I am actually unable to hope otherwise, for if it be impracticable, my expectations of good from any political changes are faint indeed. These changes might still be necessary, might still be just, but they would not mend our condition, the growth of evil, moral and political, would be no less rapid than it is now.—*Miscellaneous Works Education of the Middle Classes.* Letter 11.

## THE GRAVE.

[MONTGOMERY, 1771—1854.]

[JAMES MONTGOMERY, the son of a Moravian minister, was born at Irvine, Ayrshire, Nov 4, 1771. After following various occupations, he in 1794 established the *Sheffield Iris*, which he edited until 1825. His first publication, "The Wanderer of Switzerland, and other Poems," appeared in 1806, and was followed by "The West Indies" in 1810; "The World before the Flood" in 1812; and "The Pelican Island and other Poems," in 1827. He obtained a pension from Government in 1835, and died April 30, 1854. Memoirs by Holland and Everett appeared in 1854, and another biography by J. W. King, in 1858.]

THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep  
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their sweet repose,  
Than summer-evening's latest sigh  
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed  
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild:  
I perish;—O my Mother Earth!  
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined  
Shall gently moulder into thee,  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind  
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear,  
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave;  
— Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
—— “I am THE GRAVE!

“The GRAVE, that never spake before,  
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;  
O listen!—I will speak no more.—  
Be silent, Pride!

“Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,  
The victim of consuming care?  
Is thy distracted conscience torn  
By fell despair?

“Do foul misdeeds of former times  
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?  
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
Murder thy rest?

“Lashed by the furies of the mind,  
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?  
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
A friend in me.



"By all the terrors of the tomb,  
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;  
By the dread secrets of my womb;  
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee LIVE!—repent and pray;  
In dust thine infamy deplore;  
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,  
And sin no more.

"Art thou a MOURNER?—Hast thou known  
The joy of innocent delights,  
Endearing days for ever flown,  
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still  
The sweet remembrance of the past:  
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will  
For peace at last.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—Hast thou seen  
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?  
A shipwrecked sufferer hast thou been,  
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,  
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,  
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,  
And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
Who stole into thy breast to aim  
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,  
A loss unworthy to be told:  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

" Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile,  
And did the fair one faithless prove ?  
Hath she betrayed thee with a smile,  
And sold thy love ?

" LIVE ! 'twas a false bewildering fire :  
Too often Love's insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,  
But kills the heart.

" Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,  
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye ;  
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear  
Till she reply.

" A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden faithful prove ;  
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest  
In woman's love.

" — Whate'er thy lot,—whoe'er thou be,—  
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of GOD.

" A bruised reed He will not break ;  
Afflictions all his children feel :  
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,  
He wounds to heal.

" Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate his Providence adore :  
'Tis done !—Arise ! HE bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.

" Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through Time's dark wilderness of yea,  
Pursue thy flight.

" There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mouldering ashes sleep  
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,  
 GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay,  
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine  
 A star of day.

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,  
 A transient meteor in the sky ;  
 The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,  
 SHALL NEVER DIE."

*Miscellaneous Poems : The Grave.*

### THE CONVERSION OF S. AUGUSTINE.

[DEAN STANLEY, 1815.]

[ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, born in 1815, and educated at Rugby and at Oxford, became Fellow of University College in 1840, was Select Preacher in 1845, and Canon of Canterbury from 1851 till 1858. Having been Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Canon of Christ Church, and Chaplain to the Bishop of London, he in 1864 was appointed Dean of Westminster. Dr. Stanley's life of Dr. Arnold\* was published in 1844. He is the author of numerous Sermons and Lectures. His "Historical Memoirs of Canterbury" appeared in 1854, "Sinai and Palestine" in 1855, "Sermons preached in the East" and "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church" in 1863, and "Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church," Part II., in 1865.]

AUGUSTINE's youth had been one of reckless self indulgence. He had plunged into the worst sins of the heathen world in which he lived, he had adopted wild opinions to justify those sins; and thus, though his parents were Christians, he himself remained a heathen in his manner of life, though not without some struggles of his better self and of God's grace against these evil habits. Often he struggled and often he fell; but he had two advantages which again and again have saved souls from ruin,—advantages which no one who enjoys them (and how many of us do enjoy them!) can prize too highly,—he had a good mother and he had good friends. He had a good mother, who wept for him, and prayed for him, and warned him, and gave him that advice which only a mother can give, forgotten for the moment, but remembered afterwards. And he had good friends, who watched every opportunity to encourage better thoughts, and to bring him to his better self. In this state of struggle and failure he came to the city of Milan, where the Christian community was ruled by a man of fame almost equal to that which he himself afterwards won, the celebrated

\* See page 392.

Ambrose. And now the crisis of his life was come, and it shall be described in his own words. He was sitting with his friend, his whole soul was shaken with the violence of his inward conflict,—the conflict of breaking away from his evil habits, from his evil associates, to a life which seemed to him poor, and profitless, and burdensome. Silently the two friends sate together, and at last, says Augustine, “When deep reflection had brought together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm of grief, bringing a mighty shower of tears.” He left his friend, that he might weep in solitude; he threw himself down under a fig-tree in the garden (the spot is still pointed out in Milan), and he cried in the bitterness of his spirit, “How long? how long?—to-morrow? to-morrow? Why not now?—why is there not this hour an end to my uncleanness?” “So was I speaking and weeping in the contrition of my heart,” he says, “when, lo! I heard from a neighbouring house a voice as of a child, chanting and oft repeating, ‘Take up and read, take up and read.’ Instantly my countenance altered; I began to think whether children were wont in play to sing such words, nor could I remember ever to have heard the like. So, checking my tears, I rose, taking it to be a command from God to open the book and read the first chapter I should find. . . .” Eagerly he returned to the place where his friend was sitting, for there lay the volume of S. Paul’s Epistles, which he had just begun to study. “I seized it,” he says, “I opened it, and in silence I read that passage on which my eyes first fell. ‘*Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying. But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof.*’ No further could I read, nor needed I; for instantly, at the end of this sentence, by a serene light infused into my soul, all the darkness of doubt vanished away.”

We need not follow the story further. We know how he broke off all his evil courses; how his mother’s heart was rejoiced; how he was baptized by the great Ambrose; how the old tradition describes their singing together, as he came up from the baptismal waters, the alternate verses of the hymn called from its opening words *Te Deum Laudamus*. We know how the profligate African youth was thus transformed into the most illustrious saint of the Western Church, how he lived long as the light of his own generation, and how his works have been cherished and read by good men, perhaps more extensively than those of any Christian teacher, since the Apostles.

It is a story instructive in many ways. It is an example, like the conversion of S. Paul, of the fact that from time to time God calls His servants not by gradual, but by sudden changes. These conver-

sions are, it is true, the exceptions and not the rule of Providence, but such examples as Augustine show us that we must acknowledge the truth of the exceptions when they do occur. It is also an instance how, even in such sudden conversions, previous good influences have their weight. The prayers of his mother, the silent influence of his friend, the high character of Ambrose, the preparation for Christian truth in the writings of heathen philosophers, were all laid up, as it were, waiting for the spark, and, when it came, the fire flashed at once through every corner of his soul. It is a striking instance, also, of the effect of a single passage of Scripture, suddenly but seriously taken to heart. It may come to us as to him, through the voice of a little child, or through the prompting of our own conscience, or through the recurrence of the words in the church service. . . . *The Unity of Evangelical and Apostolical Teaching. Sermons, preached mostly in Canterbury Cathedral. Sermon x., The Doctrine of S. Paul. Rom. xiii. 12-14.*

#### CONDITION OF THE CHINESE.

[LORD BROUGHAM, 1778—1868.

[HENRY BROUGHAM, born at Edinburgh, Sep. 19, 1778, was educated at Edinburgh University, and in 1800 was admitted to the Scottish Bar. He was one of the early contributors to the *Edinburgh Review*, and was called to the English Bar in 1808. He was elected member for Camelford in the Whig interest in 1810. From 1812 till 1816 he was without a seat, but in the latter year was returned for Winchelsea. In 1820 and 1821 he was engaged as Attorney-General to Queen Caroline; in 1825 was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University, and in 1827 founded the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and became its first President. In Aug. 1830 he was returned for Yorkshire, and having been the same year appointed Lord Chancellor, was raised to the peerage. Lord Brougham is the author of numerous works, the best known being "Historical Sketches of Statesmen of the Time of George III.," published in 1839—43; "Political Philosophy," in 1840—44; and "Lives of Men of Letters and Science of the Time of George III.," in 1845—6. An edition of his works collected by himself appeared at Edinburgh in 1855—57. "Albert Lunel; or, the Chateau of Languedoc," a novel, suppressed on the eve of publication in 1844, has been attributed to him. Lord Brougham died in 1868.]

THE universal respect in which learning is held, and the privileges allowed to it, have not however made the Chinese carry far their cultivation of it. They afford, on the contrary, a singular instance of a nation early making some progress, and then stopping short for ages; of a people, all of whom possess the instruments of education, the means of acquiring knowledge—a people most of whom have actually acquired some knowledge—and yet none of whom have ever gone beyond the most elementary studies. This can only be ascribed to the absolute form of their government, and the manifest intention which

the sovereigns have always had to limit the literary acquisitions of their subjects. The advantages of keeping quiet and indolent a people so numerous as to be able to crush almost any ruler, and the means of tranquillity which elementary lessons like those of Confucius and his school bestowed, if they were thoroughly learnt, and became, as it were, mixed up with the nature of the people, could not escape the Chinese monarchs. They had a people to deal with whom they found it easy to occupy with such pursuits, and with the innumerable customs and ceremonies which the sacred writings inculcate together with far better things. The occupation was more than harmless—it was most useful in extinguishing fierce and turbulent spirits; and the lessons taught were those of absolute submission to the magistrates, though seasoned with so much other doctrine as prevented them from wearing the appearance of a mere design to secure subordination. Beyond the learning of those books, therefore, the government had no desire that Chinese education should be carried. Accordingly, true orthodoxy is closely confined to the books of Confucius and Mencius, and one or two commentators on them; and the government discountenances by every means the acquisition of any other learning. This is the main cause of the stationary knowledge of the Chinese; and one of the most powerful means used by the government to keep it thus stationary is the preventing of almost all intercourse with foreign nations.

The amount of the learning contained in those writings is very moderate. Many of the maxims are admirable; some indeed closely resembling those of our own religion. Thus Confucius distinctly enjoins the duty of doing unto others as we would be done to by them; nor can anything be more urgent than his injunction to watch the secret thoughts of the heart as the fountains of evil. It is also an admirable precept of his to judge ourselves with the severity we apply to others; and to judge others as mercifully as we do ourselves. But there are wicked doctrines mixed with this pure wisdom, as when men are commanded not to live under the same sky with a father's assassin; and besides, the merit of all moral maxims is much more in the acting upon them than the laying them down. Wisdom is, properly speaking, the doing what wise sayings recommend; and he has made but a small progress in philosophy—even in the philosophy of morals—who has only stored his memory with all the proverbs of Franklin and all the morals of Æsop. There are few men so ignorant as not to know the substance of these aphorisms, though they may never have seen them put in terse language, or illustrated by apt comparisons. The difficulty really lies in acting up to them. Therefore the learning to which the Chinese almost entirely devote themselves is of a very trifling nature

at best. Some of it indeed is positively useless. The *Li-ki*, or book of rites and customs, contains three thousand of these, all of which are to be learnt and to be scrupulously observed; and there is a council of state with the exclusive office of seeing that this observance is complete—a manifest contrivance of the government to occupy the people with frivolous and harmless studies.

It thus happens that the Chinese, after having, long before any other of the nations now deemed most refined, made a considerable progress in knowledge and still more in the arts, have stopped short as it were on the threshold, and never attempted the rank of a learned or even a very polished nation. Acquainted with paper-making for above seventeen centuries, with printing for more than nine, they have hardly produced a book which could fix the attention of a European reader in the present day; and yet learning is the passport to political honours, and even to power, among them; and books are so highly valued that it is part of their religious observances never to suffer the treading on, or irreverent treatment of, a scrap of printed or written paper how worthless soever. Possessed of the mariner's compass twelve hundred years before it was known in Europe, they have scarcely ever put it to the use which it really can best serve, but creep along their coasts, from headland to headland, like the most ignorant of the South Sea islanders, and rather employ it on shore, where other marks might better serve to guide them. With a kind of glass, or something as near good glass as possible, for ages, they never have yet succeeded in making that most useful and beautiful product of the arts in its transparent state and plastic fabric. Capable of copying the works of the pencil with a minuteness which seems preternatural, both as to colour and form, they are wholly without invention, and, left to themselves, can make nothing like an imitation of nature. Nor in the severer sciences have they made any progress beyond the very first elements, although they have known one or two of the fundamental truths in geometry for hundreds of years, by induction rather than demonstration, and could calculate eclipses of the heavenly bodies long before any other nation had emerged from barbarism. It is equally certain, however, that the amount of knowledge which they have so long attained, the repute in which they have been taught to hold the quiet and sedulous pursuit of it, and the devotion of their attention to it within certain limits, joined to the being debarred from all foreign intercourse, have produced all the effect that could be desired by their rulers; it has so far reclaimed them from the turbulent state of uncivilized tribes as to make them easily ruled, by keeping them quiet, sedentary, inactive, even pusillanimous, without unfolding their faculties

or increasing their knowledge in any degree likely to endanger the security of a system founded mainly upon the permanent position of all and each of its parts.—*Political Philosophy*. Vol. i. chap. vi., Government of China.

### MR. GALLOWAY AND HIS CLERKS.

[MRS. HENRY WOOD, 1820.

[MRS. HENRY WOOD, the youngest daughter of Mr. Thomas Price, formerly head of a manufacturing firm, was born in Worcestershire in 1820, and married to Mr. Henry Wood at an early age. She commenced her literary career as a contributor to various periodicals. Her first novel, "Danesbury House," which gained the Scottish Temperance prize of £100, appeared in 1860. It was followed by "East Lynne," published in 1861; "The Channings" in 1862; and numerous works.]

OF beauty, Mr. Galloway could boast little; but of his hair he was moderately vain: a very good head of hair it was, curling naturally. But hair, let it be luxuriant enough to excite the admiration of a whole army of coiffeurs, is, like other things in this sublunary world of ours, subject to change; it will not last for ever; and Mr. Galloway's, from a fine and glossy brown, turned, as years went on, to sober grey—nay, almost to white. He did not particularly admire the change, but he had to submit to it; Nature is stronger than we are. A friend hinted that it might be 'dyed.' Mr. Galloway resented the suggestion: anything false was abhorrent to him. When, however, after an illness, his hair began to fall off alarmingly, he thought it no harm to use a certain specific, emanating from one of Her Majesty's physicians; extensively set forth and patronized as an undoubted remedy for the falling off of hair. Mr. Galloway used it extensively in his fear, for he had an equal dread both of baldness and wigs. The lotion not only had the desired effect, but it had more: the hair grew on again luxuriantly, and its grey-whiteness turned into the finest flaxen you ever saw; a light delicate shade of flaxen, exactly like the curls you see upon the heads of blue-eyed wax dolls. This is a fact: and whether Mr. Galloway liked it, or not, he had to put up with it. Many would not be persuaded but what he had used some delicate preparation of dye, hitherto unknown to science: and the suspicion vexed Mr. Galloway. Behold him, therefore, with a perfect shower of smooth, fair curls upon his head, like any young beau.

It was in this gentleman's office that Arthur Channing had been placed, with a view to his becoming ultimately a proctor. To article



him to Mr. Galloway would take a good round sum of money; and this had been put off until the termination of the suit, when Mr. Channing had looked forward to being at his ease, in regard to pecuniary means. There were two others in the same office: the one was Roland Yorke, who was articled; the other was Joseph Jenkins, a thin, spare, humble man of nine-and-thirty, who had served Mr. Galloway for nearly twenty years, earning twenty-five shillings per week. He was a son of old Jenkins the bedesman, and his wife kept a small hosiery shop in High Street. Roland Yorke was, of course, not paid; on the contrary, he had paid pretty smartly to Mr. Galloway for the privilege of being initiated into the mysteries pertaining to a proctor. Arthur Channing may be said to have occupied a position in the office midway between the two. He was to *become* on the footing of Roland Yorke; but meanwhile, he received a small sum weekly, in remuneration of his services, like Joe Jenkins did. Roland Yorke, in his proud moods, looked down upon him as a paid clerk; Mr. Jenkins looked up to him as a gentleman. It was a somewhat anomalous position; but Arthur had held his own bravely up in it until this blow came, looking forward to a brighter time.

In the years gone by, one of the stalls in Helstonleigh Cathedral was held by the Reverend Dr. Yorke: he had also some time filled the office of sub-dean. He had married, imprudently, the daughter of an Irish peer, a pretty, good-tempered girl, who was as fond of extravagance as she was devoid of means to support it. She had not a shilling; it was even said that the bills for her wedding clothes came in afterwards to Dr. Yorke: but people, you know, are given to talk scandal. Want of fortune had been nothing, had Lady Augusta but possessed common prudence; but she spent the doctor's money faster than it came in. In the course of years Dr. Yorke died, leaving eight children, and slender means for them. There were six boys and two girls. Lady Augusta went to reside in a cheap and roomy house (somewhat dilapidated) in the Boundaries, close to her old prebendal residence, and scrambled on in her careless, spending fashion, never out of debt. She retained their old barouche, and *would* retain it, and was a great deal too fond of ordering horses from the livery stables and driving out in state. Gifted with good parts and qualities had her children been born; but of training, in the highest sense of the word, she had given them none. George, the eldest, had a commission, and was away with his regiment; Roland, the second, had been designed for the Church, but no persuasion could induce him to be sufficiently attentive to his studies to qualify himself for it; he was therefore placed with Mr. Galloway, and the Church honours were now intended for Gerald. The fourth son, Theodore, was also in

the college school, a junior. Next came two girls, Caroline and Fanny, and there were two little boys younger. Haughty, self-willed, but of sufficiently honourable nature, were the Yorkes. If Lady Augusta had but toiled to foster the good, and eradicate the evil, they would have grown up to bless her. Good soil was there to work upon, as there was in the Channings; but, in the case of the Yorkes, it was allowed to run to waste, or to generate weeds. In short, to do as it pleased.—*The Channings*, chap. v.

### SIMON DE MONTFORT, EARL OF LEICESTER.

[HUME, 1711—1776.

[DAVID HUME, born at Edinburgh, April 26, 1711, was educated at the university of that city. His friends wished him to study law. For a short time, in 1734, he was placed in a mercantile house, but he resolved to devote himself to literary pursuits, and went to France to study. In 1737 he returned to London, where his first work, a "Treatise on Human Nature," was published in 1739. The first volume of his "Essays" appeared in 1741. The first volume of his "History of England," containing the reigns of James I. and Charles I. was published at Edinburgh in 1754; the second volume appeared in 1756; the third and fourth volumes, containing the history of the House of Tudor, in 1759; and the fifth and sixth, containing the earlier history of the country, in 1762. Hume was appointed Under-Secretary of State in 1766. Resigning this appointment in 1769, he retired to Edinburgh, where he died Aug. 25, 1776. His history, which has gone through numerous editions, was continued to the death of George II. by Smollett, and to the reign of Queen Victoria by the Rev. T. S. Hughes. Hume's autobiography, edited by Adam Smith, was published in 1777. His "Life," by T. E. Ritchie, appeared in 1807, and his "Life and Correspondence, from papers bequeathed by his nephew to the Royal Society of Edinburgh," edited by J. H. Burton, in 1847.]

ALL these imprudent and illegal measures afforded a pretence to Simon de Mountfort,\* Earl of Leicester, to attempt an innovation in the government, and to wrest the sceptre from the feeble and irresolute hand which held it (1258). This nobleman was a younger son of that Simon de Mountfort, who had conducted with such valour and renown the crusade against the Albigenes; and who, though he tarnished his famous exploits by cruelty and ambition, had left a name very precious to all the bigots of that age, particularly to the ecclesiastics. A large inheritance in England fell by succession to this family; but as the elder brother enjoyed still more opulent possessions in France, and could not perform fealty to two masters, he transferred his right to Simon, his younger brother, who came over to

\* The earlier orthography.

England, did homage for his lands, and was raised to the dignity of earl of Leicester. In the year 1238, he espoused Eleanor, dowager of William, earl of Pembroke, and sister to the king; but the marriage of this princess with a subject and a foreigner, though contracted with Henry's consent, was loudly complained of by the earl of Cornwall and all the barons of England; and Leicester was supported against their violence by the king's favour and authority alone. But he had no sooner established himself in his possessions and dignities, than he acquired, by insinuation and address, a strong interest with the nation, and gained equally the affections of all orders of men: he lost, however, the friendship of Henry from the usual levity and fickleness of that prince; he was banished the court: he was recalled; he was entrusted with the command of Guienne, when he did good service and acquired honour; he was again disgraced by the king, and his banishment from court seemed now final and irrevocable. Henry called him traitor to his face; Leicester gave him the lie; and told him that if he were not his sovereign, he would soon make him repent of that insult: yet was this quarrel accommodated, either from the good nature or timidity of the king; and Leicester was again admitted into some degree of favour and authority: but, as this nobleman was become too great to preserve an entire complaisance to Henry's humours, and to act in subserviency to his other minions; he found more advantage in cultivating his interest with the public, and in inflaming the general discontents which prevailed against the administration. He filled every place with complaints against the infringement of the Great Charter, the acts of violence committed on the people, the combination between the pope and the king in their tyranny and extortions, Henry's neglect of his native subjects and barons; and, though himself a foreigner, he was more loud than any in representing the indignity of submitting to the dominion of foreigners. By his hypocritical pretensions to devotion he gained the favour of the zealots and clergy; by his seeming concern for public good he acquired the affections of the public; and, besides the private friendships which he had cultivated with the barons, his animosity against the favourites created a union of interests between him and that powerful order.

A recent quarrel which broke out between Leicester and William de Valence, Henry's half-brother, and chief favourite, brought matters to extremity, and determined the former to give full scope to his bold and unbounded ambition, which the laws and the king's authority had hitherto with difficulty restrained. He secretly called a meeting of the most considerable barons, particularly Humphrey de Bohun high constable, Roger Bigod earl mareschal, and the earls of Warwick

and Gloucester; men who by their family and possessions stood in the first rank of the English nobility. He represented to this company the necessity of reforming the state, and of putting the execution of the laws into other hands than those which had hitherto appeared, from repeated experience, so unfit for the charge with which they were entrusted: he exaggerated the oppressions exercised against the lower orders of the state, the violations of the barons' privileges, the continued depredations made on the clergy; and, in order to aggravate the enormity of his conduct, he appealed to the Great Charter, which Henry had so often ratified, and which was calculated to prevent for ever the return of those intolerable grievances: he magnified the generosity of their ancestors, who, at a great expense of blood, had extorted that famous concession from the crown; but lamented their own degeneracy, who allowed so important an advantage, once obtained, to be wrested from them by a weak prince and by insolent strangers: and he insisted, that the king's word, after so many submissions and fruitless promises on his part, could no longer be relied on; and that nothing but his absolute inability to violate national privileges could thenceforth ensure the regular observance of them.

These topics, which were founded in truth, and suited so well the sentiments of the company, had the desired effect; and the barons embraced a resolution of redressing the public grievances, by taking into their own hands the administration of government. Henry having summoned a parliament, in expectation of receiving supplies for his Sicilian project, the barons appeared in the hall, clad in complete armour, and with their swords by their side. The king, on his entry, struck with the unusual appearance, asked them what was their purpose, and whether they pretended to make him their prisoner: Roger Bigod replied, in the name of the rest, that he was not their prisoner, but their sovereign; that they even intended to grant him large supplies, in order to fix his son on the throne of Sicily; that they only expected some return for this expense and service; and that, as he had frequently made submissions to the parliament, had acknowledged his past errors, and had still allowed himself to be carried into the same path, which gave them such just reason of complaint; he must now yield to more strict regulations, and confer authority on those who were able and willing to redress the national grievances. Henry, partly allured by the hopes of supply, and partly intimidated by the union and martial appearance of the barons, agreed to their demand; and promised to summon another parliament at Oxford, in order to digest the new plan of government, and to elect the persons who were to be entrusted with the chief authority.—*History of England*, chap. xii. § 11.

## THE JAVANESE.

[SIR JOHN BARROW, 1764—1848.]

[JOHN BARROW, born at Drayley-Beck, in Lancashire, June 19, 1764, at first followed the profession of a schoolmaster. He was appointed private Secretary to Lord Macartney in his embassy to China, and afterwards accompanied Lord Macartney to the Cape of Good Hope. In 1804 he was appointed Secretary to the Admiralty, and in this position promoted the advancement of geographical or scientific knowledge. He was created a baronet in 1835, and died Nov. 23, 1848. His "Account of Travels into the Interior of Southern Africa in the Years 1797 and 1798" appeared in 1801—4; his "Travels in China" in 1806; "A Voyage to Cochin China in the Years 1792 and 1793" in 1806; his "Life of Lord Macartney" in 1808; and his "Chronological History of Voyages into the Polar Regions" in 1818. He published "An Autobiographical Memoir" in 1847.]

THE Javanese are, in general, about the middle size of Europeans, straight and well made; all their joints, their hands and their feet, remarkably small; the colour of their skin a deep brown, approaching to black; their eyes are black and prominent; the nose rather broad and somewhat flattened; the upper lip a little projecting, not much thickened, but highly arched. They have a firm steady gait, and seem to feel, or at least to affect, a superiority over the other inhabitants of the island. They rub the head, the face and other parts of the body that are not covered with clothing, with a composition of cocoa-nut oil and sandal wood dust, as a preventive against a too copious perspiration, and the biting of mosquitoes and other annoying insects.

They are remarkably temperate in their diet, but neither their temperance nor their moderate labour seems to have the effect of promoting longevity. Females usually marry at ten or twelve years of age, till which time they go nearly naked, wearing only a belt round their loins, with a broad metal plate in front, of an oval or circular form, and sometimes shaped like a heart. Sometimes they wear rings or bracelets round the wrist, chains about the neck, and chaplets of flowers in the hair. When a girl is espoused, she is clad in a loose flowing robe, variously ornamented according to the circumstances of her parents, her hair is more than usually decorated with flowers, and smoothed with a profusion of paste and cocoa-nut oil. In this dress she rides about the town or village, mounted on horseback, and, as emblematic of her chastity, the animal is always a white one, when such is to be had; and she is accompanied by all the friends, the relations and the slaves of both families, and a band of music. But this is often her last public exhibition; for, if she marries into a family of condition, she is then shut up for the remainder of her life.

The diet of the Javanese forms a great contrast with that of the Dutch. A considerable part of it consists in rice, sometimes fried in

oil, and sometimes boiled in plain water, with which are used a few capsules or heads of *Capsicum* or Cayenne pepper, and a little salt, to render more palatable this insipid grain. With the use of animal food a true Javanese is wholly unacquainted, and of milk he is very sparing, except indeed of that liquid substance, sometimes though improperly so called, which abounds in the young cocoa-nut, and which affords a cool and refreshing draught. This tree, and indeed most of the palm tribe, as the date, the sago, and the areca, all supply him with solid food. The chief use of the areca, however, is only as an ingredient in a compound masticatory, consisting, besides this nut, of chunam or lime of shells and *seriboo* or seeds of long pepper, made into a paste and rolled up in the green leaf of betel pepper. This composition, when moistened in the mouth, communicates to the tongue and lips a deep red colour, which turns afterwards to a dark mahogany brown. The teeth of a Javanese being painted black (because monkeys, he observes, have white ones) give to the countenance rather a hideous appearance.—*A Voyage to Cochin China in 1792 and 1793*. Chap. viii., Batavia.

## COMETS.

[SIR J. F. W. HERSCHEL, Bt., 1790—1871.

[JOHN FREDERICK WILLIAM HERSCHEL, born at Slough, near Windsor, in 1790, educated at St. John's, Cambridge, was Senior Wrangler and Smith's Prizeman in 1813. He devoted himself to mathematics and astronomy, and in 1826 received a gold medal from the Astronomical Society for his observations on double stars. His "Transactions of the Astronomical Society" appeared in 1830. The Astronomical Society again awarded him, in 1836, their gold medal for his Catalogue of Nebulæ. In 1834 he went to the Cape of Good Hope for the purpose of examining the southern celestial hemisphere, and he completed his observations in 1838. His work giving an account of these valuable labours was published in 1847. His "Treatise on Astronomy" appeared in 1833; his "Manual of Scientific Inquiry" in 1849; and his "Outlines of Astronomy" in 1849. He was made a baronet in 1838, became President of the Royal Society in 1843, and of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1848, was appointed Master of the Mint in 1850, and resigned in 1855. Hallam (Lit. Hist. Part iii. ch. iii. § 61) remarks, "Sir John Herschel in his admirable Discourse on Natural Philosophy,\* has added a greater number [of illustrations] from still more recent discoveries, and has also furnished such a luminous development of the difficulties of the Novum Organum, as had been vainly hoped in former times."]

THAT feelings of awe and astonishment should be excited by the sudden and unexpected appearance of a great comet, is no way surprising; being, in fact, according to the accounts we have of such

\* Published in 1830.

events, one of the most imposing of all natural phenomena. Comets consist for the most part of a large and more or less splendid, but ill-defined nebulous mass of light, called the head, which is usually much brighter towards its center, and offers the appearance of a vivid *nucleus*, like a star or planet. From the head, and in a direction *opposite to that in which the sun is situated*, from the comet appear to diverge two streams of light, which grow broader and more diffused at a distance from the head, and which most commonly close in and unite at a little distance behind it, but sometimes continue distinct for a great part of their course; producing an effect like that of the trains left by some bright meteors, or like the diverging fire of a sky-rocket (only without sparks or perceptible motion). This is the *tail*. This magnificent appendage attains occasionally an immense apparent length. Aristotle relates of the tail of the comet of 371 B.C., that it occupied a third of the hemisphere, or  $60^{\circ}$ ; that of A.D. 1618 is stated to have been attended by a train no less than  $104^{\circ}$  in length. The comet of 1680, the most celebrated of modern times, and on many accounts the most remarkable of all, with a head not exceeding in brightness a star of the second magnitude, covered with its tail an extent of more than  $70^{\circ}$  of the heavens, or, as some accounts state,  $90^{\circ}$ ; that of the comet of 1769 extended  $97^{\circ}$ , and that of the last *great* comet (1843) was estimated at about  $65^{\circ}$  when longest. The figure\* (*Fig. 2*, Plate ii.) is a representation of the comet of 1819—by no means one of the most considerable, but which was, however, very conspicuous to the naked eye.

The tail is, however, by no means an invariable appendage of comets. Many of the brightest have been observed to have short and feeble tails, and a few great comets have been entirely without them. Those of 1585 and 1763 offered no vestige of a tail; and Cassini describes the comets of 1665 and 1682 as being as round and as well defined as Jupiter. On the other hand, instances are not wanting of comets furnished with many tails or streams of diverging light. That of 1744 had no less than six, spread out like an immense fan, extending to a distance of nearly  $30^{\circ}$  in length. The small comet of 1823 had two, making an angle of about  $160^{\circ}$ , the brighter turned as usual from the sun, the fainter towards it, or nearly so. The tails of comets, too, are often somewhat curved, bending, in general, towards the region which the comet has left, as if moving somewhat more slowly, or as if resisted in their course.

The smaller comets, such as are visible only in telescopes, or with

\* The plate is given in the original work.

difficulty by the naked eye, and which are by far the most numerous, offer very frequently no appearance of a tail, and appear only as round or somewhat oval vaporous masses, more dense towards the center, where, however, they appear to have no distinct nucleus, or anything which seems entitled to be considered as a solid body.—*Outlines of Astronomy*, Part I. chap. xi. §§ 556—8.

## HENRY THE FIFTH AT AGINCOURT.

[SHAKESPEARE, 1564—1616.

[WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, born at Stratford-upon-Avon in 1564,\* probably educated at "the King's New School," and married to Anne Hathaway in 1582, is believed to have left his native place for London in 1586. On his arrival in the metropolis he is supposed to have been engaged as an actor, afterwards as a writer of plays, and he became a shareholder in the Blackfriars Theatre. Thirty-six dramas, which had been produced on different occasions, were after his death published in the folio of 1623, the first collected edition, which with certain alterations was republished in 1632, in 1664, and in 1685. Shakespeare wrote two poems, the "Venus and Adonis," published in 1593, and "The Rape of Lucrece" in 1594. He left London in 1613, and died at Stratford, April 23, 1616. After the Great Rebellion, the works of Shakespeare fell into comparative neglect, but at the commencement of the last century attention was directed to these extraordinary productions, and criticism, long mistaken and unjust, assumed during the present century a more reverent tone. Samuel Taylor Coleridge,† one of the most learned and acute of Shakesperian students and commentators, wrote as follows:—"Assuredly that criticism of Shakespeare will alone be genial which is reverential. An Englishman, who without reverence—a proud and affectionate reverence—can utter the name of William Shakespeare, stands disqualified for the office of critic." In his admirable "Dissertation on the Science of Method," Coleridge thus castigates critics insensible to his merits:—"Nay, even in his style, how Methodical is our 'sweet Shakespeare.' Sweetness is, indeed, its predominant characteristic; and it has a few immethodical luxuriations of wit; and he may occasionally be convicted of words, which convey a volume of thought, when the business of the scene did not absolutely require such deep meditation. But pardoning him these *dulcia vitia*, who ever fashioned the English Language, or any Language, ancient or modern, into such variety of appropriate apparel, from the 'gorgeous pall of sceptered tragedy,' to the easy dress of flowing pastoral?

'More musical than lark to shepherd's ear,  
When wheat is green and hawthorn buds appear.'

Who, like him, could so Methodically suit the very flow and tone of discourse to characters lying so widely apart in rank, and habits, and peculiarities, as Holofernes and Queen Katharine, Falstaff and Lear? When we compare the pure English style of Shakespeare with that of the very best writers of his day, we stand astonished at the *Method* by which he was directed in the choice of those words and idioms, which are as fresh now as in their first bloom; nay, which are at the present

\* April 23 is the generally-received date.

† See page 13.



moment at once more energetic, more expressive, more natural, and more elegant, than those of the happiest and most admired living speakers or writers.

"But Shakespeare was 'not Methodical in the structure of his Fable.' Oh, gentle critic! be advised. Do not trust too much to your professional dexterity in the use of the scalping knife and tomahawk. Weapons of diviner mould are wielded by your adversary and you are meeting him here on his own peculiar ground, the ground of *Idea*, of Thought, and of inspiration. The very point of this dispute is Ideal. The question is one of *Unity* and Unity, as we have shown, is wholly the subject of Ideal law. There are said to be three great Unities which Shakespeare has violated, those of Time, Place, and Action. Now the Unities of Time and Place we will not dispute about. Be ours the Poet,

*'qui pectus inaniter angit  
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet  
Ut magus, et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.'*

The Dramatist who circumscribes himself within that unity of Time which is regulated by a stop-watch, may be exact, but is not Methodical; or his Method is of the least and lowest class. But

'Where is he living, clipt in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,'

who can transpose the scenes of Macbeth, and make the seated heart knock at the ribs with the same force as now it does, when the mysterious tale is conducted from the open heath, on which the Weird Sisters are ushered in with thunder and lightning, to the fatal fight of Dunsinane, in which their victim expiates with life, his credulity and his ambition"]

HENRY V.                      No, my fair cousin :  
If we are marked to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss, and if to live,  
The fewer men the greater share of honour.  
God's will<sup>1</sup> I pray thee, wish not one man more,  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,  
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost,  
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :  
But if it be a sin to covet honour  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England :  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more :  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland,\* through my host,  
That he which hath no stomach to this fight

\* This speech, delivered in the English camp before the army, is in reply to the Earl of Westmoreland, who, as Henry V. entered, had expressed the wish

"O that we now had here  
But one ten thousand of those men in England  
That do no work to-day!"

Let him depart, his passport shall be made,  
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :  
 We would not die in that man's company  
 That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
 This day is called the feast of Crispian .  
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He that shall see this day, and live old age,\*  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 And say, to-morrow is saint Crispian  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and shew his scars .  
 Old men forget, yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages,  
 What feats he did that day Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in his† mouth as household words,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered :  
 This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world,  
 But we in it shall be remembered  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile  
 This day shall gentle his condition  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, whiles any speaks  
 That fought with us upon St. Crispin's day.  
*King Henry V., Act iv. Sc. 3.*

# CHRIST'S ASCENSION.

[BP. PEARSON, 1613—1686

[JOHN PEARSON, born at Snoring, Norfolk, in 1612, and educated at Eton and at Cambridge, took orders in 1639. He was made a prebend of Salisbury, and having

\* In some modern editions the line reads,

He that shall *live* this day and *see* old age.

The quarto has,

He that *outlives* this day, and *sees* old age.

† Referring to the soldier who takes part in the fight and returns safe home.

acted as Chaplain to Lord Keeper Finch and to other leading men, was in 1650 appointed to the living of St Clement's, East Cheap. After the Restoration his rise was rapid, and with other preferment he was appointed Margaret Professor of Divinity in 1661, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1662, and Bishop of Chester in 1673. His best known work, "An Exposition of the Creed," was published in 1659, and was afterwards revised and enlarged. "Pearson's Minor Theological Works," with Memoir, Notes by E. Churton, appeared at Oxford in 1842. Bishop Burnet considers Pearson "in all respects the greatest divine of his age," and Hallam terms his "Exposition of the Creed" "a standard book in English divinity." Bishop Pearson died July 16, 1686.]

THE ascent of *Christ* into heaven was not metaphorical or figurative, as if there were no more to be understood by it, but only that he obtained a more heavenly and glorious state or condition after his resurrection. For whatsoever alteration was made in the body of *Christ* when he rose, whatsoever glorious qualities it was invested with thereby, that was not his ascension, as appeareth by those words which he spake to Mary, *Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father.\** Although he had said before to Nicodemus, *No man [hath] ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven,†* which words imply that he had then ascended, yet even those concern not this ascension. For that was therefore only true, because the Son of Man, not yet conceived in the Virgin's womb, was not in heaven, and after his conception by virtue of the hypostatical union was in heaven from whence, speaking after the manner of men, he might well say, that he had ascended into heaven, because whatsoever was first on earth and then in heaven, we say ascended into heaven. Wherefore, beside that grounded upon the hypostatical union, beside that glorious condition upon his resurrection, there was yet another, and that more proper ascension for after he had both those ways ascended, it was still true that he had not yet ascended to his Father.

Now this kind of ascension, by which *Christ* had not yet ascended when he spake to Mary after his resurrection, was not long after to be performed, for at the same time he said unto Mary, *Go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father and your Father.‡* And when this ascension was performed, it appeared manifestly to be a true local translation of the Son of Man, as man, from these parts of the world below into the heaven above, by which that body, which was before locally present here on earth, and was not so then present in heaven, became substantially present in heaven, and no longer locally present in earth. For when he had spoken unto the disciples, *and blessed them, laying his hands upon them, and so was corporally present*

\* John xx. 17.

† John iii. 13.

‡ John xx. 17.

with them, even *while he blessed them, he parted from them, and while they beheld, he was taken up, and a cloud received him out of their sight,\** and so he was *carried up into heaven, while they looked steadfastly towards heaven, as he went up.†* This was a visible departure, as it is described; a real removing of that body of *Christ*, which was before present with the apostles; and that body living after the resurrection, by virtue of that soul which was united to it: and therefore the Son of God according to his humanity was really and truly translated from these parts below unto the heavens above, which is a proper local ascension.

Thus was *Christ's* ascension visibly performed in the presence and sight of the apostles, for the confirmation of the reality and the certainty thereof. They did not see him when he rose, but they saw him when he ascended; because an eye-witness was not necessary unto the act of his resurrection, but it was necessary unto the act of his ascension. It was sufficient that *Christ shewed himself* to the apostles *alive after his passion;‡* for being they knew him before to be dead, and now saw him alive, they were thereby assured that he rose again: for whatsoever was a proof of his life after death, was a demonstration of his resurrection. But being the apostles were not to see our Saviour in heaven; being the session was not to be visible to them on earth; therefore it was necessary they should be eye-witnesses of the act, who were not with the same eyes to behold the effect.

Beside the eye-witness of the apostles, there was added the testimony of the angels; those blessed spirits which ministered before, and saw the face of, God in heaven, and came down from thence, did know that *Christ* ascended up from hence unto that place from whence they came: and because the eyes of the apostles could not follow him so far, the inhabitants of that place did come to testify of his reception; for *behold two men stood by them in white apparel, which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner, as ye have seen him go into heaven.§* We must therefore acknowledge and confess against all the wild heresies of old, that the eternal Son of God, who died and rose again, did, with the same body and soul with which he died and rose, ascend up to heaven; which was the second particular considerable in this Article.—*An Exposition of the Creed.* Article vi.

\* Luke xxiv. 50-51.

† Acts i. 9-11.

‡ Acts i. 3.

§ Acts i. 10 and 11.

## THE LORDS AND COMMONS.

[SIR W. BLACKSTONE, 1723—1780.

[WILLIAM BLACKSTONE, the posthumous son of a silk mercer, born in London, July 10, 1723, and educated at the Charterhouse and Oxford, was called to the bar in 1746. He was appointed Recorder of Wallingford in 1749, first Vinerian Professor of Law in 1758, was made King's Counsel in 1761, and soon after principal of New Inn Hall, Oxford. After a very successful career he was knighted and made a justice of the Court of Common Pleas in 1770. His "Commentaries on the Laws of England" appeared at Oxford in 1765-9. Sir W. Jones speaks of them as "the most correct and beautiful outline that ever was exhibited in any human science." Sir William Blackstone died Feb. 14, 1780.]

THE lords temporal consist of all the peers of the realm (the bishops not being in strictness held to be such, but merely lords of parliament) by whatever title of nobility distinguished, dukes, marquises, earls, viscounts, or barons. Some of these sit by descent, as do all ancient peers; some by creation, as do all new-made ones; others, since the union with Scotland, by election, which is the case of the sixteen peers, who represent the body of the Scots nobility. Their number\* is indefinite, and may be increased at will by the power of the crown; and once, in the reign of Queen Anne, there was an instance of creating no less than twelve together; in contemplation of which, in the reign of King George the First a bill passed the house of lords, and was countenanced by the then ministry, for limiting the number of the peerage. This was thought, by some, to promise a great acquisition to the constitution, by restraining the prerogative from gaining the ascendant in that august assembly, by pouring in at pleasure an unlimited number of new created lords. But the bill was ill-relished, and miscarried in the house of commons, whose leading members were then desirous to keep the avenues to the other house as open and easy as possible.

The distinction of rank and honour is necessary in every well-governed state, in order to reward such as are eminent for their services to the public, in a manner the most desirable to individuals, and yet without burden to the community; exciting thereby an ambitious yet laudable ardour, and generous emulation in others. And emulation, or virtuous ambition, is a spring of action, which, however dangerous or invidious in a mere republic, or under a despotic sway, will certainly be attended with good effects under a free monarchy, where, without destroying its existence, its excesses may be continually restrained by that superior power from which all honour is derived.

\* The number, which varies, is 419 (1868), including 28 representative peers for Ireland and 16 for Scotland. There are in addition 30 archbishops and bishops.

Such a spirit, when nationally diffused, gives life and vigour to the community: it sets all the wheels of government in motion, which, under a wise regulator, may be directed to any beneficial purpose; and thereby every individual may be made subservient to the public good, while he principally means to promote his own particular views. A body of nobility is also more peculiarly necessary in our mixed and compounded constitution, in order to support the rights of both the crown and the people, by forming a barrier to withstand the encroachments of both. It creates and preserves that gradual scale of dignity, which proceeds from the peasant to the prince; rising like a pyramid from a broad foundation, and diminishing to a point as it rises. It is this ascending and contracting proportion that adds stability to any government; for when the departure is sudden from one extreme to another, we may pronounce that state to be precarious. The nobility, therefore, are the pillars, which are reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne; and, if that falls, they must also be buried under its ruins. Accordingly, when in the last century\* the commons had determined to extirpate monarchy, they also voted the house of lords to be useless and dangerous. And since titles of nobility are thus expedient in the state, it is also expedient that their owners should form an independent and separate branch of the legislature. If they were confounded with the mass of the people, and like them had only a vote in electing representatives, their privileges would soon be borne down and overwhelmed by the popular torrent, which would effectually level all distinctions. It is therefore highly necessary that the body of nobles should have a distinct assembly, distinct deliberations, and distinct powers from the commons.

The commons consist of all such men of property in the kingdom, as have not seats in the house of lords; every one of which has a voice in parliament, either personally, or by his representatives. In a free state every man, who is supposed a free agent, ought to be in some measure his own governor; and therefore a branch at least of the legislative power should reside in the whole body of the people. And this power, when the territories of the state are small and its citizens easily known, should be exercised by the people in their aggregate or collective capacity, as was wisely ordained in the petty republics of Greece, and the first rudiments of the Roman state. But this will be highly inconvenient, when the public territory is extended to any considerable degree, and the number of citizens is increased. Thus when, after the social war, all the burghers of Italy were admitted free citizens of Rome, and each had a vote in the public assemblies, it became

\* This was written during the eighteenth century.

impossible to distinguish the spurious from the real voter: and from that time all elections and popular deliberations grew tumultuous and disorderly; which paved the way for Marius and Sylla, Pompey and Cæsar, to trample on the liberties of their country, and at last to dissolve the commonwealth. In so large a state as ours, it is therefore very wisely contrived that the people should do that by their representatives, which it is impracticable to perform in person; representatives, chosen by a number of minute and separate districts, wherein all the voters are, or easily may be, distinguished. The counties are therefore represented by knights, elected by the proprietors of lands; the cities and boroughs are represented by citizens and burgesses, chosen by the mercantile part, or supposed trading interest of the nation; much in the same manner as the burghers in the diet of Sweden are chosen by the corporate towns, Stockholm sending four, as London does with us, other cities two, and some only one. The number of English representatives is 513, and of Scots 45; in all 558.\* And every member, though chosen by one particular district, when elected and returned, serves for the whole realm; for the end of his coming thither is not particular, but general; not barely to advantage his constituents, but the common wealth; to advise his majesty (as appears from the writ of summons) "*de communi consilio super negotiis quibusdam arduis et urgentibus, regem, statum, et defensionem regni Angliæ et ecclesiæ Anglicanæ concernentibus.*" And therefore he is not bound, like a deputy in the united provinces, to consult with, or take the advice of, his constituents upon any particular point, unless he himself thinks it proper or prudent so to do.—*Commentaries on the Laws of England*, Vol. i., Book i., ch. ii.

\* This was written before the union with Ireland, for which 100 members were added to the House of Commons. After the passing of the Reform Bill in 1832 the House of Commons was thus constituted:—

	Members.
England and Wales . . . . .	500
Ireland . . . . .	105
Scotland . . . . .	53
	<hr/>
	658

Sudbury, returning two members, was disfranchised in 1848, and St. Albans, returning two, in 1852. These vacant seats were in 1861 allotted thus, two to the West Riding of Yorkshire, one to South Lancashire, and one to Birkenhead.

## AN IRISH JOCKEY.

[LEVER, 1809—1870.

[CHARLES JAMES LEVER, born in Dublin, Aug. 31, 1806, and educated at Cambridge, was brought up to the medical profession. In 1832, he was appointed medical superintendent of a populous district in Ireland, and was afterwards attached to the Legation at Brussels as physician. He edited the "Dublin University Magazine" from 1842 till 1845. The first number of "Harry Lorrequer," his first work, published anonymously, appeared in 1839. This was followed by "Charles O'Malley," in 1841, and a variety of popular works of fiction. He was appointed vice-consul at Spezia, Nov. 26, 1858, and was promoted to Trieste in 1867. Died 1870.]

MR. ULICK BURKE—for I need not say it was he—was a well-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty or thirty years of age. Although his height was below the middle size, he was powerfully and strongly made; his features would have been handsome, were it not for a certain expression of vulgar suspicion that played about the eyes, giving him a side-long look when he spoke; this, and the loss of two front teeth, from a fall, disfigured a face originally pleasing. His whiskers were large, bushy, and meeting beneath his chin. As to his dress, it was in character with his calling; a green coat, cut round in jockey fashion, over which he wore a white "bang up," as it was called, in one pocket of which was carelessly thrust a lash whip; a belcher handkerchief, knotted loosely about his neck, buckskin breeches, reaching far down upon the leg, and top boots completed his costume. I had almost forgotten a hat, perhaps the most characteristic thing of all. This, which once had been white, was now, by stress of time and weather, of a dirty drab colour; its crown dinged in several places, and the leaf jagged and broken, bespoke the hard usage to which it was subjected. While speaking, he held it firmly clutched in his ungloved hand, and, from time to time, struck it against his thigh with an energy of manner that seemed habitual.

His manner was a mixture of timid embarrassment and vulgar assurance, feeling his way, as it were, with one, while he forgot himself with the other. With certain remnants of the class he originally belonged to, he had associated the low habitudes and slang phraseology of his daily associates, making it difficult for one, at first sight, to discover to which order he belonged. In the language of his companions Ulick Burke "could be a gentleman when he pleased it." How often have we heard this phrase: and with what a fatal mistake is it generally applied. He who can be a gentleman when he pleases, never pleases to be anything else. Circumstances may, and do, every day in life, throw men of cultivated minds, and refined habits into the society of their inferiors; but while, with the tact and readiness that is their especial prerogative, they make themselves welcome among those with



whom they have few, if any sympathies in common, yet never by any accident do they derogate from that high standard that makes them gentlemen. So, on the other hand, the man of vulgar tastes and coarse propensities may simulate, if he be able, the outward habitudes of society, speaking with practised intonation, and bowing with well-studied grace, yet is he no more a gentleman in his thought, or feeling, than is the tinselled actor, who struts the boards, the monarch his costume would bespeak him. This being the "gentleman when he likes," is but the mere performance of the character. It has all the smell of the orange-peel and the foot-lights about it, and never can be mistaken by any one who knows the world. But to come back to Mr. Burke.

Having eyed me for a second or two, with a look of mingled distrust and impertinence, he unfolded my note, which he held beneath his fingers, and said,

"I received this from you last night, Mr. —"

"Hinton," said I, assisting him.

"Mr. Hinton," repeated he, slowly.

"Wont you be seated?" said I, pointing to a chair, and taking one myself.

He nodded familiarly, and placing himself on the window-sill, with one foot upon a chair, resumed:

"It's about O'Grady's business, I suppose, you've come down here; the Captain has treated me very ill."

"You are quite right," said I, coolly, "in guessing the object of my visit; but I must also let you know, that in any observations you make concerning Captain O'Grady, they are made to a friend, who will no more permit his name to be slightly treated than his own."

"Of course," pronounced with a smile of the most insulting coolness, was the only reply. "That, however, is not the matter in hand. *Your friend*, the Captain, never condescended to answer my letter."

"He only received it a few days ago."

"Why isn't he here himself? Is a gentleman rider to be treated like a common jockey that's paid for his race?"

I confess the distinction was too subtle for me, but I said nothing in reply.

"I don't even know where the horse is, nor if he is here at all—will you call that handsome treatment, Mr. Hinton?"

"One thing I am quite sure of, Mr. Burke—Captain O'Grady is incapable of anything unworthy or unbecoming a gentleman; the haste of his departure for foreign service may have prevented him observing certain matters of etiquette towards you, but he has commissioned me to accept your terms. The horse is or will be here to-night,

and I trust nothing will interrupt the good understanding that has hitherto subsisted between you "

" And will he take up the writ ?"

" He will," said I, firmly.

" He must have a heavy book on the race."

" Nearly a thousand pounds ' "

" I m sorry for it, for his sake, ' was the cool reply, " for he'll lose his money."

" Indeed !" said I, " I understand that you thought well of his horse, and that with your riding—— "

• " Ay, but I wont ride for him."

" You wont ride !—not on your own terms ?"

" No, not even on my own terms Don't be putting yourself into a passion, Mr. Hinton—you've come down to a country where that never does any good, we settle all our little matters here in a social, pleasant way of our own—but, I repeat it, I wont ride for your friend, so you may withdraw his horse as soon as you like, except," added he, with a most contemptuous sneer, " you have a fancy for riding him yourself."

Resolving that whatever course I should follow, I should at least keep my temper for the present, I assumed as much calmness as I could command, and said,

" And what is there against O Grady's horse ?"

" A chestnut mare of Tom Molloy's, that can beat him over any country—the rest are withdrawn, so that I ll have a ' ride over ' for my pains."

" Then you ride for Mr Molloy ? ' said I.

" You've guessed it, replied he, with a wink, as throwing his hat carelessly on one side of his head, he gave me an insolent nod, and lounged out of the room.

I need not say that my breakfast appetite was not improved by Mr Burke's visit, in fact, never was a man more embarrassed than I was Independent of the loss of his money, I knew how poor Phil would suffer from the duplicity of the transaction, and in my sorrow for his sake, I could not help accusing myself of ill management in the matter Had I been more conciliating, or more blunt—had I bullied, or bid higher, perhaps a different result might have followed. Alas ! in all my calculations, I knew little or nothing of him with whom I had to deal. Puzzled and perplexed, uncertain how to act, now resolving on one course, now deciding on the opposite, I paced my little room for above an hour, the only conviction I could come to being the unhappy choice that poor O'Grady had made when he selected me for his negociator.—*Our Mess. Jack Hinton the Guardsman*, ch. XXI.

## MASSACRE OF ENGLISH COLONISTS IN AMERICA BY THE INDIANS.

[BANCROFT, 1800.

[GEORGE BANCROFT, born near Worcester, in Massachusetts, Oct. 3, 1800, was educated at Harvard College, at Gottingen, and Berlin. Having filled various appointments, he was made Secretary to the Navy in 1845, and was sent on a diplomatic mission to England in 1846. The first volume of "The History of the Colonization of the United States" appeared in 1834, the second in 1837, and the third in 1840. This was followed by "The History of the American Revolution," the first volume of which was published in 1852. Both works are included in his "History of America," of which various editions have been published in this country.]

BETWEEN the Indians and the English there had been quarrels, but no wars. From the first landing of colonists in Virginia, the power of the natives was despised; their strongest weapons were such arrows as they could shape without the use of iron, such hatchets as could be made from stone; and an English mastiff seemed to them a terrible adversary. Nor were their numbers considerable. Within sixty miles of Jamestown, it is computed, there were no more than five thousand souls, or about fifteen hundred warriors. The whole territory of the clans, which listened to Powhatan as their leader or their conqueror, comprehended about eight thousand square miles, thirty tribes, and twenty-four hundred warriors; so that the Indian population amounted to about one inhabitant to a square mile. The natives, naked and feeble compared with the Europeans, were nowhere concentrated in considerable villages; but dwelt dispersed in hamlets, with from forty to sixty in each company. Few places had more than two hundred; and many had less. It was also unusual for any large portion of these tribes to be assembled together. An idle tale of an ambuscade of three or four thousand is perhaps an error for three or four hundred; otherwise it is an extravagant fiction, wholly unworthy of belief. Smith once met a party, that seemed to amount to seven hundred; and so complete was the superiority conferred by the use of firearms, that with fifteen men he was able to withstand them all. The savages were therefore regarded with contempt or compassion. No uniform care had been taken to conciliate their goodwill; although their condition had been improved by some of the arts of civilized life. The degree of their advancement may be judged by the intelligence of their chieftain. A house having been built for Opechancanough after the English fashion, he took such delight in the lock and key, that he would lock and unlock the door a hundred times a day, and thought the device incomparable. When Wyatt arrived, the natives expressed a fear lest his intentions should be hostile; he assured them of his wish to preserve inviolable peace; and the emigrants had no use for fire-arms except against a deer or a fowl.

Confidence so far increased, that the old law, which made death the penalty for teaching the Indians to use a musket, was forgotten; and they were now employed as fowlers and huntsmen. The plantations of the English were widely extended in unsuspecting confidence, along the James River and towards the Potomac, wherever rich grounds invited to the culture of tobacco; nor were solitary places, remote from neighbours, avoided; since there would there be less competition for the ownership of the soil.

Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas, remained, after the marriage of his daughter, the firm friend of the English. He died in 1618; and his younger brother was now the heir to his influence. Should the native occupants of the soil consent to be driven from their ancient patrimony? Should their feebleness submit patiently to contempt, injury, and the loss of their lands? The desire of self-preservation, the necessity of self-defence, seemed to demand an active resistance; to preserve their dwelling-places, the English must be exterminated; in open battle the Indians would be powerless; conscious of their weakness, they could not hope to accomplish their end except by a preconcerted surprise. The crime was one of savage ferocity; but it was suggested by their situation. They were timorous and quick of apprehension, and consequently treacherous; for treachery and falsehood are the vices of cowardice. The attack was prepared with impenetrable secrecy. To the very last hour the Indians preserved the language of friendship; they borrowed the boats of the English to attend their own assemblies; on the very morning of the massacre, they were in the houses and at the tables of those whose death they were plotting. "Sooner," said they, "shall the sky fall, than peace be violated on our part." At length, on the twenty-second of March (1622), at midday, at one and the same instant of time, the Indians fell upon an unsuspecting population, which was scattered through distant villages, extending one hundred and forty miles on both sides of the river. The onset was so sudden, that the blow was not discerned till it fell. None were spared; children and women, as well as men, the missionary, who had cherished the natives with untiring gentleness, the liberal benefactors, from whom they had received daily benefits, all were murdered with indiscriminate barbarity, and every aggravation of cruelty. The savages fell upon the dead bodies, as if it had been possible to commit on them a fresh murder.

In one hour three hundred and forty-seven persons were cut off. Yet the carnage was not universal; and Virginia was saved from so disastrous a grave. The night before the execution of the conspiracy, it was revealed by a converted Indian to an Englishman, whom he wished to rescue; Jamestown and the nearest settlements were well

prepared against an attack; and the savages, as timid as they were ferocious, fled with precipitation from the appearance of wakeful resistance. In this manner the most considerable part of the colony was saved.—*A History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent to the Present Time.* Vol. i. ch. v.

## CAEN.

[R. BELL, 1800—1867.]

[ROBERT BELL, born at Cork, Jan. 10, 1800, and educated at Dublin, was appointed editor of "The Atlas" in 1828, and with some others projected "The Monthly Chronicle" in 1839. He is the author of two works in "Lardner's Cyclopædia," "The History of Russia," and "The Lives of the Poets." His " Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland " appeared in 1849, and his novel, "The Ladder of Gold," in 1850. He is the author of several historical and biographical works, and edited an annotated edition of the English poets, the first volume of which appeared in 1854. He died April 12, 1867.]

PEOPLE who travel only in their arm chairs acquire notions of foreign places which reality usually upsets at the first glance. Caen is a sort of *château en Espagne* in the story books. The reader who has been in the habit of exploring the metrical romances and the rural statistics of French love and murder has probably built an aboriginal town for himself in a sequestered district, filled it with a simple population, wearing towering caps and *salots*, and noted it down in his imagination as Caen. But when he comes to see the place, he will be duly disappointed in finding that the scene of so many sentimental lays and tragedies of unsophisticated passion (for Caen has a celebrity of this description in the annals of romantic crime), is a large, bustling, well-paved town, of 40,000 inhabitants, with not a scrap of poetry about it except the hills and forests, its old Norman churches and sinuous streets. Caen occupies such an irregular site, that the streets run up and down, and in and out, in a very odd way, and the city partakes of the beauty as well as the inconvenience of that circumstance. The principal streets, wide enough for all purposes, are choked up with people from sunrise to sunset; and the moment you step out of your hotel, the deafening noises of the retail business that is going on in these thronged passages, as well as in the elaborately furnished shops, soon satisfy you that, instead of being a paradise of picturesque antiquities, Caen is in fact a hive of hard-working industry.

In the citadel, up to which you must scramble by a narrow toilsome ascent, pleasantly relieved by clusters of women sitting making lace at their open doors and windows, you may read the history of Caen. But as this history is to be found in a hundred and odd books, and as the birth, ad-

ventures, and death of William the Conqueror can present no novel attractions to an English reader, let us hurry into the streets, and look at the people. We must even pass by St. Etienne, sublime in its lofty simplicity, and the old abbeys, and all the other ecclesiastical memorials, grand and beautiful as they are, to peep into the markets, and fill our eyes with coifs and aprons and tinsel caps, as deftly tricked out as if they were freshly mounted for the stage; and staggering old houses, and broken ends of streets, that look very much as if they were "got up" for the same purpose.

The markets throw out some picturesque materials to the eye; but the *ensemble* is distracting. The masses of men, women, and children, congregated about the booths and stands, filling to suffocation every speck of ground, and the odours exhaled from the animal and vegetable composite, arrest you on the edge of the stench. Fortunately it is not in the markets the market business is done, or that we get at the *contour* and customs of the market people. Caen has a special way of its own in carrying on its daily traffic in vegetables and fish, flesh, and fowl. The affairs of the markets are not transacted in the places so called, but up and down through the streets. These ambulatory markets, during the hours of household preparation, give to the town the aspect of a great tumultuous fair. Sometimes there comes a donkey, pattering slowly along, heavily laden with panniers piled sky-high with all kinds of garden produce, and driven by women, with towering snow-white caps shining and streaming in the sun, lemon-coloured shawls, blue petticoats, and *sabots*. Immediately after the donkey, comes trailing up a great puce-coloured horse, toiling between shafts of such inordinate length that, being in advance of the wheels by at least four feet, the draft is thrown to a considerable distance behind him; while the shafts continue to run back to an equal extent beyond the wheels. In the centre of this rude contrivance is raised a kind of basket-work, bearing aloft a whole garden of flowers and fruits, or millinery work, or hardware, or the contents of a butcher's shop, or select extracts from the live and dead stock of a farmyard. These carts are usually escorted by men in blue check frocks and dark trousers, furnished with enormously long and powerful whips, and blowing cows' horns with most discordant energy to announce their approach. Within the cart is seated a woman perched up on a bundle, ready to serve the crowd, through which the lumbering machine moves at a snail's pace. Then comes a young man (sometimes a girl) with a semicircular basket built up flat to his back, and ascending to a considerable height about his head, displaying an attractive variety of articles—geraniums in pots, flowering out tier above tier—crisp broccoli—turnips—beet-root—salad—cabbages; nor

is he satisfied with the ponderous weight he balances so dexterously on his back, but he must needs increase his toil by shrill ear-splitting cries, describing his whole cargo in minute detail. He is not singular in this respect; all the itinerant merchants cry their goods—and their name is legion. It is easy to imagine the prodigious uproar of the scene—the braying of donkeys, dull recipients of blows and *sacres*!—the rumbling of the long carts—the cracking of whips, like irregular volleys of small arms—the Babel of cries—the shrieking of cows' horns—and the din of voices bartering, cheapening, clamouring throughout the length and breadth of the procession. But, happily, it lulls a little towards noon. By that time the townspeople have laid in their stores for dinner, and the occupation of the ambulatory vendors is over for the day. A few of them, with a surplus stock on hand, still straggle about, like drops after a shower, hoping to catch some late customer, or to tempt others, already supplied, with a bargain from the refuse. But the riot is comparatively exhausted, and, with the exception of the clatter of *sabots*, the reverberations of voices down the narrow streets, or an incidental whip or horn dying away in the distance, the town is tolerably tranquil for the rest of the day.—*Wayside Pictures through France, Belgium, and Holland*. Chap. vi., The Streets of Caen.

## OBSERVATIONS ON THE TENCH.

[ISAAC WALTON, 1593—1683.]

[ISAAC WALTON, born at Stafford, August 9, 1593, is supposed to have been apprenticed in London, where he afterwards went into business as a hosier. He married Rachel Flood, a descendant of Archbishop Cranmer, Dec. 27, 1626. She died in Aug. 1640, and in 1647 he married Anne Ken, half-sister to the bishop of that name. His "Life of Donne," prefixed to an edition of his Sermons, appeared in 1640, and as a separate work in 1658. In the meantime the first edition of his great work, "The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation," was published in 1653. His collection of Sir Henry Wotton's Letters, &c., with Life, appeared in 1651, his "Life of Hooker" in 1665, his "Life of George Herbert" in 1670, and his "Life of Bishop Sanderson" in 1678. The first collected edition of his earlier Lives appeared in 1670. Walton died at Winchester, Dec. 15, 1683. His life, by Sir John Hawkins, is prefixed to the edition of the "Complete Angler," published in 1760. A life, by Dr. Zouch, appeared in 1824, and another by Sir Harris Nicolas in 1833. Many biographies of Walton have been published. "The Complete Angler" has gone through several editions. It is "a work which," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "whether considered as a treatise on the art of angling, or as a beautiful pastoral, abounding in exquisite descriptions of rural scenery, in sentiments of the purest morality, and in an unaffected love of the Creator and his works, has long been ranked amongst the most popular compositions in our language."]

THE Tench, the physician of fishes, is observed to love ponds better than rivers, and to love pits better than either: yet Camden observes,

there is a river in Dorsetshire that abounds with tenches, but doubtless they retire to the most deep and quiet places in it.

This fish hath very large fins, very small and smooth scales, a red circle about his eyes, which are big and of a gold colour, and from either angle of his mouth there hangs down a little barb. In every tench's head there are two little stones which foreign physicians make great use of, but he is not commended for wholesome meat, though there be very much use made of them for outward applications. Rondeletius\* says, that at his being at Rome, he saw a great cure done by applying a tench to the feet of a very sick man. This, he says, was done after an unusual manner, by certain Jews. And it is observed, that many of those people have many secrets yet unknown to Christians; secrets that have never yet been written, but have been (since the days of their Solomon, who knew the nature of all things, even from the cedar to the shrub) delivered by tradition, from the father to the son, and so from generation to generation, without writing; or (unless it were casually) without the least communicating them to any other nation or tribe; for to do that they account a profanation. And yet it is thought that they, or some spirit worse than they, first told us that lice swallowed alive, were a certain cure for the yellow-jaundice. This, and many other medicines, were discovered by them, or by revelation; for, doubtless, we attained them not by study.

Well, this fish, besides his eating, is very useful both dead and alive for the good of mankind. But I will meddle no more with that; my honest humble art teaches no such boldness; there are too many foolish meddlers in physic and divinity, that think themselves fit to meddle with hidden secrets, and so bring destruction to their followers. But I'll not meddle with them, any farther than to wish them wiser; and shall tell you next, for I hope I may be so bold, that the tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike especially; and that the pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the TENCH. And it is observed, that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him though he be never so hungry.

This fish, that carries a natural balsam in him to cure himself and others, loves yet to feed in very foul water, and amongst weeds. And yet I am sure he eats pleasantly, and doubtless, you will think so too, if you taste him. And I shall therefore proceed to give you some few, and but a few, directions how to catch this TENCH, of which I have given you these observations.—*The Complete Angler*, ch. xi. Fourth Day.

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\* Wm. Rondelet or Rondeletius, born in 1507, died July 18, 1566.



## EXCELSIOR.

[LONGFELLOW, 1807.

[HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, born at Portland, Maine, Feb. 27, 1807, and educated at Bowdoin College, Brunswick, studied for the law. Having made a tour in Europe, he was appointed professor of modern languages in Bowdoin College in 1829. His first work, "Outre Mer," appeared in 1835, "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night" in 1839, "Ballads and other Poems" in 1841, "Evangeline" in 1847, "The Golden Legend" in 1851, "Hiawatha" in 1855, "Miles Standish" in 1858, "Tales of a Wayside Inn" in 1863, "Flower de Luce" in 1866, and his translation of "Dante" in 1867. Longfellow has written numerous other works.]

THE shades of night were falling fast,  
As through an Alpine village passed  
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,  
A banner with the strange device,  
Excelsior !

His brow was sad ; his eye beneath,  
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath ;  
And like a silver clarion rung,  
The accents of that unknown tongue,  
Excelsior !

In happy homes he saw the light  
Of household fires gleam warm and bright ;  
Above, the spectral glaciers shone,  
And from his lips escaped a groan,  
Excelsior !

"Try not the Pass !" the old man said ;  
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead,  
"The roaring torrent is deep and wide !"   
And loud the clarion voice replied,  
Excelsior !

"O stay," the maiden said, "and rest  
"Thy weary head upon this breast !"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,  
Excelsior !

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch ;  
"Beware the awful avalanche !"   
This was the peasant's last Good-night.  
A voice replied, far up the height,  
Excelsior !

There in the twilight cold and gray,  
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay,  
And from the sky, serene and far,  
A voice fell, like a falling star,  
Excelsior !

[ABP. SFCKER, 1693—1768.

YET all the while, what they call a life of pleasure is very often only an affectation of being pleased. They put on airs of great gaiety, and in truth their pleasures are flat and insipid: they relieve one tasteless scene by another a little different; are miserable in the intervals of their amusements, and far from happy during the continuance of them. Nay indeed, under colour of relaxations, they are, to those who engage thoroughly in them, sore fatigues; from which, whether they will confess it or not, relaxation is much wanted: and some undergo a speedy, and many a lingering, martyrdom to them. If religion enjoined men to mortify and macerate themselves at this rate, what dreadful names

\* He was born in 1731, appointed Bishop of London in 1787, and died May 14, 1808.

would it be called ! In all likelihood, were the truth known, numbers would choose a quieter way of living, if one part of them could be sure, that the other would keep them in countenance. It is great pity therefore, but they should mutually explain themselves on this tyranny of fashion : and not go on together in wild chaces of imaginary pleasure, when they had all rather sit still. But farther, several, that would be sorry to quit their diversions follow them only to banish reflection on some bad or imprudent thing that they have done, or course they are in. Now as this can be no better than a palliative cure, and will usually exasperate the disease, they ought to seek a more effectual remedy. And we should all consider, that probably the same entertainments will not for ever afford us the same delight : and yet by long use it may grow or seem hardly possible to do without them, though they not only misbecome, but even tire us. Nay some, when they have once fixed it in their minds, that happiness consists in gaiety, and find the innocent sorts of gay enjoyments are become tasteless, venture, for the sake of a higher relish, on such as are pernicious even in this world.

Another consideration, both of prudence and duty, is, that the many expences of this public sort of life are excessive ; and to supply them, creditors are frequently left unpaid, except the least deserving ; due provision for children is omitted, and ignominious arts of raising money practised. Or if the votaries of pleasure do observe justice, let them ask their consciences, what proportion of their income goes in works of piety, mercy, encouragement of useful undertakings, and what in luxurious trifles. It will be said that these last do good by setting the poor to labour. But is our intention to do good by them, or only to gratify our vanity and voluptuousness ? Besides, much more good is done by procuring health to the sick, right education to the young, instruction to the ignorant and vicious, or by durable works of general utility and national honour. And employing the lower part of the people in ministering to the luxury of the higher, can no more enrich or support a kingdom, than employing the servants of a private family in the same manner, can enrich or support that.

But one fashionable expence must be particularly mentioned : that which bears the name, often very falsely, of play. Be it for ever so little, consuming much time in it, is the most unimproving and irrational employment that can be. But false shame and emulation frequently raise it to a very incommodious and distressing height, even amongst those who profess to be moderate. And the lengths that others go, are the most speedily and absolutely ruinous of all things. The more calmly men bear their losses, the worse ; if they are the less likely to leave off for it. But usually they feel most tormenting agitations : yet rush on to lose more, from a groundless hope of gain ;

and perhaps at length call in dishonesty to the aid of imprudence. I am unwilling to name the worst act of desperation, to which extravagant and vicious indulgences too frequently lead. But surely it cannot fail to be visible, that deliberately and presumptuously ending an immoral and mischievous life, by the impious and false bravery of a voluntary death, instead of an humble and exemplary penitence, is the completest rebellion against God, of which the heart of man is capable.—*Sermons on Several Subjects*. Sermon V., 2 Tim. iii. 4.

### CHANGES IN LANGUAGE ALWAYS IN PROGRESS.

[SIR CHARLES LYELL, BART., 1797—1875.

[CHARLES LYELL, born Nov. 14, 1797, and educated at Exeter College, Oxford, having been called to the bar, was knighted in 1848, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford in 1855, and was created a baronet Aug. 22, 1864. He was President of the Geological Society in 1836-7, and again in 1850-1. His first work, "The Principles of Geology," published in 1833, was followed by "Elements of Geology" (reprinted under the title of "A Manual of Elementary Geology") in 1838; "Travels in North America" in 1841; "Second Visit to the United States" in 1845; and a treatise on "The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation," in 1863. Sir Charles Lyell was the author of numerous contributions to scientific publications, &c. Died 1875.

BUT another important question still remains to be considered, namely, whether the trifling changes which can alone be witnessed by a single generation, can possibly represent the working of that machinery which, in the course of many centuries, has given rise to such mighty revolutions in the forms of speech throughout the world. Every one may have noticed in his own lifetime the stealing in of some slight alterations of accent, pronunciation or spelling, or the introduction of some words borrowed from a foreign language to express ideas of which no native term precisely conveyed the import. He may also remember hearing for the first time some cant terms or slang phrases, which have since forced their way into common use, in spite of the efforts of the purist. But he may still contend that "within the range of his experience," his language has continued unchanged, and he may believe in its immutability in spite of minor variations. The real question, however, at issue is, whether there are any limits to this variability. He will find on further investigation, that new technical terms are coined almost daily in various arts, sciences, professions, and trades, that new names must be found for new inventions, that many of these acquire a metaphorical sense, and then make their way into

general circulation, as "stereotyped," for instance, which would have been as meaningless to the men of the seventeenth century as would the new terms and images derived from steamboat and railway travelling to the men of the eighteenth.

If the numerous words, idioms, and phrases, many of them of ephemeral duration, which are thus invented by the young and old in various classes of society, in the nursery, the school, the camp, the fleet, the courts of law and the school, and the study of the man of science or literature, could all be collected together and put on record, their number in one or two centuries might compare with the entire permanent vocabulary of the language. It becomes, therefore, a curious subject of enquiry, what are the laws which govern not only the invention, but also the "selection" of some of these words or idioms, giving them currency in preference to others:—for as the powers of the human memory are limited, a check must be found to the endless increase and multiplication of terms, and old words must be dropped nearly as fast as new ones are put into circulation. Sometimes the new word or phrase, or a modification of the old ones, will entirely supplant the more ancient expressions, or, instead of the latter being discarded, both may flourish together, the older one having a more restricted use.

Although the speakers may be unconscious that any great fluctuation is going on in their language,—although when we observe the manner in which new words and phrases are thrown out, as if at random or in sport, while others get into vogue, we may think the process of change to be the result of mere chance,—there are nevertheless fixed laws in action, by which, in the general struggle for existence, some terms and dialects gain the victory over others. The slightest advantage attached to some new mode of pronouncing or spelling, from considerations of brevity or euphony, may turn the scale, or more powerful causes of selection may decide which of two or more rivals shall triumph and which succumb. Among these are fashion, or the influence of an aristocracy, whether of birth or education, popular writers, orators, preachers,—a centralized government organizing its schools expressly to promote uniformity of diction, and to get the better of provincialisms and local dialects. Between these dialects, which may be regarded as so many "incipient languages," the competition is always keenest when they are most nearly allied, and the extinction of any one of them destroys some of the links by which a dominant tongue may have been previously connected with some other widely distinct one. It is by the perpetual loss of such intermediate forms of speech that the great dissimilarity of the languages which survive is brought about. Thus,

if Dutch should become a dead language, English and German would be separated by a wider gap.—*The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* Chap. xxiii.

### DIVES AND THE HAND OF DEATH.

[SALA, 1826.

[GEORGE AUGUSTUS HENRY SALA, born in London in 1826, at an early age became a contributor to "Household Words," and other periodicals. He is the author of numerous works of fiction, most of which made their appearance in some popular periodical, and have since been republished in a separate form. The best known of these productions are—"Twice Round the Clock," which appeared in 1859; "The Baddington Peerage," in 1860; "The Two Prima Donnas," in 1862; "The Seven Sons of Mammon," in 1863; and "Quite Alone," in 1864. Mr. Sala went as a special correspondent to the United States for the *Daily Telegraph* in 1863, wrote "America in the Midst of War," published in 1864, and has visited other countries in the same capacity.]

IF you take a million-rich man, and put him naked and without victuals or a roof to cover him, on a rock, and expose him to the nipping frost and the January blast, it will not be long ere he begins to shiver, and anon to howl in agony and despair; and at last he will crouch prone to his jagged bed and die. But in the very centre of London, with his palaces and his vassals around him, it is difficult for the rich man to feel the cold. On that bare rock his millions in gold or crisp paper would not warm him, unless haply he had needles and thread to sew the money-bags together for raiment. When he is in London, however, the money will buy furred robes and Walls-end coals, and sand-bags to exclude the wind, and well closed chariots to ride in, and Welsh wigs to draw over his head, plushgloves to cover his hands, and hot-water bottles to put to his feet. Railway rugs, scalding soups and drinks, shawls and comforters, are all ready for him and purchasable. The theatres, the churches, the counting-houses, the board-rooms, the marts and exchanges which he frequents, have all their warming apparatus, and become snug and cosy. No; I cannot see how it is possible for the English Dives to shiver,—were even Siberia brought to London, and the North Pole set up in the Strand in lieu of the May-pole which once adorned that thoroughfare. The milliners that serve Dives' wives and daughters may sell as many fans for Christmas balls as for Midsummer picnics; and at Dives' New-year's feasts the ice-creams and the ice-puddings are positively refreshing after the spiced viands and generous wines.

Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was the richest of rich men. The quilt of

his bed might have been stuffed with bank-notes instead of eider-down. He could have afforded, had he needed caloric, to have burned one of his own palaces down, and warmed his hands by the conflagration. From his warm bed-room, breakfast-room, and study, his warm carriage took him, swathed in warm wrappers, to the warm sanctum of his warm counting-house. His head clerks wore respirators, and had mulligatawney soup for lunch. *The Times'* City article was carefully warmed for him ere he perused it. His messengers comforted themselves with alamode beef and hot sausages and fried potatoes before roaring fires; and, when they were despatched on errands, slipped into heated taverns in little City lanes, where they hastily swallowed mugs full of steaming egg-hot and cordialized porter. The only cold that could seemingly touch so rich a man as Sir Jasper Goldthorpe was a cold in the head; and what possets, white-wine-wheys, gruels, footbaths, doctors' prescriptions, and hot flannels, were there not in readiness to drive catarrh away from him! Lived there in the whole realm of England one man or boy mad or desperate enough to cast a snow-ball at the millionaire of Beryl Court? I think not. He was above the cold. It was street-people only who were cold, just as the little princess asked the painter who came to take her portrait whether it was not true that "only street-people died." So Sir Jasper Goldthorpe, his sons and their thralls and churls, their tributaries and feudatories, let the street-people shiver as beseemed their degree, flinging them cheques and sovereigns sometimes in their haughty unbending way, and went on, warm and glowing, from a prosperous old year to a prosperous new one, when suddenly a Hand of Ice, that thrilled them all to the very bones and marrow, was laid just above the heart of Mammon, and of his wife, and of his children.

It was the Hand of Death, and it touched each with a cold pang, and went onwards, to touch some transiently, but to grasp others without release. Whoever felt its lightest pressure was chilled and benumbed. The Icy Hand came to Beryl Court and to Onyx Square, and all the gold of Mammondism could not, for that season, bring cheerful warmth again.—*The Seven Sons of Mammon: A Story*, chap. v.

#### CHATTERTON'S PROCESSES OF INVENTION.

[MASSON, 1822.

[DAVID MASSON was born at Aberdeen, Dec. 2, 1822, and educated at Marischal College and the University of Edinburgh. At an early age he applied himself to literary pursuits, in 1844 repaired to London, and wrote for "*Fraser's Maga-*

zine," and other periodicals. After another residence of about two years' duration in Edinburgh, he returned to London in 1847, and was appointed Professor of the English Language and Literature at University College, in 1852. This post he resigned in October, 1865, on receiving the appointment to the Professorship of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. Professor Masson, who has contributed to the quarterly reviews and other periodicals, became editor of "Macmillan's Magazine" in 1859. Amongst other works, he has written "Essays Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets," published in 1856; "Life of John Milton," vol. i. in 1858; "British Novelists and their Styles: a Critical Sketch of the History of British Prose Fiction," in 1859; and "Recent British Philosophy," in 1865.]

HAD Chatterton put forth this coinage of his brain in the shape of a professed historical romance, all would have been well. But from working so lovingly in the *matter* of antiquity, he contracted also a preference for the antique in *form*. As Scott, in the very process of realizing to himself the Quentin Durwards, the Mause Headriggs, and the Jedediah Cleishbothams of his inimitable fictions, acquired in his own person an antique way of thinking, and a mastery over the antique glossary, if not a positive affection for it, so it became natural to Chatterton, revelling as he did in conceptions of the antique, to draw on, as it were, an ancient-fashioned suit of thought, and make use of antique forms of language. Hence, when, prompted by his literary impulse, he sought to embody in verse any of those traditions or fictions relative to the past time of England which his enthusiasm for the antique had led him to fix upon—as, for example, the story of the Danish invasions of England, the story of the Battle of Hastings, or the story of a tournament in the reign of Edward I.—he found himself obliged by a kind of artistic necessity to impart a quaintness to his style by the use of old vocables and idioms. Persisted in thereafter for the mere pleasure of the exercise, the habit would become exaggerated, till at last it would amount to an ungovernable disposition to riot in the obsolete.

Even so far, however, there was nothing blameworthy. In thus selecting a style artificially antique for the conveyance of his historic fancies, Chatterton, it might be affirmed, had but obeyed the proper instinct of his genius, and chosen that element in which he found he could work best. Every man has his mode, or set of intellectual conditions most favourable for the production and development of what is best in him; and in Chatterton's case this mode, this set of conditions, consisted in an affectation of the antique. For let any one compare the Rowley Poems of Chatterton with his own acknowledged productions, and the conclusion will be inevitable, that his *forte* was the antique, and that here alone lay any preternatural power he possessed. There are, indeed, in his acknowledged poems, felicities of expression and gleams



of genius, showing that even as a modern poet he would certainly in time have taken a high rank; but to do justice to his astonishing abilities, we must read his antique compositions. In the element of the antique Chatterton rules like a master; in his modern effusions he is but a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden. Moreover, there is a perceptible moral difference between the two classes of his performances. In his antique poems there is freshness, enthusiasm, and a fine earnest sense of the becoming; throughout the modern ones we are offended by irreverence, malevolence, and a kind of vicious, boyish pruriency. And conscious as Chatterton must have been of this difference; aware as he must have been that it was when he wrote in his artificially-antique style that his invention worked most powerfully, that his heart beat most nobly, and the poetic shiver ran most keenly through his veins—we cannot wonder that he should have given himself up to this kind of literary recreation rather than to any other.

Unfortunately, however, meaner causes were all this while at work—maliciousness towards individuals, craving for notoriety, delight in misleading people, and, above all, want of money. Moreover, for this unhappy combination of moral states and dispositions, it so happened that the Grandfather of Lies had a very suitable temptation ready, in the shape of that most successful literary imposture, the Ossian Poems, then in the first blush of their contested celebrity. Yielding to the temptation, Chatterton resolved to turn what was best and most original in his genius—his enthusiasm for the antique—into the service of his worst propensities. In other words, he resolved to adopt, with certain variations and adaptations to his own case, the trick of Macpherson. That this was the act of one express and distinct determination of his will—a solemn and secret compact with himself, made at a very early period indeed, probably before the conclusion of his fifteenth year—there can be no manner of doubt. The elaboration of his scheme of imposture, however, was gradual. The first exhibition of it, and probably that which suggested much that followed, was the *Burgum Hoax*,\* with its afterthought of the Old English poet, John de Bergham. Of this original trick the Rowley device was but a gigantic expansion. To invent a poet of the past, on whom to father all his own

\* Burgum and Catcott were partners in a shop in the pewter trade in Bristol. Chatterton persuaded the former that he was descended from one of the noblest families in England, and gave him a pedigree in manuscript of the family of the De Berghams from the Norman Conquest. In this pedigree, John De Bergham, a poet, was introduced, as the author of several works, and the translator of some part of the *Iliad*, under the title of "Romance of Troy."

compositions in the antique style, and to give this poet a probable and fixed footing in history, was the essential form of the scheme. That the poet thus invented should be a native of Bristol, and that his date should be in the times of the merchant Canynge, were special accidents determined by Chatterton's position and peculiar capabilities. And thus the two processes of invention, the legitimate and the illegitimate, worked into each other's hands,—Chatterton's previous conceptions of the life and times of Canynge providing him with a proper chronological and topographical environment for his required poet; and his device of the poet giving richness and interest to his romance of Canynge. And, once begun, there were powerful reasons why the deceit should be persevered in—the pleasure of the jest itself; the secret sense of superiority it gave him; its advantage as a means of hooking half-crowns out of people's pockets; and last, though not least, the impossibility of retracting without being knocked down by Barrett\* for damaging his history, or kicked by the Catcott† for having made fools of them. Hence, by little and little, the whole organization of the imposture, from the first rumour of old manuscripts up to the use of ochre, black lead, and smoke, in preparing specimens of them.—*Essays Biographical and Critical: chiefly on English Poets.* Essay VI., Chatterton: A Story of the Year 1770, chap. ii.

\* Mr. Barrett was a surgeon in good practice at Bristol, and had some reputation as an antiquarian. He was engaged writing a history of Bristol, and Chatterton supplied him with deeds and other ancient documents, likely to be of use to him in his literary undertaking.

† There were two brothers of this name with whom Chatterton had dealings, Mr. George Catcott, Mr. Burgum's partner, and the Rev. George Catcott. In one of his effusions, the poet describes the first mentioned thus:

"Catcott is very fond of talk and fame—  
His wish a perpetuity of name;  
Which to procure a pewter altar's made  
To bear his name and signify his trade;  
In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,  
To tell futurity a pewterer's dead."

Nor was he less severe upon the clergyman, whom he addresses in these lines:

"Might we not, Catcott, then, infer from hence  
Your zeal for Scripture hath devoured your sense?"

### ADVANTAGES DERIVED FROM INTERCOURSE WITH FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

[HAKLUYT, 1553—1616.]

[RICHARD HAKLUYT, born in 1553, was educated at Westminster, went to Christ Church, Oxford, in 1575, and having at an early age studied narratives of voyages and travels, was appointed lecturer of geography and cosmography in that University. He was made chaplain to the English Embassy at Paris in 1584, and during his residence in that city published at his own expense, in French and English, "Laundonnière's Narrative of the Discovery of Florida." On his return to England, aided by Sir Walter Raleigh, he collected materials for his great work, "The Principal Navigations, Voyages, and Discoveries made by the English Nation," published in 1589. This volume was republished with two others in 1598—1600, and a new edition in five volumes appeared in 1809—12. Zouch in his "Life of Sir P. Sidney," says of this indefatigable compiler, "Every reader conversant in the annals of our naval transactions will cheerfully acknowledge the merit of Richard Hakluyt, who devoted his studies to the investigation of those periods of the English history, which regard the improvement of navigation and commerce. He had the advantage of an academical education. He was elected student of Christ Church in Oxford in 1570, and was therefore contemporary with Sidney at the University. To him we are principally indebted for a clear and comprehensive description of those noble discoveries of the English nation, made by sea or over land, to the most distant quarter of the earth. His incomparable industry was remunerated with every possible encouragement by Sir Francis Walsingham and Sir Philip Sidney. To the latter, as to a most generous promoter of all ingenious and useful knowledge, he inscribed his first collection of voyages and discoveries, printed in 1582.\* Thus animated and encouraged, he was enabled to leave to posterity the fruits of his unwearied labours—an invaluable treasure of nautical information, preserved in volumes, which even at this day affix to his name a brilliancy of reputation, which a series of ages can never efface or obscure." Hakluyt wrote some other works. "A Selection of curious, rare, and early Voyages and Histories of interesting Discoveries, chiefly translated or published by Hakluyt, or at his suggestion, but not included in his celebrated compilation, to which, to Purchas, and other general Collections, this is intended as a Supplement," appeared in 1812. He was appointed to a living in Suffolk, made a prebend of Westminster Abbey, and died November 23, 1616. An island in Baffin's Bay, a promontory in Spitzbergen, and the Hakluyt Society, founded in London in 1846, for the publication of all the earlier voyages and histories, are named after this persevering compiler.]

THERE is a walled towne† not farre from Barbarie, called Hubbed, toward the South from the famous towne Telensin, about six miles : the inhabitants of which towne in effect be all Diers And it is sayd that thereabout they haue plenty of Anile, and that they occupy that, and also that they use there in their dyings, of the Saffron aforesayd.

\* This is not his great work, but his first publication, "Divers Voyages touching the Discovery of America," published in 1582.

† The original orthography preserved in this extract will afford the reader an opportunity of judging of the state of the language toward the close of the sixteenth century.

The trueth whereof, in the Southerly ports of the Mediteran sea, is easily learned in your passage to Tripoli, or in returne from thence homeward you may vnderstand it. It is reported at Saffronwalden that a Pilgrim purposing to do good to his countrey, stole an head of Saffron, and hid the same in his Palmers staffe, which he had made hollow before of purpose, and so he brought this root into this realme, with venture of his life for if he had been taken, by the law of the countrey from whence it came, he had died for the fact. If the like loue in this our age were in our people that now become great trauellers, many knowledges, and many trades, and many herbes and plants might be brought into this realme that might doe the realme good. And the Romans hauing that care, brought from all coasts of the world into Italie all arts and sciences, and all kinds of beasts and fowels, and all herbes, trees, busks and plants that might yeeld profit or pleasure to their countrey of Italie. And if this care had not bene heretofore in our ancesters, then had our life bene sauage now, for then we had not had Wheat nor Rie, Peaze nor Beanes, Barley nor Oats, Peare nor Apple, Vine nor many other profitable and pleasant plants, Bull nor Cow, Sheepe nor Swine, Horse nor Mare, Cocke nor Hen, nor a number of other things that we inioy, without which our life were to be sayd barbarous for these things and a thousand that we vse more the first inhabitants of this Iland found not here And in time of memory things haue bene brought in that were not here before, as the Damaske rose by Doctour Linaker,\* king Henry the seuenth and king Henrie the eight† Physician, the Turkey cocks and hennes about fifty yeres past, the Artichowe in time of king Henry the eight, and of later time was procured out of Italy the Muske rose plant, the plumme called the Perdigwena, and two kinds more by the Lord Cromwell after his trauell, and the Abricot by a French Priest one Wolfe Gardiner to king Henry the eight and now within these foure yeers there haue bene brought into England from Vienna in Austria diuers kinds of flowers called Tulipas, and those and other procured thither a little before from Constantinople by an excellent man called M. Carolus Clusius ‡ And it is sayd that since we traded to Zante that the plant that beareth the Coren is also brought into this realme from thence; and although it bring not fruit to perfection, yet it may serue for plea-

\* Thomas Linacre, M D., born about 1460, died October 20, 1524

† The uncertain state of orthography at this period is seen from the fact that such words as Henry, Italy, &c., are spelt in two ways in this extract

‡ Charles Clusius or De L'Ecluse, a Dutch physician and botanist, born in 1526, died April 4, 1609.

sure and for some use, like as our vines doe, which we cannot well spare, although the climat so cold will not permit us to have good wines of them. And many other things haue bene brought in, that haue degenerated by reason of the colde climat, some other things brought in haue by negligence bene lost. The Archbishop of Canterbury Edmund Grindall,\* after he returned out of Germany brought into this realme the plant of Tamariske from thence, and this plant he hath so increased that there be here thousands of them; and many people haue receiued great health by this plant: and if of things brought in such care were had, then could not the first labour be lost. The seed of Tabacco hath bene brought hither out of the West Indies, it groweth heere, and with the herbe many haue bene eased of the reumes, &c. Each one of a great number of things more woorthy of a iourney to be made into Spain, Italy, Barbarie, Egypt, Zante, Constantinople, the West Indies, and to diuers other places neerer and further off then any of these, yet forsomuch as the poore are not able, and for that the rich settled at home in quiet will not, therefore we are to make sute to such as repaire to forren kingdomes, for other businesses, to haue some care heerein, and to set before their eyes the examples of these good men, and to endeour to do for their parts the like, as their speciall businesses may permit the same. Thus giuing you occasion by way of a little remembrance, to haue a desire to doe your countrey good, you shall, if you haue any inclination to such good, do more good to the poore ready to starue for reliefe, then euer any subiect did in this realme by building of Almeshouses, and by giuing of lands and goods to the reliefe of the poore. Thus may you helpe to driue idleness the mother of most mischiefs out of the realme, and winne you perpetuall fame, and the prayer of the poore, which is more woorth then all the golde of Peru and of all the West Indies.—*Certaine Other most Profitable and Wise Instructions for a principall English Factor at Constantinople.*

### THE PROPER STUDY OF HISTORY.

[HENRY ST. JOHN, VISCT. BOLINGBROKE, 1678—1751.

[HENRY ST. JOHN, born at Battersea October 1, 1678, was educated at Eton and at Oxford, and having travelled some time on the Continent, married in 1700, the daughter of Sir John Winchescomb, Bart., and was returned for the borough of

\* Edmund Grindall, born in 1519, was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury in 1576, and died July 6, 1583.

Wootton-Bassett in 1701. Having joined the Tory party, he became Secretary of War April 20, 1704, in Godolphin's Administration, and retired with Harley in February 1708. He became one of the Principal Secretaries of State in Harley's Administration in September 1710, was raised to the peerage as Viscount Bolingbroke in 1712, quarrelled with Harley, who was dismissed July 27, 1714, and intrigued in favour of the Stuarts. On the death of Queen Anne, the Whigs obtained the chief authority, and Lord Bolingbroke was dismissed August 28, 1714. He fled to France in March, 1715, was attainted, became Secretary of State to the Pretender, and married (his first wife died in 1718) the Marquise de Vilette in 1720. Having received a pardon, he returned to England in September 1724. His property was restored to him, but he was not allowed to sit in Parliament. He remained abroad from 1735 till 1742, and died December 12, 1751. Lord Bolingbroke is celebrated as an author. Whilst living at his villa at Dawley, near Uxbridge, he enjoyed the society of Swift, Pope, &c., and conducted the *Craftsman*, which commenced December 5, 1725, and opposed Sir Robert Walpole. His "Letters on the Study of History" first appeared in that publication. A collected edition of his works by David Mallet appeared in 1754, and "Letters and Correspondence with State Papers, &c.," by Rev. G. Parke, in 1798. A Life by T. Macknight was published in 1863. Earl Stanhope (*History of England*, vol. 1., chap. 1.) says, "As a writer Lord Bolingbroke is, I think, far too little admired in the present day. \* \* \* But surely his style, considered apart from his matter, seems the perfection of eloquence. It displays all the power and richness of the English language; and, in all its changes, never either soars into bombast, or sinks into vulgarity. We may observe with admiration, that, even when defending the cause of tyranny, he knows how to borrow his weapons from the armoury of freedom. The greatest praise of Bolingbroke's style is, that it was the study and the model of the two greatest minds of the succeeding generation—Mr. Burke and Mr. Pitt."]

WHAT has been said concerning the multiplicity of histories, and of historical memorials, wherewith our libraries abound since the resurrection of letters happened, and the art of printing began, puts me in mind of another general rule, that ought to be observed by every man who intends to make a real improvement, and to become wiser as well as better, by the study of history. I hinted at this rule in a former letter, where I said that we should neither grope in the dark, nor wander in the light. History must have a certain degree of probability and authenticity, or the examples we find in it would not carry a force sufficient to make due impressions on our minds, nor to illustrate nor to strengthen the precepts of philosophy and the rules of good policy. But besides, when histories have this necessary authenticity and probability, there is much discernment to be employed in the choice and the use we make of them. Some are to be read, some are to be studied; and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a sort of canine appetite: the curiosity of one, like the hunger of the other, devours ravenously and without distinction whatever falls in its way;

but neither of them digests. They heap crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined, to a more than athletic strength of body, a prodigious memory; and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a day, for five-and-twenty or thirty years; and had heaped together as much learning as could be crowded into an head. In the course of my acquaintance with him, I consulted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think, all was employed in reading. His reason had not the merit of common mechanism. When you press a watch or pull a clock, they answer your question with precision; for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you with pouring forth all that the several terms or words of your question recalled to his memory: and if he omitted anything, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him and confined him. To ask him a question, was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity, and confused noise, till the force of it was spent: and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and un-informed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, "Dieu vous fasse la grace de *devenir moins savant!*" a wish that La Mothe le Vayer mentions upon some occasion or other, and that he would have done well to have applied to himself upon many.

He who reads with discernment and choice, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge: and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.—*Letters on the Study and Use of History*. Letter IV. Part 2.

#### THE SKY-LARK.

[SHELLEY, 1792—1821.

[PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, born at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex, Aug. 4, 1792, and educated at Eton, went to Oxford, from which he was expelled in 1811 for having published a pamphlet entitled, "A Defence of Atheism." He contracted a marriage with Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a retired innkeeper, in 1811, was

separated from her in 1813, and after her death married Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin.\* He took his final departure from England in March, 1818, resided some time at Rome, was with Lord Byron at Venice in 1820, and having settled near Lerica, in the Gulf of Spezia early in 1823, perished July 8 of that year in a squall on his return from a trip to Leghorn. Shelley's best known works are "Queen Mab," published in 1813; "The Revolt of Islam," in 1818, "The Cenci. a Tragedy in Five Acts," in 1817, "Prometheus Unbound: a Lyrical Drama, in Four Acts, with other Poems," and "Adonais an Elegy on the Death of John Keats" in 1821. Some of his shorter poems, such as "The Cloud," "The Skylark," and "The Sensitive Plant," are very beautiful. Several memoirs of this poet have been published.]

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !  
Bird thou never wert,  
That from heaven, or near it,  
Pourest thy full heart  
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.  
  
Higher still, and higher,  
From the earth thou springest  
Like a cloud of fire,  
The deep blue thou wingest,  
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning  
Of the sunken sun,  
O'er which clouds are brightening,  
Thou dost float and run,  
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even  
Melts around thy flight,  
Like a star of heaven,  
In the broad day-light  
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

\* The daughter of William Godwin was born in London in 1798, and died Feb 1, 1851. She wrote "Frankenstein" and other works.



All the earth and air  
With thy voice is loud,  
As, when night is bare,  
From one lonely cloud  
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;  
What is most like thee ?  
From rainbow clouds there flow not  
Drops so bright to see,  
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden  
In the light of thought,  
Singing hymns unbidden,  
Till the world is wrought  
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden  
In a palace tower,  
Soothing her love-laden  
Soul in secret hour  
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden  
In a dell of dew,  
Scattering unbeholden  
Its ærial hue  
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view.

Like a rose embowered  
In its own green leaves,  
By warm winds deflowered,  
Till the scent it gives  
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers  
On the twinkling grass,  
Rain-awakened flowers,  
All that ever was  
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,  
What sweet thoughts are thine :  
I have never heard  
Praise of love or wine  
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,  
Or triumphal chaunt,  
Matched with thine would be all  
But an empty vaunt—  
A thing wherein ~~we~~<sup>we</sup> feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains  
Of thy happy strain ?  
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?  
What shapes of sky or plain ?  
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance  
Languor cannot be :  
Shadow of annoyance  
Never came near thee :  
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep ;  
Thou of death must deem  
Things more true and deep  
Than we mortals dream,  
Oh how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after,  
And pine for what is not :  
Our sincerest laughter  
With some pain is fraught :  
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn  
Hate, and pride, and fear ;  
If we were things born  
Not to shed a tear,  
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures  
 Of delight and sound,  
 Better than all treasures  
 That in books are found,  
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness  
 That thy brain must know,  
 Such harmonious madness  
 From my lips would flow,  
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

### THERE IS A GOD.

[DR. WATTS, 1674—1748.]

[ISAAC WATTS, born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, and brought up as a Dissenter became tutor in Sir John Hartopp's family, at Stoke Newington, in 1696, and an independent minister in 1698, having preached his first sermon July 17. He fell into delicate health, and resided with Sir Thomas Abney, at Theobalds, from 1712 till his death, which occurred Nov. 25, 1748. He received the D.D. degree from the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen in 1728. He wrote "Logic; or, the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth," published in 1725; "Dissertations relating to the Christian Doctrine of the Trinity" in 1726; "Improvement of the Mind; or, Supplement to the Art of Logic," in 1741; a variety of sermons and lectures and other works. He is, however, best known by his "Psalms and Hymns," which appeared in 1719. A collected edition of his works was published in 1753, and was reissued with a memoir by the Rev. G. Burder in 1810. "Life, Times, and Correspondence," by the Rev. T. Milner, appeared in 1834.]

It must be known by the light of nature, that there is a God, before we can reasonably have any thing to do with Scripture, or believe his word. Now the shortest and plainest way to come at the knowledge of God by the light of nature, is by considering the whole frame of this visible world, and the various parts of it. Hereby we shall not only find that there is a God, but we shall learn in a great measure what is his nature also.

A man cannot open his eyes, but he sees many objects round about him which did not make themselves: The birds, the beasts and the fishes, the herbs and the trees, the fire and the water, all seem to confess that they were not their own creators, for they cannot preserve themselves: Nor did we give being to ourselves or to them, because we can neither preserve ourselves nor them in being.

Besides there is an infinite variety of instances in the constant regular motions of the planets, the influences of the sun and moon,

in the wondrous composition of plants and animals, and in their several properties and operations, as well as in the very structure of our own bodies, and the faculties of our minds; which sufficiently discover there must be some superior and divine power and wisdom, which both contrived and created their natures and ours, and gave being both to them and us.

Thus it appears that the first notion we have of God, by the light of nature, is the Creator of all things. Thence it follows, that he must be before all those things which he has made; therefore he must be the first of beings.

And it is plain, that he could have no beginning, and that there was no time when God was not; for then he could never have begun to be; since there was nothing that could create him, nor can there be any reason why he should of himself start out of nothing into being at any moment, if he had not been before: So that since we have proved that there is a God, we may be sure that he ever was, or that he was from all eternity.

Now the same argument which proves that he had no beginning, will infer also, that he can have no end: For as nothing could give him being, nothing can take it away. He depends not on any thing for leave to exist, since nothing in nature could possibly concur or contribute any thing toward his existence. Nor does his being depend on any arbitrary act of his own will, for he did not create himself. Nor can he himself wish, or will, or desire not to be, because he is perfectly wise, and knows it is best for him for ever to exist; and, therefore, he must exist, or be for ever.

And this is what the learned call a necessary being; that is, one who ever was, and ever must be; without beginning and without end. And this, in many of their writings, is justly made to be the great and eminent distinction between God and the creature; viz. that the creatures might be, or not be, as God pleases; but God always was, and always will be: He must necessarily have a being from everlasting to everlasting.

As his works discover his existence, or his being; so the greatness of his works shows the greatness of his power. He that made all things out of mere nothing, must be Almighty: He that has contrived all things with such exquisite art, must be all wise and all knowing; and he that has furnished this lower world with such innumerable rich varieties of light and food, of colours, sounds, smells, and tastes, and materials for all the conveniences of life, to support and to entertain our natures, he must be a Being of unspeakable goodness.

It appears yet with fuller evidence, that God is the chiefest, the greatest, the wisest, and the best of beings, when we consider more

particularly, that all the power, knowledge, wisdom, and goodness, all the virtues and excellencies, and the very natures of all other beings are derived from God, and given to the creatures by God their Creator; and therefore he must, in some glorious and eminent manner, possess all perfections and excellencies himself, for nothing can give to another that which itself has not.

Thus *the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work*, as the holy Psalmist\* assures us. And thus *the invisible things of God from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead.*†

The light of reason, or nature, further teaches us, that such an almighty Being, who by his own power and wisdom has created all things out of nothing, must needs be the sovereign Lord, the absolute possessor and proprietor of all his creatures, they must be all at his disposal, and under his government. And as for the intelligent parts of his creation, such as men and angels, it is the very law of their natures, that they ought to love, worship, and obey him that made them, to pray to him for what they want, and to praise him for what they receive, and thence he becomes the proper object of worship.

Reason itself assures us, that he who hath shown such exquisite wisdom, even in the formation of his inanimate creatures, and in his disposal and management of them agreeably to those purposes for which they are fitted, will manifest also the same wisdom in governing his intelligent creatures, and bestow those rewards or punishments on them for which they are fitted, agreeably to their tempers, characters, and actions. And this is properly called the righteousness or equity of God, or his governing justice.—*The Christian Doctrine of the Trinity.* Proposition I.

#### BUTLER'S MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

[DR. WHEWELL, 1794—1866.]

[WILLIAM WHEWELL, born of humble parentage at Lancaster, in 1794, was educated at the grammar school in his native place, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his B.A. degree in 1816. He was elected Professor of Mineralogy in 1828, resigned in 1832; was made Professor of Moral Philosophy in 1838, and Master of Trinity in 1841. He died from the effects of a fall from his horse, March 5, 1866. Dr. Whewell wrote numerous valuable works, the most important being "History of the Inductive Sciences from the Earliest to the Present Times," published in 1837; "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," in 1840; "Lectures on the

\* Psalm xix. 1.

† Rom. i. 20.

History of Moral Philosophy in England," in 1852; "Philosophy of Discovery, Historical and Actual," and "History of Moral Philosophy," in 1860. Dr. Whewell, who wrote several mathematical works, contributed to the Transactions of the Philosophical and other Societies.]

To assert the existence of a Moral Faculty more clearly and positively than had yet been done, without encumbering himself with too systematic a description or definition of its nature, was the merit of Butler, at the period when Hutcheson\* was publishing his assertion of the Moral Sense. All truths are seen dimly before they are seen clearly;—are conveyed in a vague and confused shape before they are expressed in a definite and lucid form.† The analysis of bodies into their elements employed many generations, and was for centuries most obscurely and imperfectly apprehended; and yet, during these centuries, philosophers were travelling towards the truth, and were at every point obtaining positive truths of great importance. The analysis of the mind, like the analysis of matter, may be imperfect, and yet valuable. It is no proof of an absence of worth and importance in the doctrine of a Moral Faculty, that at first, the boundaries of such a Faculty seem vague, and even its independence questionable. It is of far more importance to prove the *reality* of its office, and to show that its existence gives a consistent and satisfactory account of those moral rules and convictions which the doctrine of consequences cannot explain.

In order to do this without making any superfluous assumption, Butler appears purposely to have shunned any appearance of technical names for the elements of our moral constitution on which he speculated; and to have studiously varied his phrases. Thus he speaks of *man's being a law to himself; of a difference in kind among man's principles of action, as well as a difference of strength; of an internal constitution in which conscience has a natural and rightful supremacy; along with other forms of expression.*

But the course thus taken by Butler had inconveniences as well as advantages. Clarke‡ adopted the received and metaphysical phraseology of his times, which, so far as moral philosophy was concerned,

\* Francis Hutcheson, a native of Ireland, born in 1694, revived a taste for metaphysics in Scotland. He published "An Inquiry into the Original of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue" in 1726, and a treatise "On the Nature and Conduct of the Passions" in 1728. He was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow in 1729, and his chief work, "A System of Moral Philosophy," did not appear till after his death, which occurred in 1747.

† Dr. Samuel Clarke, born in 1675, and died May 17, 1729. His works, with some account of the author, by Benjamin (Hoadly), Bishop of Winchester, appeared in 1758.

was not well adapted for tracing out his doctrines in a forcible and clear manner. Butler avoided this error; but was, in this manner, constantly driven to periphrastic and indirect modes of expression which blunt the point and obscure the aim of his reasonings. Hence, though he lays down his arguments in a clear and orderly manner, in good plain language, and with sufficient detail of steps and circumstances, he has always been found, by common readers, a difficult and obscure writer. And this was the opinion entertained of him in his own time by men of the world. "The bishop of Durham," says Horace Walpole, "had been wafted to that see in a cloud of metaphysics, and remained absorbed in it."

Joseph Butler, of whom I speak, was educated for the ministry of the dissenters, but was brought over to the episcopal church by his conviction of its valid claims. When yet young, and unknown, the interest which he took in speculations such as those of Clarke, had led him to enter into a correspondence with that divine, in which he displayed great acuteness and ability. This correspondence is published at the end of the later editions of the *Discourse on the Being and Attributes of God*. Butler soon after became Preacher at the Rolls Chapel (in 1718), and his sermons preached there were published a few years later. It is in these sermons particularly that his moral doctrines are to be found.—*Lectures on the History of Moral Philosophy in England*. Lecture viii.

### THE BISHOP'S CHAPLAIN.

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE, 1815.

[ANTHONY TROLLOPE, son of Mrs. Trollope, the authoress, born in 1815, was educated at Winchester and at Harrow, and has written numerous works. "The Macdermots of Ballycloran," published in 1847, was followed by "The Warden, a Novel," in 1855; "Barchester Towers, a Novel," in 1857; "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," in 1859; "Framley Parsonage," in 1861; "Can You Forgive Her?" in 1864; "The Last Chronicle of Barset," a serial, in 1866-7; and numerous works. He has contributed to the "Cornhill Magazine," the "Pall Mall Gazette," and other periodicals.]

MR. SLOPE soon comforted himself with the reflection, that as he had been selected as chaplain to the bishop, it would probably be in his power to get the good things in the bishop's gift, without troubling himself with the bishop's daughter; and he found himself able to endure the pangs of rejected love. As he sat himself down in the railway carriage, confronting the bishop and Mrs. Proudie, as they started on their first journey to Barchester, he began to form in his own mind a plan of his future life. He knew well his patron's strong points, but

he knew the weak ones as well. He understood correctly enough to what attempts the new bishop's high spirit would soar, and he rightly guessed that public life would better suit the great man's taste, than the small details of diocesan duty.

He, therefore, he, Mr. Slope, would in effect be bishop of Barchester. Such was his resolve; and to give Mr. Slope his due, he had both courage and spirit to bear him out in his resolution. He knew that he should have a hard battle to fight, for the power and patronage of the see would be equally coveted by another great mind—Mrs. Proudie would also choose to be bishop of Barchester. Slope, however, flattered himself that he could out-manœuvre the lady. She must live much in London, while he would always be on the spot. She would necessarily remain ignorant of much, while he would know everything belonging to the diocese. At first, doubtless, he must flatter and cajole, perhaps yield, in some things; but he did not doubt of ultimate triumph. If all other means failed, he could join the bishop against his wife, inspire courage into the unhappy man, lay an axe to the root of the woman's power, and emancipate the husband.

Such were his thoughts as he sat looking at the sleeping pair in the railway carriage, and Mr. Slope is not the man to trouble himself with such thoughts for nothing. He is possessed of more than average abilities, and is of good courage. Though he can stoop to fawn, and stoop low indeed, if need be, he has still within him the power to assume the tyrant; and with the power he has certainly the wish. His acquirements are not of the highest order, but such as they are they are completely under control, and he knows the use of them. He is gifted with a certain kind of pulpit eloquence, not likely indeed to be persuasive with men, but powerful with the softer sex. In his sermons he deals greatly in denunciations, excites the minds of his weaker hearers with a not unpleasant terror, and leaves an impression on their minds that all mankind are in a perilous state, and all womankind too, except those who attend regularly to the evening lectures in Baker Street. His looks and tones are extremely severe, so much so that one cannot but fancy that he regards the greater part of the world as being infinitely too bad for his care. As he walks through the streets, his very face denotes his horror of the world's wickedness; and there is always an anathema lurking in the corner of his eye.

In doctrine, he, like his patron, is tolerant of dissent, if so strict a mind can be called tolerant of anything. With Wesleyan Methodists he has something in common, but his soul trembles in agony at the iniquities of the Puseyites. His aversion is carried to things outward as well as inward. His gall rises at a new church with a high-pitched roof; a full-breasted black silk waistcoat is with him a symbol of



Satan ; and a profane jest-book would not, in his view, more foully desecrate the church seat of a Christian, than a book of prayer printed with red letters, and ornamented with a cross on the back. Most active clergymen have their hobby, and Sunday observances are his. Sunday, however, is a word which never pollutes his mouth—it is always “the Sabbath.” The “desecration of the Sabbath,” as he delights to call it, is to him meat and drink :—he thrives upon that as policemen do on the general evil habits of the community. It is the loved subject of all his evening discourses, the source of all his eloquence, the secret of all his power over the female heart. To him the revelation of God appears only in that one law given for Jewish observance. To him the mercies of our Saviour speak in vain, to him in vain has been preached that sermon which fell from divine lips on the mountain—“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth”—“Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.” To him the New Testament is comparatively of little moment, for from it can he draw no fresh authority for that dominion which he loves to exercise over at least a seventh part of man’s allotted time here below.

Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill-made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off these excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull pale reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease ; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder : it is not unlike beef,—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and unpleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless ; and his big, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature : it is pronounced straight and well-formed ; though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red coloured cork.

I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him, the small drops are ever to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant.

Such is Mr. Slope,—such is the man who has suddenly fallen into the midst of Barchester Close, and is destined there to assume the station which has heretofore been filled by the son of the late bishop. Think, oh, my meditative reader, what an associate we have here for those

comfortable prebendaries, those gentlemanlike clerical doctors, those happy well-used well-fed minor canons, who have grown into existence at Barchester under the kindly wings of Bishop Grantly!—*Barchester Towers*. Chap. iv.

### LAZARILLO DE TÓRMES, AND ITS IMITATORS.

[TICKNOR, 1791—1871.

[GEORGE TICKNOR, born in Boston, Massachusetts, Aug. 1, 1791, was educated at Dartmouth College, and called to the bar in 1813. He left the United States for Europe in 1815, studied for two years at Göttingen, and was in 1817, while absent in Europe, appointed Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. In 1819 he returned to the United States, and having laboured in this professorship for fifteen years, he in 1835 again set out for Europe, and travelled on the Continent and in England for three years. His "History of Spanish Literature" appeared, both in New York and London, in 1849, and has been translated into Spanish and German. His "Life of W. H. Prescott, the Historian," was republished in London in 1864. Whilst in England Ticknor became acquainted with Southey and Sir Walter Scott. The latter, writing to Southey, speaks of Ticknor as "a wondrous fellow for romantic lore and antiquarian research, considering his country." He died 1871.]

THE *Lazarillo*\* is a work of genius, unlike anything that had preceded it. It is the autobiography of a boy—"little Lazarus"—born in a mill on the banks of the Tórmes, near Salamanca, and sent out by his base and brutal mother as the leader of a blind beggar; the lowest place in the social condition, perhaps, that could then be found in Spain. But such as it is, *Lazarillo* makes the best or the worst of it. With an inexhaustible fund of good humour and great quickness of parts, he learns, at once, the cunning and profligacy that qualify him to rise to still greater frauds and a yet wider range of adventures and crimes in the service successively of a priest, a gentleman starving on his own pride, a friar, a seller of indulgences, a chaplain, and an alguazil, until, at last, from the most disgraceful motives, he settles down as a married man; and then the story terminates without reaching any proper conclusion, and without intimating that any is to follow.

Its object is—under the character of a servant with an acuteness

\* Stirling ("Cloister Life of Charles the Fifth," chap. vi.) appears to favour the claim of Juan de Ortega, a monk who died at Yuste in 1557, to whom the work has often been attributed. Ticknor assigns the authorship to Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, whom he terms "a scholar and a soldier, a poet and a diplomatist, a statesman and an historian,—a man who rose to great consideration in whatever he undertook, and one who was not of a temper to be satisfied with moderate success, wherever he might choose to make an effort." He was born of illustrious ancestry in Granada, in 1503, and died in April, 1575. "*Lazarillo de Tórmes*" was published at Antwerp in 1553. An English translation by David Rowland appeared in 1586, and another by James Blakeston in 1670.

that is never at fault, and so small a stock of honesty and truth, that neither of them stands in the way of his success—to give a pungent satire on all classes of society, whose condition Lazarillo well comprehends, because he sees them in undress and behind the scenes. It is written in a very bold, rich, and idiomatic Castilian style, that reminds us of the “*Celestina*;”<sup>\*</sup> and some of its sketches are among the most fresh and spirited that can be found in the whole class of prose works of fiction; so spirited, indeed, and so free, that two of them—those of the friar and the seller of dispensations—were soon put under the ban of the Church, and cut out of the editions that were permitted to be printed under its authority. The whole work is short; but its easy, genial temper, its happy adaptation to Spanish life and manners, and the contrast of the light, good-humoured, flexible audacity of Lazarillo himself—a perfectly original conception—with the solemn and unyielding dignity of the old Castilian character, gave it from the first a great popularity. From 1553, when the earliest edition appeared of which we have any knowledge, it was often reprinted, both at home and abroad, and has been more or less a favourite in all languages, down to our own time; becoming the foundation for a class of fictions essentially national, which, under the name of the *gusto picaresco*, or the style of the rogues, is as well known as any other department of Spanish literature, and one which the “*Gil Blas*” of Le Sage has made famous throughout the world.

Like other books enjoying a wide reputation, the Lazarillo provoked many imitations. A continuation of it, under the title of “The Second Part of Lazarillo de Tórmes,” soon appeared, longer than the original, and beginning where the fiction of Mendoza leaves off. But it is without merit, except for an occasional quaintness or witticism. It represents Lazarillo as going upon the expedition undertaken by Charles the Fifth against Algiers in 1541, and as being in one of the vessels that foundered in a storm, which did much towards disconcerting the whole enterprise. From this point, however, Lazarillo’s story becomes a tissue of absurdities. He sinks to the bottom of the ocean, and there creeps into a cave, where he is metamorphosed into a tunny-fish; and the greater part of the work consists of an account of his glory and happiness in the kingdom of the tunnies. At last he is

<sup>\*</sup> “The *Celestina*,” a dramatic story, is a prose composition, in twenty-one acts, or parts, originally called “The Tragi-comedy of Calisto and Melibœa.” The first act, produced about 1480, is attributed to Rodrigo Cota, of Toledo, and the remainder to Fernando de Rojas of Montalvan, a bachelor of laws living at Salamanca. It is called by Ticknor “rather a dramatized romance than a proper drama, or even a well-considered attempt to produce a strictly dramatic effect.”

caught in a seine, and, in the agony of his fear of death, returns, by an effort of his own will, to the human form; after which he finds his way back to Salamanca, and is living there when he prepares this strange account of his adventures.

A further imitation, but not a proper continuation, under the name of "The Lazarillo of the Manzanares," in which the state of society at Madrid is satirized, was attempted by Juan Cortés de Tolosa, and was first printed in 1620. But it produced no effect at the time, and has been long forgotten. Nor was a much better fate reserved for yet another second part of the genuine Lazarillo, which was written by Juan de Luna, a teacher of Spanish at Paris, and appeared there the same year the Lazarillo de Manzanares appeared at Madrid. It is, however, more in the spirit of the original work. It exhibits Lazarillo again as a servant to different kinds of masters, and as gentleman-usher of a poor, proud lady of rank; after which he retires from the world, and, becoming a religious recluse, writes this account of himself, which, though not equal to the free and vigorous sketches of the work it professes to complete, is by no means without value, especially for its style.

The author of the Lazarillo de Tórmes, who, we are told, took the "Amadis" and the "Celestina" for his travelling companions and by-reading, was, as we have intimated, not a person to devote himself to the Church; and we soon hear of him serving as a soldier in the great Spanish armies in Italy—a circumstance to which, in his old age, he alludes with evident pride and pleasure. At those seasons, however, when the troops were unoccupied, we know that he gladly listened to the lectures of the famous professors of Bologna, Padua, and Rome, and added largely to his already large stores of elegant knowledge.—*History of Spanish Literature*. Vol. I., Period II., chap. iv.

#### TOMBS IN ROME.

[REV. J. C. EUSTACE, — — 1815.]

[JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE, descended from an old Lancashire family, was educated at Stonyhurst, and became a Roman Catholic priest. Having travelled in the capacity of a tutor, he met Lord Brownlow and Mr. Rushbrooke at Vienna in 1801, and they agreed to go together on a tour through Italy, of which he gave an account in his best known work. In June, 1814, the Rev. J. C. Eustace accompanied Lord Carrington to Paris, and soon after published a "Letter from Paris." He wrote "An Elegy to the Memory of the Right Hon. Edmund Burke," published in 1797; "A Classical Tour through Italy, An. MDCCII.," in 1813, and some other works, and is said to have made considerable progress in a poem on the culture of the youthful mind. A writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for June, 1831, says of this Classical Tour, "It is impossible to trace the pages of Eustace—eminent among other tra-

vellers, without feeling a spark of that flame which seems to kindle in his own breast, at the recital of the architectural splendours of the 'ancient city.' The heart swells with a generous and gratulatory emotion while contemplating the elevation of thought, the purity and grandeur of design, which inspired a race of beings to the achievement of works whose consummate skill and astounding magnificence have few or no parallels in the degenerate days of modern times." Eustace died at Naples of a fever in 1815.]

IN ancient times the bodies of the deceased were deposited without the walls, generally along the most frequented roads, where their tombs arose at intervals and under various forms, shaded by cypresses and other funereal plants, and exhibited on both sides a long and melancholy border of sorrow and mortality. Few persons were allowed the honour of being buried in the city or in the Campus Martius, and of the few tombs raised within its space during the republic, one only remains in a narrow street, the Macello di Corvi (the Crow's Shambles), near the Capitoline hill. It is of a solid but simple form, and inscribed with the name of Caius Publicius Bibulus; and as the only one of that name mentioned in history is distinguished by no brilliant achievement, but only represented as a popular tribune, it is difficult to discover the reason of the honourable exception.

Under the Emperors, certain illustrious persons were allowed tombs in the Campus Martius, or in its neighbourhood; and these monumental edifices at length swelled into superb mausoleums, and became some of the most majestic ornaments of the city. Of these the two principal were the sepulchres of Augustus and of Adrian, and although both belong to the ruins of ancient Rome, and have already been alluded to, yet as they still form even though shattered and disfigured, two very conspicuous features in the modern city, the reader may expect a more detailed description of them.

The best and indeed the only ancient account of the former monument denominated by way of eminence the Mausoleum, is given by Strabo, who represents it as a pendent garden raised on lofty arches of white stone, planted with evergreen shrubs, and terminating in a point crowned with the statue of Augustus. In the vault beneath lay the remains of the Emperor and of his family; at the entrance stood two Egyptian obelisks; round, arose an extensive grove cut into walks and alleys. Of this monument, the two inner walls which supported the whole mass, and the spacious vaults under which reposed the imperial ashes, still remain; a work of great solidity and elevation. Hence it is seen at a considerable distance, and continues still a grand and striking object. The platform on the top was for a considerable time employed as a garden, and covered originally, with shrubs and flowers. It is now converted into a sort of amphitheatre, and surrounded with seats and benches, where the spectators may enjoy in

safety the favourite amusement of bull-baiting. We attended at this exhibition, in which not dogs only but men act as assailants, and we thought it, although conducted with as much precaution, and even humanity as it is susceptible of, too dangerous to amuse persons not accustomed to contemplate hair-breadth escapes. This edifice owes its preservation to its solidity. It has been stripped of its marble, of its pilasters, and of its internal and external decorations; it has belonged successively to numberless individuals, and is still I believe private property. Such a monument, after having escaped so many chances of ruin, ought not to be neglected. Government should purchase it, should disengage it from the petty buildings that crowd around it and conceal its form and magnitude; should case it anew with Tiburtine stone, and devote it under some form or other to public utility. Thus some portion of its former splendour might be restored, and its future existence secured as far as human foresight can extend its influence.—*A Classical Tour through Italy*, third edit. 1815. Vol. II., chap. i.

#### NEWTON'S THEORY OF THE TIDES.

[SIR D. BREWSTER, 1781—1868.

[DAVID BREWSTER, born at Jedburgh, Dec. 11, 1781, and educated for the Church of Scotland, undertook the editorship of the "Edinburgh Encyclopædia" in 1808. He received honorary degrees from various Universities in England and Scotland. In 1815 the Royal Society awarded him the Copley Medal for his discovery of the law of the polarization of light by reflexion; in 1816 the Institute of France adjudged him half of the prize of 3000 francs given for the most important discoveries made in Europe in any branch of science during the two preceding years; and in 1819 the Royal Society awarded him the Rumford gold and silver medals. In 1825 he was elected a corresponding member of the Institute of France; in 1832 was knighted by William IV.; and in 1848 was elected one of the eight foreign associates of the Imperial Institute of France. He became principal of the united colleges of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, St. Andrews, in 1838, Principal of the University of Edinburgh in 1859, and died Feb. 10, 1868. Sir D. Brewster, who made many important inventions, amongst which lenses for light-houses and the kaleidoscope are best known, wrote "The Martyrs of Science," published in 1846; "More Worlds Than One," being an answer to Dr. Whewell's "Plurality of Worlds," in 1854; "Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton," in 1855; numerous scientific works, and contributed to the Quarterly Reviews, and to the Transactions of scientific societies.]

THE next subject to which Newton applied the principle of gravity, was the tides of the ocean. The philosophers of all ages had recognised the connexion between the phenomena of the tides and the position of the moon. The College of Jesuits at Coimbra, and subsequently Antonio de Dominis and Kepler, distinctly referred the tides to the attraction of the waters of the earth by the moon, but so imperfect was the explanation which was thus given of the phenomena, that

Galileo ridiculed the idea of lunar attraction, and substituted for it a fallacious explanation of his own. That the moon is the principal cause of the tides is obvious from the well-known fact, that it is high water at any given place a short time after she is in the meridian of that place; and that the sun performs a secondary part in their production, may be proved from the circumstance, that the highest tides take place when the sun, the moon, and the earth are in the same straight line,—that is, when the force of the sun conspires with that of the moon; and that the lowest tides take place when the lines drawn from the sun and moon to the earth are at right angles to each other,—that is, when the force of the sun acts in opposition to that of the moon. The most perplexing phenomenon in the tides of the ocean, and one which is still a stumbling-block to persons slightly acquainted with the theory of attraction, is the existence of high water on the side of the earth opposite to the moon, as well as on the side next the earth. To maintain that the attraction of the moon at the same instant draws the waters of the ocean towards herself, and also draws them from the earth in an opposite direction, seems at first sight paradoxical; but the difficulty vanishes when we consider the earth, or rather the centre of the earth, and the water on each side of it, as three distinct bodies, placed at different distances from the moon, and consequently attracted with forces inversely proportional to the squares of their distances. The water nearest the moon will be much more powerfully attracted than the centre of the earth, and the centre of the earth more powerfully than the water farthest from the moon. The consequence of this must be, that the waters nearest the moon will be drawn away from the centre of the earth, and will consequently rise from their level, while the centre of the earth will be drawn away from the waters opposite the moon, which will, as it were, be left behind, and consequently be in the same situation as if they were raised from the earth in a direction opposite to that in which they are attracted by the moon. Hence the effect of the moon's action upon the earth is to draw its fluid parts into the form of an oblong spheroid, the axis of which passes through the moon. As the action of the sun will produce the very same effect, though in a smaller degree, the tide at any place will depend on the relative position of these two spheroids; and will be always equal either to the sum, or to the difference of the effects of the two luminaries. At the time of new and full moon, the two spheroids will have their axes coincident; and the height of the tide, which then will be a *spring* one, will be equal to the sum of the elevations produced in each spheroid considered separately, while at the first and third quarters the axes of the spheroids will be at right angles to each other, and the

height of the tide, which will then be a *neap* one, will be equal to the difference of the elevations produced in each separate spheroid. By comparing the spring and neap tides, Newton found that the force with which the moon acted upon the waters of the earth, was to that with which the sun acted upon them as 4.48 to 1;—that the force of the moon produced a tide of 8.63 feet;—that of the sun one of 1.93 feet;—and both combined, one of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  feet,—a result which, in the open sea, does not deviate much from observation. Having thus ascertained the force of the moon on the waters of our globe, he found that the quantity of water in the moon was to that in the earth as 1 to 40, and the density of the moon to that of the earth as 11 to 9.

The motions of the moon, so much within the reach of our own observation, presented a fine field for the application of the theory of universal gravitation. The irregularities exhibited in the lunar motions had been known in the time of Hipparchus and Ptolemy. Tycho had discovered the great inequality called the *variation*, amounting to 37', and depending on the alternate acceleration and retardation of the moon by the action of the sun in every quarter of a revolution: and he had also ascertained the existence of the annual equation. Of these two inequalities, Newton gave a most satisfactory explanation, making the first  $36'10''$ , and the other  $11'51''$ , differing only a few seconds from the numbers adopted by Tobias Mayer in his celebrated Lunar Tables. The force exerted by the sun upon the moon may be always resolved into two forces, one acting in the direction of the line joining the moon and the earth, and consequently tending to increase or diminish the moon's gravity to the earth; and the other in a direction at right angles to this, and consequently tending to accelerate or retard the motion in her orbit. Now, it was found by Newton that this last force was reduced to nothing, or vanished at the syzygies or quadratures, so that at these four points the described areas are proportional to the times. The instant, however, that the moon quits these positions, the force under consideration, which we may call the tangential force, begins, and it reaches its maximum in the four octants. The force, therefore, compounded of these two elements of the solar force, or the diagonal of the parallelogram which they form, is no longer directed to the earth's centre, but deviates from it at a maximum about thirty minutes, and therefore affects the angular motion of the moon, the motion being accelerated in passing from the quadratures to the syzygies, and retarding in passing from the syzygies to the quadratures. Hence the velocity is, in its mean state, in the octants, a maximum in the syzygies, and a minimum in the quadratures.—*Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton.* Vol. I., chap. xii.



## HECTOR'S ADDRESS TO THE TROJAN CHIEFS.

[LORD DERBY, 1799—1869.

[EDWARD GEOFFREY STANLEY, born at Knowsley Park, Lancashire, March 29, 1799, and educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, entered the House of Commons as member for Stockbridge in 1821. Having held office in various administrations, he was summoned to the House of Lords, as Baron Stanley of Bickerstaffe, in Sept. 1844, and succeeded his father as fourteenth Earl of Derby June 30, 1851. From Feb. till Dec. 1852, and from Feb. 1858, till June, 1859, his lordship acted as Prime Minister, was entrusted with the task of forming a third administration in June, 1866, and resigned on account of failing health in February, 1868. Lord Derby, who was elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1852, was made a Knight of the Garter in 1859, and published a translation of the "Iliad of Homer" in blank verse in 1865. The proceeds of the sale of the work, which rapidly passed through six editions, were devoted to a scholarship at Wellington College. Died 1869.]

THE sun, now sunk beneath the ocean wave  
Drew o'er the teeming earth the veil of night.  
The Trojans saw, reluctant, day's decline;  
But on the Greeks thrice welcome, thrice invoked  
With earnest prayers, the shades of darkness fell.

The noble Hector then to council called  
The Trojan leaders; from the ships apart  
He led them, by the eddying river's side,  
To a clear space of ground, from corpses free.  
They from their cars dismounting, to the words  
Of godlike Hector listened: in his hand  
His massive spear he held, twelve cubits long,  
Whose glittering point flashed bright, with hoop of gold  
Encircled round; on this he leant, and said,  
"Hear me, ye Trojans, Dardans, and Allies;  
I hoped that to the breezy heights of Troy  
We might ere now in triumph have returned,  
The Grecian ships and all the Greeks destroyed;  
But night hath come too soon, and saved awhile  
The Grecian army and their stranded ships.  
Then yield we to the night; prepare the meal;  
Unyoke your horses, and before them place  
Their needful forage; from the city bring  
Oxen and sheep; the luscious wine provide;  
Bring bread from out our houses; and collect  
Good store of fuel, that the livelong night,  
Even till the dawn of day, may broadly blaze  
Our numerous watchfires, and illumine the Heavens;  
Lest, even by night, the long-haired Greeks should seek  
O'er the broad bosom of the sea to fly,

That so not unassailed they may embark,  
Nor undisturbed ; but haply some may bear,  
Even to their homes, the memory of a wound  
Received from spear or arrow, as on board  
They leaped in haste ; and others too may fear  
To tempt with hostile arms the power of Troy.  
Then let the sacred heralds' voice proclaim  
Throughout the city, that the stripling youths  
And hoary-headed sires allot themselves  
In several watches to the Heaven-built towers.  
Charge too the women, in their houses each,  
To kindle blazing fires ; let careful watch  
Be set, lest, in the absence of the men,  
The town by secret ambush be surprised.  
Such, valiant Trojans, is the advice I give ;  
And what to-night your wisdom shall approve  
Will I, at morn, before the Trojans speak.  
Hopeful, to Jove I pray, and all the Gods,  
To chase from hence these fate-inflicted hounds,  
By fate sent hither on their dark-ribbed ships.  
Now keep we through the night our watchful guard ;  
And with the early dawn, equipped in arms,  
Upon their fleet our angry battle pour.  
Then shall I know if Tydeus' valiant son  
Back from the ships shall drive me to the walls,  
Or I, triumphant, bear his bloody spoils :  
To-morrow morn his courage will decide,  
If he indeed my onset will await.  
But ere to-morrow's sun be high in Heaven,  
He, 'mid the foremost, if I augur right,  
Wounded and bleeding in the dust shall lie,  
And many a comrade round him. Would to Heaven  
I were as sure to be from age and death  
Exempt, and held in honour as a God,  
Phœbus, or Pallas, as I am assured  
The coming day is fraught with ill to Greece."

*The Iliad.* Book. VIII.

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